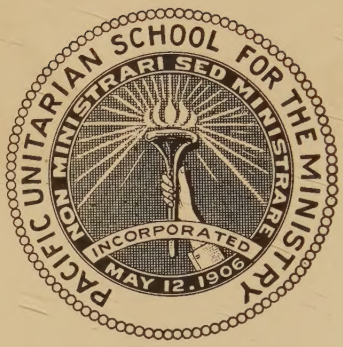

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

THE GIFT OF

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A

DISCOURSE

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF THE

Hon. NATHANIEL BOWDITCH, LL.D., F.R.S.,

DELIVERED IN

THE CHURCH ON CHURCH GREEN,

MARCH 25, 1838.

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1838.

"His, mihi dilectum nomen manesque verendos,
His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar amico
Munere!—Non totus, raptus licet, optime præses,
Eriperis. Redit os placidum, moresque benigni,
Et venit ante oculos, et pectore vivit imago."

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1838, by Charles C. Little and James Brown, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

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TO

THE CHILDREN

OF

MY DEPARTED PARISHIONER AND FRIEND,

THIS DISCOURSE

IS

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

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If any apology should be deemed necessary for the freedom and frequency with which I have introduced into this Discourse quotations from the old writers, (most of the longer ones having been omitted in the delivery), I would plead in my defence the following judgment of Coleridge:—

"Why are not more gems from our early prose writers scattered over the country by the periodicals? Great old books by the great old authors are not in every body's reach; and though it is better to know them thoroughly than to know them only here and there, yet it is a good work to give a little to those who have neither time nor means to get more. Let every book-worm, when in any fragrant, scarce old tome, he discovers a sentence, an illustration, that does his heart good, hasten to give it."

DISCOURSE.

1 Chronicles, XXIX. 12.

IN THINE HAND, O LORD, IS POWER AND MIGHT; AND IN THINE HAND IT IS TO MAKE GREAT, AND TO GIVE STRENGTH UNTO ALL.

In nothing, as it seems to me, is the sovereignty of God more strikingly displayed, than in the diversities of personal endowment, and the consequent varieties of human greatness. Man, with his limited and short-sighted wisdom, aims, in all his plans and operations, and especially in his modes of intellectual and moral culture, at uniformity. If he could have his own way, and there were no conflicting and counteracting influences in nature, he would, in his systems of education, run us all in the same moulds, shape us in the same unvarying and inflexible forms, and send us out into the world exact counterparts and copies of one another. But Divine Providence, in the plenitude and profusion of its power, seems, throughout the whole extent of creation, to pursue an entirely opposite course, and to delight in variety. The naturalist tells us that in the vegetable kingdom no single leaf is exactly like its fellow, and we know on whose testimony it is that we believe that

"one star differeth from another star in glory." There are, too, the same varieties of human power and greatness, as there are inequalities on the earth's surface, gradations in the scale of animal life, and diversities in the instincts and capacities of the several races of the brute creation.

It is the doctrine of my text, that "it is in the Lord's hand to make great." All power and might are his, and all human greatness, of every sort and degree, physical strength, intellectual vigor, genius, talent, wisdom, are all alike his gifts. He is the author of all the powers and faculties of man, from the highest to the lowest; which, accordingly, in their several places and appropriate degrees, are all to be honored and cultivated. It is a narrow and unworthy feeling to disparage any of these divine endowments, or to despise any of the various indications of human power and greatness. The mind must not say to the body, "I have no need of thee;" nor yet the senses to the spirit, "We have no need of you." For man is not one power or faculty, but many. It behooves every one, then, to stir up and cultivate the peculiar gift of God which is in him, and thereby cause a various tribute of glory to ascend from earth to heaven. For God is truly glorified by the full developement and right exercise of our several faculties, and by their consecration to the increase and diffusion of knowledge, virtue and happiness on the earth. Not in vain is this prodigal variety of human gifts, if God be honored and man blessed by it.

Let us, my hearers, take a survey of some of the prominent varieties of human greatness. Let us see how they have been viewed and estimated. Let us look at them as so many manifestations of divine energy in man.

In the first place, and at the lowest point of the scale, stands physical greatness, strength of body, power of limb, capacity of labor and endurance, material energy and force. At some periods in the world's history, and at certain stages of man's growth, before the mental and moral faculties were unfolded, and the higher principles of our nature had gained the ascendency, and civilization spread her restraining and refining influences, this species of greatness has been the most in honor and demand. When the earth was one vast forest, and the wild beast prowled on the frontiers of the infant settlements, and waged a desperate and hardly unequal warfare with man, then physical strength was, of course, alone cultivated and prized. The great ones of that period were the men of giant frames, and tough muscles, and arms of iron—the Samson and the Hercules of their tribe. The primitive, or as we choose to call it, the fabulous history of our race, is full of the marvellous exploits of these renowned heroes, who protected the rising hamlets, with their flocks and herds, from the depredations of the wild boar and the wolf. In the early annals of almost every nation, ancient and modern, we meet with a great man of this sort, who, by mere physical strength, cleared the land of some ferocious animal,

the terror of the surrounding villages, and thereby gained for himself everlasting gratitude and fame. St. George, the tutelary saint of England, was only the great dragon-slayer of his day.

We come down a little later in the history of our race, and we find another form of greatness, closely allied to the preceding, beginning to display itself—namely, martial prowess, or, as it was originally and distinctively called, warlike virtue. Hardly are the wild beasts exterminated, than there springs up, as it were from the dragon's blood and teeth, a horde of oppressors, strong, proud men, who declare that their strength shall be the law of justice, and that their might shall rule in the earth—men who wrong the poor, spare not the widow, nor reverence the grey hairs of the aged. These are the sons of Anak and Belial, whose continued and aggravated oppressions at last raise up an indignant band, who, though inferior in muscular strength, are enabled, by the invention of weapons, and by their superior agility and skill, to put themselves on a level with these haughty oppressors, and cope with them in personal combat. They become the guardians of innocence, the avengers of wrong, the giant-quellers of their day—in a word, the great men of their time. In a later age, the institution of chivalry was only the reproduction of the same remedy on the recurrence of the same evil. In both cases the feeble and the friendless were generously protected against outrage by the strong and stout-hearted.

Here we have the germ of military greatness, which, as soon as war was made a business, and bloodshed a pastime, became the greatest curse that ever afflicted our race. From the earliest times down to those in which we live, martial glory has, in every age, continued to dazzle the eyes of the stupid world; and I know not but that even now, after the dear-bought and bitter experience of ten thousand battle-fields, military greatness, in the opinion of the majority of men, stands at the head of all greatness. The fame of the Cæsars, the Attilas, and the Napoleons, the great manslayers, still sheds a blighting and baleful influence over the prospects of humanity, as their bloody victories did over the pleasant fields of an industrious peasantry.*

But let us pass on from these exhibitions of physical greatness to the higher and nobler manifestations of human power. Physical strength man shares in common with the brute; but the "spirit within him is the candle of the Lord," kindled from the great source of light, and "the inspiration of the Almighty hath given him understanding." When, therefore, we would conceive worthily of man, we think of him as an intelligent

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* See Southey's beautiful little poem on the Battle of Blenheim.

"They burned the country all around,
And wasted far and wide,
And many a new-born infant there,
And tender mother died;—
But things like this you know must be
At every famous victory."

being, possessed of vast capacities, comprehending the universe in his ken, and "with large discourse looking before and after." And when we would form an idea of a superior kind of greatness, we think of the giants of intellect, of Aristotle and Bacon, the great lights of philosophy and science, men who have enlarged the domains of thought and carried forward the human race with them; though at the same time they themselves "stride on so far before the rest of the world that they dwindle in the distance."

Of all the various branches of intellectual pursuit, that science which explains the system of the universe, and reveals the mechanism of the heavens, must always take the lead as the most sublime and marvellous; and the foremost and most successful cultivators of this science will always be classed among the greatest of men. What, indeed, can be more astonishing, than that a being like one of us, endowed apparently with no higher or different powers, should be able to obtain so minute and accurate a knowledge of those distant planets, and be as well acquainted with their constitution, elements, and laws, as the geologist, the chemist, the botanist, with the appropriate objects of their sciences? Nothing gives me so exalted an idea of the power of man, and the extent and reach of his capacities, as his ability to calculate, with unerring precision, the distances of those twinkling orbs, to determine their figures, magnitudes, and velocities, to measure their weight, estimate their relative attractions and disturbing forces, delineate their

orbits, register their laws of motion, fix the times of their revolution, and predict the periods of their return. To a common mind, uninstructed in the science, there is nothing that appears so much like divine wisdom. A Galileo, a Kepler, a Newton, seem to him to belong to another race, a higher order of beings. They appear to possess some additional faculties. "What a vast interval, indeed, from the imperfect notions of the Chaldean shepherd and the Phœnician mariner to the 'Celestial Mechanics' of a La Place!"

It is a remarkable fact, that the majority of men, certainly of uneducated men, are utterly incredulous to the statements of astronomical science. "Tell a plain countryman," says Bishop Hall, "that the sun, or some higher or lesser star, is much bigger than his cart wheel, or at least so many scores bigger than the whole earth, he laughs thee to scorn, as affecting admiration with a learned untruth; yet the scholar, by the eye of reason, doth as plainly see and acknowledge this truth, as that his hand is bigger than his pen." Indeed, nothing can be more certain than the doctrines of Astronomy. They rest on impregnable foundations, on the demonstrations of mathematical evidence, than which nothing, except the evidence of consciousness, can be more satisfactory and conclusive.

"Happy," says Gilbert Wakefield, "that man who lays the foundations of his future studies deep in the recesses of geometry,—that 'purifier of the soul,' as Plato called it,—and in the principles of mathematical

philosophy; compared with whose noble theories (I make no scruple to declare it) our classical lucubrations are as a glimmering of a taper to the meridian splendors of an equatorial sun. What subject of human contemplation shall compare in grandeur with that which demonstrates the trajectories, the periods, the distances, the dimensions, the velocities and gravitations of the planetary system; states the tides; adjusts the nutation of the earth, and contemplates the invisible comet wandering in his parabolic orb, for successive centuries, in but a corner of boundless space?—which considers that the diameter of the earth's orbit, of one hundred and ninety millions of miles in length, is but an evanescent point at the nearest fixed star to our system;—that the first beam of the sun's light, whose rapidity is inconceivable, may be still traversing the bosom of boundless space? Language sinks beneath contemplations so exalted, and so well calculated to inspire the most awful sentiments of the Great Artificer; of that Wisdom which could contrive this stupendous fabric, that Providence which can support it, and that Power whose hand could launch into their orbits bodies of a magnitude so prodigious."*

It was a science that early engaged the notice of men, and, to its honor be it spoken, it has always exerted a purifying and elevating influence on its votaries. Indeed, how could it be otherwise? Who can look

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* Gilbert Wakefield's Memoirs, I. 103.

upon those brilliant points, and not fancy them the spangled pavement of a divine abode? There is virtue as well as poetry and philosophy in them. They shed down a healing and restorative influence upon their worshippers. They are the symbols of endurance and perpetuity. "When I gaze upon the stars, do they not seem to look down on me as if with pity from their serene spaces, like eyes glistening with heavenly tears over the little lot of man? Thousands of human generations, all as noisy as our own, have been swallowed up of time, and there remains no wreck of them any more; and Arcturus, and Orion, and Sirius, and the Pleiades are still shining in their courses, clear and young, as when the shepherd first noted them in the plain of Shinar."

Another variety of human greatness is practical talent; by which I understand a talent for business, skill in affairs, a faculty of compassing ends and of swaying the judgments and wills of others, and compelling them to execute our purposes and behests. This, unquestionably, is a high endowment, enabling its possessor, when it is skilfully used, to wield a mighty influence and to bring about vast results. At the present day, it is in great repute, and perhaps is more estimated than any other species of talent, far more, I think, than it intrinsically deserves. For often it is a minute species of wisdom, narrow in its views, limited in its plans, and selfish in its aims. The mere practical man is, after all, but an imperfect specimen of humanity. He is little

fitted, by his habits of thought and action, to manage public affairs, discuss the great questions of morals or government, or legislate on the complicated interests of a people. The author of the book of Ecclesiasticus says of such men, "Without these a city cannot be inhabited, and they will maintain the state of the world. But they shall not be sought for in public council, nor sit on the judges' seat; they cannot declare justice and judgment." And the most popular writer of the present age observes, "those who live in public business, and of course in constant agitation and intrigue, know but little about the real and deep progress of opinions and events. Immersed in little political detail and the struggling skirmish of party, they seem to lose sight of the great progressive movement of human affairs. They put me somewhat in mind of a miller, who is so busy with the clatter of his own wheels, grindstones, and machinery, and so much employed in regulating his own artificial mill-dam, that he is incapable of noticing the gradual swell of the river from which he derives his little stream, until it comes down with such force as to carry his whole manufactory away before it." *

Let it be remembered that I have been speaking of *mere* practical talent. When, however, this is combined with intellectual power, and guided by humane and benevolent feelings, then is manifested a species of moral greatness, from the influence of which the most important and beneficial results have redounded to the

* Lockhart's Life of Scott, Vol. V. Chapter 7.

world. It becomes the instrument of advancing civilization, improving the condition of our race, mitigating the woes of humanity, lessening the dangers and exposures of life, and prolonging the term of human existence. For my own part, I would rather have been the discoverer of vaccination, the inventor of the safety-lamp, or the author of the "Practical Navigator," than stand at the head of all the merely speculative philosophers and theorists that have ever lived. The names of Jenner, and Davy, and Howard, the preservers and benefactors of their species, in real greatness how do they transcend those of the famous military heroes, the destroyers of their fellow-men! Burke mentions it as the high praise of Howard, that "he visited all Europe to take the gauge and dimensions of misery;" and he adds that "his plan was as full of genius as of humanity." "Maria d'Escobar," we are told by Sir James Mackintosh, "a Spanish lady, first brought a few grains of wheat into the city of Lima. For three years she distributed their produce among the colonists, giving twenty or thirty grains to each farmer. By this supply of food she brought into existence more human beings than Napoleon destroyed. If she had come from Egypt to Attica in the earlier days of Grecian history, she would have been a goddess. Sir John Malcolm introduced potatoes into India. That benefit may be remembered long after his Persian mission is forgotten. If Lord Wellesley had accomplished the abolition of infanticide, his name would have been held in everlast-

ing remembrance. All the negotiations and wars, which appear so splendid at present, will, in a history of twenty years hence, not occupy ten pages. So nearly, in some parts of human conduct, does the distribution even of fame agree with the dictates of that eternal justice which declares, that whosoever shall give to drink to one of these little ones a cup of cold water, shall in no wise lose his reward. The smallest act of benevolence, especially of benevolence towards those who spread truth, is sure to reward itself, and is likely to be praised by future generations."

We come at last to the highest species of human greatness, namely, pure moral and spiritual greatness. Would we view man in his noblest aspect, we must turn from mere physical operations and intellectual pursuits, and survey his moral and spiritual nature. "The proper study of mankind is man." The noblest of sciences is moral science; the highest philosophy is the philosophy of man's spiritual nature; and the most glorious exercise of his powers is in developing and cultivating his religious instincts. The man who devotes himself, singly and earnestly, to the cultivation of moral principle and spiritual truth, who labors to extend through the community a reverence for right, duty and virtue, and by the persuasive influence of his own example and the deep fervor of his own cheerful and unaffected piety, diffuses all around him the same trusting confidence in God and the same unwavering reliance upon a benignant Providence that fill his own

bosom—that man seems to me to have attained to the highest endowments of human nature, and reached the summit of earthly greatness. And it is worthy of remark that this was the sentiment of the most illustrious and successful investigator of chemical science which this age has produced—I mean Sir Humphry Davy. "I envy," says that great philosopher, "no quality of the mind or intellect in others; not genius, power, wit, or fancy. But if I could choose what would be most delightful, and, I believe, most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing. For it makes life a discipline of goodness, creates new hopes when all earthly hopes vanish, and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of torture and of shame the ladder of ascent to paradise; and, far above all combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths, the gardens of the blest, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the skeptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation, and despair."

You have doubtless perceived, my hearers, long ere this, that the train of my remarks has been suggested by the solemn event which has recently deprived this community of one of its most efficient and valuable

members, this congregation of one of its firmest pillars, and the scientific world of one of its noblest ornaments. A great light has suddenly gone out while it was yet beaming brightly and beneficently on the world. An eminent man has fallen in the midst of us—one whom God had made singularly great in more than one of the departments which I have just specified. His position as a public man, the various posts and offices which he filled, his relation to the University and to other literary institutions and philosophical societies, and the prominent place which he confessedly occupied at the head of the scientific men of this western continent, are sufficient,—apart from any private considerations, or feelings of personal respect,—to justify the notice which I now propose to take of his life and character. There was much in that life instructive and encouraging, particularly to the young, the friendless, the poor. There was much in that character worthy of eulogy and imitation. Let me speak out my impressions and recollections of him with that simplicity and frankness which he loved.

The late NATHANIEL BOWDITCH was born at Salem, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on the 26th day of March, 1773. He was the fourth child of Habakkuk and Mary Ingersoll Bowditch. His ancestors, for three generations, had been shipmasters, and his father, on retiring from that "perilous mode of hard industry," carried on the trade of a cooper, by which he gained a

scanty and precarious subsistence for a family of seven children.*

I had a curiosity to trace up the life of this wonderful man, if possible, to his childhood, to ascertain his early character and powers, and the influences under

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* The names of the children were (I mention them in the order of their ages) Mary, Habakkuk, Elizabeth, NATHANIEL, William, Samuel, and Lois. William, who died in 1799, at the age of twenty-three, is said to have been quite as remarkable, in his childhood, as Nathaniel. They seem to have been a short-lived race, five of them having died before the age of twenty-three, and the eldest in 1808, at the age of forty-two. The old ladies, mentioned hereafter, told me the melancholy tale that they recollected seeing two of the daughters, Mary and Lois, both of them married women, pining away with a consumption in the same room, and dying within a few months of each other. Nathaniel was about the same time, 1808, at the age of thirty-five, attacked with a severe hemorrhage at the lungs. In consequence of this he took a journey with his friend, the Hon. Thomas W. Ward, now of this city; and on their arrival at Dedham, so feeble did he appear, that the compassionate innkeeper asked Mr. Ward where his friend belonged, and advised him to return home immediately, for he doubted whether he would live to reach the next inn. Not long after his removal to Boston he fell twice suddenly in the street, which excited the most alarming apprehensions in the minds of his friends, they fearing that he might at any time be taken off by apoplexy. But Dr. Bowditch ascertained by experience that this falling was occasioned by his walking immediately after dinner. He accordingly postponed his walk to a later hour in the day, and never had a recurrence of the complaint. Earlier in life, in consequence of poring over figures whilst sitting up to watch with a friend, he was attacked with inflammation and weakness of the eyes, which compelled him to favor them for two years. All these things should be taken into consideration in forming a just estimate of the amount and extent of his labors. He never would have been able to accomplish so much without the strictest regularity in diet and exercise.

which his heart and mind had been formed. Accordingly, on a recent visit to Salem, I took a walk, of some two or three miles, to see a house where he used to say that he and his mother had lived when he was as yet hardly advanced beyond infancy. My walk brought me among the pleasant farm-houses of a retired hamlet in Essex county; and I found the plain two-story house, with but two rooms in it, where he dwelt with his mother; and I saw the chamber-window where he said she used to sit and show him "the new moon with the old moon in her arm," * and, with the poetical superstition of a sailor's wife, jingle the silver in her pocket that her husband might have good luck, and she good tidings from him, far off upon the sea. I entered that house and two others in the vicinity, and found three ancient women who knew her well, and remembered her wonderful boy. I sat down by their firesides and listened with greedy ear to the story, which they gladly told me, of that remarkable child, remarkable for his early goodness as well as for his early greatness. Their words, uttered in the plain, hearty English of the yeomanry of Massachusetts, uncorrupted by the admixture of any foreign gibberish,† I took down from

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* See the grand old ballad of "Sir Patrick Spens," the oldest in the language, in Percy's Reliques, Allan Cunningham's Scottish Songs, or Sir Walter Scott's Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.

† What a pity it is that our noble language, of itself adequate to all purposes, should be in such danger of being converted into a Babylonian jargon of French and German. The late "History of the French Revo-

their lips, and now give them without any alteration or improvement.

There were three of these women, it will be recollected; and the accounts which they severally gave, both of the child and his mother, perfectly coincide, as will be seen, without any discrepancy, and therefore mutually confirm one another's statement of things and appearances as they existed upwards of sixty years ago. The boy was at this time about three years old.

The first one that I saw and interrogated said that Nat. was "a beautiful, nice, likely, clever, thoughtful boy. Learning came natural to him; and his mother used to say that he would make something or nothing." I asked her whether she had ever heard what became of him. "O yes," she replied, "he became a great man, and went to Boston, and had a mighty deal of learning." "What kind of learning?" I asked. "Why," she answered, "I believe he was a pilot, and knew how to steer all the vessels." This evidently was her simple and confused idea of "The Practical Navigator."

The second old lady stated that "Nat. went to school to her aunt, in the revolutionary war, in the house where we were sitting, when he was about three years

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lution," in many respects a noble work, would stand some chance of going down to posterity, had it been written in the English tongue—for although some of the words may be Saxon, yet the idiom throughout is any thing but English. A man who has shown himself capable, in his beautiful Life of Schiller, of writing in a simple and pure style, ought to be ashamed of these miserable affectations.

old, and that she took mightily to him, and that he was the best scholar she ever had. He learnt amazing fast, for his mind was fully given to it. He did not seem like other children; he seemed better. His mother was a beautiful, nice woman."

The third old lady said that "Nat. was a little, still creature; and his mother a mighty free, good-natured woman. She used to say, 'Who should n't be cheerly if a Christian should n't?' Her children took after her, and she had a particular way of guarding them against evil."

These I testify to be their very words, as I pencilled them down at the time. And they show, I think, very clearly, the influence of the mother's mind and heart upon the character of her son. Of that mother, in after life, and to its close, he often spoke in terms of the highest admiration and the strongest affection, and in his earnest manner would say—"My mother loved me—idolized me—worshipped me."*

After leaving the dame's school, the only other instruction he ever received was obtained at the common public schools of his native town, which were then very inferior to what they have since become, being wholly

* These circumstances concerning the childhood of Dr. Bowditch were obtained since the delivery of the Discourse, but are inserted in this place as interesting facts, worth preserving, as indicative of his early capacities and character. No apology, I trust, will be needed for the minuteness with which I have detailed them. To his future biographer they will be invaluable, and for his use chiefly were they gathered up and preserved.

inadequate to furnish even the groundwork and elements of a respectable education. I have heard it stated, on the authority of one of his schoolfellows, that the only book in their school was a dictionary,* which belonged to the master, who gave out the words from it to be spelt by the boys. I have likewise been told by one who lived in Salem at the time, that the master of this school, an Irishman, by the name of Ford, a person of violent and passionate temper, gave young Bowditch, when he was about five or six years old, a very difficult sum in arithmetic to perform. His scholar went to his desk, and soon afterwards brought up his slate with the question solved. The master, surprised at the suddenness of his return, asked him who had been doing the sum for him; and on his answering "Nobody—I did it myself," he gave him a severe chastisement for *lying*, not believing it possible that he could, of himself, without any assistance, perform so difficult a question. It is believed that he did not afterwards have the grace to ask the pardon of his quick-witted pupil.

It was highly honorable to him, that although he had not himself enjoyed the benefits of a liberal or learned education, he felt the importance and acknowledged the value of it; and accordingly gave to his children the best which the country afforded, and took a deep inter-

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* Speaking of the dictionary, it may be worth stating that Dr. Bowditch had upwards of a hundred dictionaries, of different kinds, in his library.

est, and, for many years, an efficient agency in the concerns of its principal University.*

But the advantages of school, such as they were, he was obliged to forego at the early age of ten years, "his poverty and not his will consenting," that he might go into his father's shop and help to support the family. He was soon, however, transferred as an apprentice to a ship-chandler, in whose shop he continued until he went to sea, first as a clerk, afterwards as supercargo, and finally as master and supercargo jointly. It was whilst he was in the ship-chandler's shop that he first manifested that strong bent, or what is commonly called an original genius, for mathematical pursuits. Every moment that he could snatch from the counter, was given to the slate. An old gentleman, who used frequently to visit the shop, said to his wife, one day, on returning home, "I never go into that shop but I see that boy ciphering and figuring away on his slate, as if his very life depended upon it; and if he goes on at this rate, as he has begun, I should not at all wonder if, at last, in the course of time, he should get to be an almanac-maker!"—this being, in his view, the summit of mathematical attainment.

From his earliest years, indeed, he seems to have had an ardent love of reading, and he has been heard to say that, even when quite young, he read through a

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* Dr. Bowditch was elected a Fellow of the Corporation of Harvard College in 1826, and held that place at the time of his death.

whole Encyclopedia, from beginning to end, without omitting a single article.*

He sailed on his first voyage, on the 11th of January, 1795, at the age of twenty-two, in the capacity of captain's clerk, on board the ship Henry, of Salem, owned by Elias Hasket Derby, Esq., and commanded by Captain Henry Prince, who still lives to glory in the fame of his clerk.† Captain John Gibaut, with whom young Bowditch had been engaged the year before in taking a survey of the town of Salem,‡ had previously been appointed to the command of the ship, and had invited his friend to accompany him as clerk. He consented; but in consequence of some misunderstanding subsequently springing up between the owner of the ship and Captain Gibaut, he relinquished the command, and of course his agreement with his friend was at an end. Mr. Derby, however, on the appointment of Capt. Prince, said to him, "Do you know young Bowditch?" "Yes, very well." "How should you like to have him go in the ship with you?" "I should like it above all

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* Since the last page was struck off, I have ascertained that after he left the ship-chandlery, kept by Messrs. Ropes & Hodges, he was for some time a clerk in the grocery store of Samuel C. Ward, at which time he was able to calculate the eclipses of the moon, and most of the phenomena recorded in the almanacs of that day.

† Captain Prince was present when this discourse was repeated in the First Church in Salem, on the afternoon of the same day that it was delivered at Church Green, in Boston.

‡ Captain Gibaut used to say, that he depended entirely upon his young friend for taking the angles.

things," said the captain. He accordingly went on board as clerk, although his name was entered on the shipping-papers as second mate. The ship sailed for the Isle of Bourbon, and returned home after an absence of exactly one year.

His second voyage was made as supercargo, on board the ship Astræa, of Salem, belonging to the same owner, and commanded by the same captain. The vessel sailed to Lisbon, touched at Madeira, and then proceeded to Manilla, and arrived at Salem in May 1797.

At Madeira, the captain and supercargo were very politely received by Mr. Pintard, the American consul there, to whose house the ship was consigned, and were frequently invited to dine with his family. Mrs. Pintard had heard from another American shipmaster that the young supercargo was "a great calculator," and she felt a curiosity to test his capacities. Accordingly, she said to him one day at dinner, "Mr. Bowditch, I have a question which I should like to have you answer. Some years since," naming the time, "I received a legacy in Ireland. The money was there invested, and remained some time on interest; the amount was subsequently remitted to England, where the interest likewise accumulated; and lately the whole amount has been remitted to me here. What sum ought I to receive?" She of course mentioned the precise dates of the several remittances, as she went along. Mr. Bowditch lay down his knife and fork, said it was a

little difficult, on account of the difference of currency and the number of the remittances; but squeezing the tips of his fingers, he said, in about two minutes, "The sum you should receive is £843 15*s.* 6¼*d.*" "Well, Mr. clerk," said Mrs. Pintard to the head clerk of the house, an elderly person, who was esteemed a very skilful accountant, "you have been figuring it out for me on paper; has he got it right?" "Yes, Madam," said the clerk, taking his long calculation out of his pocket, "he has got it exactly. And I venture to say, that there is not another man on the island that can do it in two hours."

In August, 1798, he went in the same ship with Capt. Prince, on his third voyage, to Cadiz, thence to the Mediterranean, loaded at Alicant, and arrived at Salem in 1799.

On the voyage from Cadiz to Alicant, they were chased by a French privateer, and having a strong armament of nineteen guns, they prepared for action. The post assigned to Bowditch was the cabin, and his duty was to hand the powder upon deck. In the midst of the preparations for the engagement, Captain Prince had a curiosity to look into the cabin, and see whether all things were going on right there; and, to his astonishment, he found Bowditch calmly sitting at the table, with his slate and pencil, and figuring away, as usual. The thing was so ludicrous, that Captain Prince burst out a laughing, and said, "Well, Mr. Bowditch, can you be making your will now?"

"Yes," was his good-natured reply. After this affair, (the French privateer having hauled off without molesting them) the supercargo requested to be stationed at one of the guns, and his request was granted. Captain Prince testifies, that in all cases of danger, he manifested great firmness and presence of mind.

The fourth and last voyage which they made together, was in the same ship, from Boston to Batavia and Manilla. They sailed in August, 1799, and arrived there in September, 1800.

On their arrival at Manilla, a Scotchman, by the name of Murray, asked Captain Prince how he contrived to find the way there, through such a long, perplexing, and dangerous navigation, and in the face of the north-east monsoon, by mere dead reckoning, without the use of lunars,—it being a common notion at that time, that the Americans knew nothing about working lunar observations. Captain Prince told him that he had a crew of twelve men, every one of whom could take and work a lunar observation as well, for all practical purposes, as Sir Isaac Newton himself, were he alive. Murray was perfectly astounded at this, and actually went down to the landing-place one Sunday morning to see this *knowing* crew come ashore.*

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* One of the most characteristic and amusing nautical anecdotes that it has ever been my good fortune to meet with, is contained in the fourth volume of Baron Zach's "*Correspondance Astronomique*," page 62.

Mr. Bowditch was present at this conversation, and as Captain Prince says, sat "as modest as a maid," said not a word, but held his slate-pencil in his mouth. Another person on the island, a broker, by the name of

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It is so good that I thought it worth translating, and now venture to append it in a note, notwithstanding its length. The Baron is relating the sensation caused at Genoa, by the arrival there, in 1817, of that splendid packet, the "Cleopatra's Barge," owned by George Crowninshield, Esq. of Salem. He says that he went on board, with all the world, "and it happened," to use his own words, "that in inquiring after my friends and correspondents at Philadelphia and Boston, I mentioned, among others, the name of Mr. Bowditch. 'He is a friend of our family and our neighbor at Salem,' replied the captain, a smart, little old man, 'and that young man whom you see there, my son, was his pupil; in fact, it is he, and not myself, who navigates the ship. Question him a little, and see if he has learnt any thing.' Our dialogue was as follows:—'You have had an excellent teacher of navigation, young man; and you could not well help being a good scholar. In making the Straits of Gibraltar, what was the error in your reckoning?' The young man replied, 'Six miles.' 'You must then have got your longitude very accurately; how did you get it?' 'First by our chronometers, and afterwards by lunar distances.' 'What! do you know how to take and calculate the longitude by lunar distances?' The young captain seemed somewhat nettled at my question, and answered me with a scornful smile—'*I* know how to calculate the longitude! Why, our *cook* can do *that!*' 'Your *cook!*' Here the owner of the ship and the old captain assured me that the cook on board could calculate the longitude very well, that he had a taste and passion for it, and did it every day. 'There he is,' said the young man, pointing with his finger to a negro at the stern of the ship, with a white apron before him, and holding a chicken in one hand and a butcher's knife in the other. 'Come forward, Jack,' said the captain to him; 'the gentleman is surprised that you can calculate the longitude; answer his questions.' I asked him, 'What method do you use to calculate the longitude by lunar distances?' His answer was, 'It's all one to me: I use the methods of Maskelyne, Lyons, Witchel, and Bowditch; but, upon the

Kean, who was present, said to Murray, "If you knew as much as I do about that ship Astræa, you would'nt talk quite so glib." "Why not? what do you know about her?" ."Why, sir, I know that there is more knowledge of navigation on board that ship, than there ever was in all the vessels that ever floated in Manilla Bay."

The knowledge which these common sailors had acquired of navigation, had been imparted to them by the kindness of Mr. Bowditch. Captain Prince says that one day the supercargo said to him, "Come, Captain, let us go forward and see what the sailors are talking about, under the lee of the long-boat." They went forward accordingly, and the Captain was surprised to find the sailors, instead of spinning their long yarns,

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whole, I prefer Dunthorne's; I am more used to it, and can work with it quicker.' I could not express my surprise at hearing this black face talk in this way, with his bloody chicken and knife in his hand. 'Go,' said Mr. Crowninshield to him, 'lay down your chicken, bring your books and your journal, and show the gentleman your calculations.' The cook soon returned with his books under his arm. He had Bowditch's Practical Navigator, The Requisite Tables, Hutton's Tables of Logarithms, and the Nautical Almanac. I saw all this negro's calculations of the latitude, the longitude, and the true time, which he had worked out on the passage. He answered all my questions with wonderful accuracy, not in the Latin of the caboose, but in the good set terms of navigation. This cook had been round the world, as cabin-boy, with Captain Cook in his last voyage, and was well acquainted with the particulars of his assassination at Owhyhee, on the 14th of February, 1779."

earnestly engaged with book, slate and pencil, and discussing the high matters of tangents and secants, altitudes, dip, and refraction. Two of them, in particular, were very zealously disputing, one of them calling out to the other, "Well, Jack, what have you got?" "I've got the *sine*," was the answer. "But that an't right," said the other, "*I* say it is the *cosine*." *

I am happy to be able to corroborate the statements of Captain Prince, by the testimony of a gallant officer† in our navy, who sailed in the Astræa the two last voyages to Alicant and Batavia. In a letter recently written, with the sight of which I have been favored, after speaking in terms of the warmest gratitude of the kindness and attention with which Mr. Bowditch treated him, when a poor sea-sick cabin-boy, and ac-

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* Besides these four voyages with Captain Prince, Dr. Bowditch made two others, as I have before remarked, the last in the combined capacities of supercargo and master. Captain Prince says, that although he had such a thorough knowledge of navigation, he knew but little about what is technically called *seamanship*. He also mentions the fact, which he had often heard him repeat, that although, in his youth, he had long lived in the vicinity of the ship-yards, he had never seen a launch; and rather scouted the idea that such a sight, or any thing like it, should be able to draw him away from his books. Captain Prince likewise testifies that during the whole course of these four voyages, he does not recollect the slightest interruption of harmony and good feeling between them.

† Charles F. Waldo, Esq. sailing-master in the United States' Navy, now stationed at the Navy Yard in Charlestown. He was wounded in the engagement between the Constitution and the Java.

knowledging his great obligations to him for instructing him in navigation, he goes on to say that it was Mr. Bowditch's practice to interest himself in all the sailors on board, and to take pains to instruct all who could read and write, in the principles of navigation. The consequence of this was, that every one of those twelve sailors, who could read and write, subsequently rose to the rank of captain or chief mate of a ship. Indeed, at Salem, it was considered the highest recommendation of a seaman, that he had sailed in the same ship with Mr. Bowditch, and this fact alone was often sufficient to procure for him an officer's berth. In illustration of this statement, he mentions the fact that on his second voyage the first and second mates had been sailors in the same ship on the previous voyage. He also speaks of Mr. Bowditch's urbane and gentlemanly deportment to every one on board, and says that he never appeared so happy as when he could inspire the sailor with a proper sense of his individual importance, and of the talents he possessed, and might call into action.

Capt. Prince relates a little incident that occurred under his observation, that is worth preserving. In the year 1796, there was an Englishman in Boston, who called himself a professor of mathematics. He boasted a great deal about his mathematical knowledge, and said that he had not found any body in this country who knew any thing about the science. "I have a question," said he, "which I have proposed to several persons here who are reputed the most knowing, and

they cannot solve it." This Englishman was a friend of E. H. Derby, Jr. of Salem, to whom Capt. Prince had some time previously said that he thought Mr. Bowditch "the greatest calculator in America." Mr. Derby and the Englishman being one evening at the theatre, and the latter repeating the remark about his question, "Well," says Mr. Derby, "there is a young man sitting opposite in that box, who, I think, will do it for you. You had better hand it over to him." Accordingly, after the play was over, the problem was brought to the house where Capt. Prince and Mr. Bowditch boarded, by a man named Hughes, who asked him whether he thought he could solve it. "Yes," was his instantaneous reply. The next morning Hughes called and asked him how he got along with the question. "I've done it," says Mr. Bowditch, and I wish you would tell the Englishman that the answer is the logarithm of such a number," naming it. In addition to this, I have heard that the American mathematician said, "Tell your friend that I have got a question which puzzled me once a good while before I could make it out, and I should like to have him try his hand upon it." He gave him the question, and it was handed over to the Englishman; but nothing more was heard of it. For once, he had probably got enough of mathematics.*

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* I have heard it said that the name of this Englishman was Nichols, a bookseller, the same who published an edition of Playfair's Geometry in Boston.

Capt. Prince states some facts in relation to the origin of one of Mr. Bowditch's principal works, which will be interesting to all, particularly to all seafaring men, for whose especial benefit I record them. Every thing relating to "The Sailor's Own Book" must be acceptable to them. He states that on the day previous to their sailing on their fourth and last voyage together, Mr. Edmund M. Blunt,* a noted publisher of charts and nautical books, then residing at Newburyport, came to Boston, where the ship lay, on purpose to see Mr. Bowditch. In the course of the conversation between them, which Capt. Prince overheard, Mr. Blunt said, "If you had not corrected the declination, I should have lost the whole of the last edition;" meaning the last edition of John Hamilton Moore's book on Navigation, then in common use on board our vessels. "Why," continued he, "can't you be good enough to look over Hamilton Moore again, more carefully? Take a copy of it with you, and mark whatever you may find; and when you get home, I will give you a new one." "Well," replied Mr. Bowditch, "I will." On the home passage Capt. Prince says that Mr. Bowditch remarked to him, "Now I am going to assist Blunt, and begin with Hamilton Moore." When he had been engaged upon it several days, Capt. Prince

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* Mr. Blunt subsequently removed to the city of New York, where he pursued the same line of business, and became the principal nautical publisher in the United States. He now resides at Sing Sing, and the business is carried on by his sons.

passed by him in the cabin, and said, "Well, sir, you seem to put a great many black marks on Johnny Moore." "Yes," replied Mr. Bowditch, "and well I may, for he deserves it; his book is nothing but a tissue of errors from beginning to end."* After he had been hard at work for some time, Capt Prince said to him, "If I were you, I would sooner make a new book than undertake to mend that old thing." Mr. Bowditch smiled and said, "I find so many errors that I intend to take out the work in my own name." Capt. Prince closed the conversation by adding, "I think you ought to do so, for the work will be new, and the fruit of your own labor,

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* As an illustration of the dangerous blunders of Moore's work, I will mention a fact related to me by my worthy parishioner and friend, John Waters, Esq. of this city. He states that in the beginning of the year 1800, he was returning from Canton in the ship Eliza, and that somewhere this side of the Cape (he thinks off the West India Islands), in taking the sun's declination one day, they turned to Moore's "Table XVII. of The Sun's Declination for the years 1792, 1796, 1800, 1804," to which the stupid fellow had appended the remark, "*each being leap year*." In consequence of thus erroneously making 1800 a leap year, he gives the declination on the 1st of March 7° 11′, whereas by reference to the Nautical Almanac of that year it will be found to be 7° 33′, making a difference of twenty-three miles. Mr. Waters fortunately had a Nautical Almanac on board, and likewise a copy of Pike's Arithmetic, which explained the reason *why* the year 1800 was *not* leap year. In consequence of this he escaped the dangers to which other vessels in the same latitude were subjected; for he afterwards read in the newspapers of several ships that were wrecked solely by reason of that blunder. It was, indeed, quite time for Hamilton Moore to be laid up, high and dry, on the shelf. Mr. Waters's copy of Moore, the tenth edition, he has shown me, and kindly explained to me the error. I hope I have made it intelligible to other landsmen.

and will be the best work on navigation ever published;" a prediction that was wonderfully fulfilled to the letter.*

Such was the germ of "The New American Practical Navigator," the first edition of which he issued in the year 1800, at the age of twenty-three; a work abounding with the actual results of his own experience, and containing simpler and more expeditious formulas for working the nautical problems.† This work has been of immense service to the nautical and commercial interests of this country. Had Dr. Bowditch never done any thing else, he would still, by this single act, have conferred a lasting obligation upon his native land; and the national legislature might well acknowledge it by erecting a monument to his memory. Just consider the simple

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* The anecdotes relating to the early and the nautical life of Dr. Bowditch have been collected since the Discourse was delivered. It was thought best, however, to insert them in their place, in the body of the Discourse, in order to furnish a continuous narrative. Those relating to the voyages of Capt. Prince were lately taken down from that gentleman's own lips by the Hon. JOHN PICKERING, of this city, who has very kindly favored me with the minutes, from which the present narrative is drawn up. Mr. Pickering, who, for many years, enjoyed the intimacy and friendship of Dr. Bowditch, has been appointed by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences to pronounce the Eulogy before that body in May next. The choice could not have fallen in a better place, and the Academy may then expect a full and adequate exposition of the *scientific* attainments and labors of their distinguished President.

† Before publishing his own work, Mr. Bowditch had prepared for Mr. Blunt two corrected editions of Moore's book, in which he had actually discovered and corrected *eight thousand* errors in the nautical tables, as he himself testifies in the preface to the last stereotype edition.

fact, that every vessel that sails from the ports of the United States, from Eastport to New Orleans, is navigated by the rules and tables of his book. And this has been the case nearly ever since its publication, thirty-eight years ago. I am also informed, that it is extensively used in the British and French navies. Notwithstanding the competition of other English and American works on the subject, "The Practical Navigator" has never been superseded. It has kept pace with the progress of nautical science, and incorporated all its successive discoveries and results; and the last edition, published within the last year, contains new tables and other improvements, which will probably secure its undivided use by our seamen for years to come.*

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* "In preparing this edition," he says, "I have been very much assisted by my son, J. Ingersoll Bowditch, who compiled most of the new tables, and carefully examined those which were taken from other works. By associating him with me, many improvements have been made which otherwise would not have been introduced."

In compiling "The Navigator," he was essentially aided by a series of manuscript journals, preserved in the East India Museum at Salem. It is one of the regulations of the East India Marine Society, to whom that splendid collection belongs, that each member shall keep a journal of every thing remarkable that has occurred, and that he has observed, during his voyage. On his return his journal is examined by a special committee, who extract whatever they think valuable, and copy it into large volumes, kept for that purpose. Dr. Bowditch was accustomed to say, that these volumes contained a mass of nautical information that could be found no where else in the world.

On the 13th of May, 1801, a committee, appointed by the East India Marine Society, reported that "after a full examination of the

The quiet and leisure of the long East India voyages, when the ship was lazily sweeping along under the steady impulse of the trade-winds, afforded him fine opportunities for pursuing his mathematical studies, as well as for indulging his taste for general literature. It

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System of Navigation presented to the Society by one of its members, (Mr. Nathaniel Bowditch) they find that he has corrected many thousand errors existing in the best European works of the kind; especially those in the tables for determining the latitude by two altitudes, in those of difference of latitude and departure, of the sun's right ascension, of amplitudes, and many others necessary to the navigator. Mr. Bowditch has likewise, in many instances, greatly improved the old methods of calculation, and added new ones of his own. That of clearing the apparent distance of the moon, and sun, or stars, from the effect of parallax and refraction, is peculiarly adapted to the use of seamen in general, and is much facilitated (as all other methods are) in the present work, by the introduction of a proportional table into that of the corrections of the moon's altitude. His table nineteenth of corrections to be applied in the lunar calculations, has the merit of being the only one the committee are acquainted with. He has much improved the table of latitudes and longitudes of places, and has added those of a number on the American coast hitherto very inaccurately ascertained. This work therefore is, in the opinion of the committee, highly deserving of the approbation and encouragement of the Society, not only as being the most correct and ample now extant, but as being a genuine American production; and as such they hesitate not to recommend it to the attention of navigators, and of the public at large." This is signed by Jonathan Lambert, Benjamin Carpenter, John Osgood, John Gibaut and Jacob Crowninshield, Committee.

In two voyages across the Atlantic, which I made in 1834, I found myself often poring over the mate's "Practical Navigator," and, omitting the tables and the rules for taking and working lunars, and a few other things of the same sort, I found it quite a readable book, and about as interesting as any on board.

was at these times that he learnt the French* and Spanish languages, without any instructer. Subsequently in life he acquired the German and the Italian. He had previously commenced the study of Latin at the age of seventeen. The first Latin book that he undertook to read was a copy of Euclid's Geometry, which had formerly belonged to the Rev. Dr. Byles,† of Boston, and having been purchased at the sale of his books, was presented to the young mathematician by his brother-in-law, David Martin, of Salem.‡ The following words I copy from the blank leaf in the beginning of the book, "Began to study Latin Jan. 4, 1790." He afterwards read Newton's "Principia," a copy of which book, rare, doubtless, at that time in this country, had

* I have heard it stated, that, on the voyage to Manilla, the ship sprung a leak, and was obliged to put into the Isle of France to refit. Young Bowditch was the only one on board who knew any thing about French, having learnt it from his grammar on the voyage; and this casual knowledge thus proved of essential service to the interests of the owners, as well as to the crew of the ship. He used to say that nothing that he learnt ever came amiss.

† Dr. Bowditch mentioned this fact one day as he was walking up Common (then Nassau) street, with Dr. George Hayward, of this city, and expressed a desire to see the house where the eccentric owner of this book had lived. The book is now in his library.

‡ David Martin married Mary, the eldest sister of Dr. Bowditch. She died in 1808, at the age of forty-two, when her only child, and the only surviving descendant of the male line of his family, with the exception of his own six children, was received into his house and treated as his own child, as appears from this item in his will: "Whereas my niece, Elizabeth Bowditch Martin, has from youth resided in my family and been to me as a daughter," &c. I have so regarded and comprehended her in the Dedication of this Discourse.

come into his possession through the kindness of the learned and reverend Dr. Bentley, of Salem. Dr. Bentley told him that he could not give him the book, as it had been presented to him by a friend, but said he would loan it to him, and that he might keep it till it was called for. He did keep it; it was never called for; it is still among his books; and Dr. Bowditch has more than once taken it down from the shelf and showed it to me.*

What he once learned he ever afterwards remembered, and it may be mentioned as an instance of the singular tenacity of his memory, that, on lately reading the splendid "History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella,"† the last book he read through, and one for

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* This is Dr. Bowditch's own account of the mode in which he came into possession of this book, which his own family, as well as myself, recollect to have heard often from his lips; and, moreover, the fact is so recorded, by his direction, in the catalogue of his library. But a very respectable merchant of Salem informs me that Dr. Bentley gave him the book, and he loaned it, in the manner above-mentioned, to Mr. Bowditch. Strict regard for accuracy leads me to append this statement.

† By William H. Prescott, Esq. This noble contribution to the youthful literature of our country is, at the same time, one of the most remarkable instances, in literary history, of the triumph of genius over difficulties and discouragements. It seems almost incredible, that so extensive a work, demanding the perusal of so many books, and the consultation of so many authorities, could have been composed without the full and free use of the eyes. And yet it is a fact known to me, that the author, although he wrote the book through with his own hand, never saw the words while he was writing them. His work is a noble evidence of his perseverance as well as of his learning and good taste, and reflects honor upon himself as well as upon his country.

which he expressed the highest admiration, he remarked that many of the incidents in it were quite familiar to him, he having once read the great work of Mariana on the History of Spain, in the original language, in the course of one of his voyages. The French mathematician, Lacroix, acknowledged to a young American that he was indebted to Mr. Bowditch for communicating many errors in his works, which he had discovered in these same long India voyages.

In the year 1806, Mr. Bowditch published his accurate and beautiful chart of the harbors of Salem, Beverly, Marblehead, and Manchester, the survey of which had occupied him during the summers of the three preceding years. So minutely accurate was this chart, that the old pilots said he had found out all their professional secrets, and had put on paper points and bearings which they thought were known only to themselves. They began to fear that their services would no longer be needed, and that their occupation and their bread were gone.*

The extraordinary mathematical attainments of the young sailor soon became known, and secured to him

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* Dr. Bowditch took great delight in every accurate scientific work of this sort; and I recollect his speaking, in terms of the highest admiration, of the survey of George's Shoal, recently made by the accomplished Lieut. Wilkes. He described it to me one evening very minutely, told me how it had been done, and spoke in the warmest manner of the science and skill which it evinced.

the notice of our most distinguished men,—among others that of the late Chief Justice Parsons, himself an eminent mathematician,—and likewise the deserved, yet wholly unexpected, honors of the first literary institution in the land. In the summer of 1802, at the age of twenty-nine, his ship lying wind-bound in this port, he went out to Cambridge to attend the exercises of Commencement Day; and whilst standing in one of the aisles of the church, as the President was announcing the honorary degrees conferred that day, his attention was aroused by hearing his own name called out as a Master of Arts. The annunciation came upon him like a peal of thunder; it took him wholly by surprise. He has been heard to say that that was the proudest day of his life; and that of all the distinctions which he subsequently received from numerous learned and scientific bodies, at home and abroad,* (among which may be mentioned his election as a Fellow of the Royal Society of London, an honor to which few Americans have ever attained), there was not one which afforded him half the pleasure, or which he prized half so highly, as this degree from Harvard. It was, indeed,

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* Dr. Bowditch was President of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences from 1829 to the time of his death. He was also a Fellow of the Royal Societies of Edinburgh and Dublin; of the Astronomical Society of London; of the American Philosophical Society held at Philadelphia; of the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences; of the Literary and Philosophical Society of New York; Corresponding Member of the Royal Societies at Berlin, Palermo, &c. &c. &c.

his first honor, his earliest distinction; it was not only kindly meant, but timely done; and it no doubt stimulated him to perseverance in his scientific pursuits, as well as created that interest which he always took in the prosperity of that institution.

On quitting the sea, in 1804, he became the President of a Marine Insurance Company in Salem,* the duties of which he continued to discharge till the year 1823, when, on the establishment of "The Massachusetts Hospital Life Insurance Company," in this place, he was elected to the office, being considered the person best qualified for this highly responsible station, from his habits of accurate calculation and rigid method,

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* While residing at Salem he was frequently solicited to accept posts of honor and emolument in various literary institutions, in different parts of the country. Though his salary as President of the Insurance Company was small, being only twelve hundred dollars, yet the larger offers from a distance could not induce him to leave his blessed New England home. Thus in 1806, he was chosen to fill the Hollis Professorship of Mathematics at Harvard University, vacated by the promotion of Professor Webber to the Presidency. In 1818, he received a letter from Mr. Jefferson, requesting him to accept the Professorship of Mathematics in the new University at Charlottesville, in Virginia. Mr. Jefferson says in his letter (which is now before me), "We are satisfied we can get from no country a Professor of higher qualifications than yourself for our mathematical department." And in 1820, on the death of Mr. Ellicott, Professor of Mathematics at the United States' Military Academy at West Point, he received a letter from Mr. Calhoun, then Secretary of War, desiring him to permit his name to be presented to the President to fill the vacant chair. Mr. Calhoun says in that letter (which also I have now before me), "I am anxious to avail myself of the first mathematical talents and acquirements to fill the vacancy."

and his inflexible integrity. Immediately on accepting the office he removed to this city at the age of fifty, and has here spent the last fifteen years of his life.

It scarcely needs to be stated that he discharged the duties of his high trust with the greatest fidelity and skill, and to the entire satisfaction of the Company. The capital was five hundred thousand dollars. But, at his suggestion, the Company applied to the Legislature for additional power to hold in trust and loan out the property of individuals. This power was granted; and upwards of five millions of dollars, nine tenths of which belong to females and orphans, have been thus received and invested. This institution has, in this way, been of incalculable service, it being in fact nothing more nor less than a Savings Bank on a large scale. "Providence"—I use his own language, in his parting letter to the Directors—"has seen fit to bless our efforts to make it an institution deserving of public regard." It deserves to be mentioned, that Dr. Bowditch was never willing to receive and tie up any investment, without himself seeing or hearing in writing from the person in whose behalf the investment was to be made, and ascertaining that it was done with his or her full and free consent, and that the individual perfectly understood the mode and conditions of the investment, before it was put into the *dead hand* of the institution.

I may here also notice the fact, perhaps not generally known, that during the late unexampled commercial embarrassments and financial difficulties, when almost

all our moneyed institutions have sustained heavy losses from the bankruptcies of their debtors, "and," to use his own words in the same letter, "by having dealt with corporations, whose affairs have been managed with a recklessness which has never before been witnessed in this country," yet so carefully and skilfully have the affairs of The Life Office been managed, that, although the largest moneyed institution in New England, having a capital equal to ten common banks, and with a loan out of six millions, its loss has not been greater than that sustained by some of the smallest banks.

It was a hard struggle for Dr. Bowditch to break away from the pleasant scenes and associations of his native place. There were his earliest friends, and there his strongest ties. But he felt that he owed it to his family to make the sacrifice of personal attachments and preferences; and for some time he and his amiable consort fondly cherished the hope, of returning and spending their last days in the City of Peace.* Soon after his coming to town he joined this religious society, and here continued to worship till the time of his death.

It was in the year 1800 that he married, for his second wife, his cousin, Mary Ingersoll, a lady of singular sweetness of disposition and cheerful piety, and who, by her entire sympathy with him in all his studies and

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* On his leaving Salem, a public dinner was given him by his fellow-citizens, as a testimony of their respect. No man ever left that place more regretted.

pursuits, lightened and cheered his labors, and by relieving him from all domestic cares, enabled him to go on, with undivided mind and undistracted attention, in the execution of the great work, on which his fame, as a man of science, rests. He has been heard to say, that he never should have accomplished the task, and published the book in its present extended form, had he not been stimulated and encouraged by her. When the serious question was under consideration as to the expediency of his publishing it at his own cost, at the estimated expense of ten thousand dollars (which it actually exceeded), with the noble spirit of her sex, she conjured and urged him to go on and do it, saying that she would find the means, and gladly make any sacrifice and submit to any self-denial that might be involved in it. In grateful acknowledgment of her sympathy and aid, he proposed, in the concluding volume, to dedicate the work to her memory—a design than which nothing could be more beautiful or touching. Let it still be fulfilled.*

It is hardly necessary for me to say that this was a Translation and Commentary on the great work of the French astronomer, La Place, entitled "*Mécanique*

* This noble-minded and excellent woman, whose unfailing cheerfulness and vivacity rendered her admirably suited to be the wife of such a man, was the daughter of Jonathan and Mary Hodges Ingersoll. She was born December 4, 1781, and died in Boston on the seventeenth of April, 1834. Her father is still living in Windsor, Vt., at the advanced age of eighty-seven years, and his only surviving child, George H., resides at Charlestown, N. H.

Céleste," in which that illustrious man undertakes to explain the whole mechanism of our solar system, to account, on mathematical principles, for all its phenomena, and to reduce all the anomalies in the apparent motions and figures of the planetary bodies, to certain definite laws.* It is a work of great genius and immense depth, and exceedingly difficult to be comprehended. This arises not merely from the intrinsic difficulty of the subject, and the medium of proof employed being the higher branches of the mathematics,—but chiefly from the circumstance that the author, taking it for granted that the subject would be as plain and easy to others as

* La Place himself, in his Preface, states the object of his work as follows. "Towards the end of the seventeenth century, Newton published his discovery of universal gravitation. Mathematicians have, since that epoch, succeeded in reducing to this great law of nature all the known phenomena of the system of the world, and have thus given to the theories of the heavenly bodies and to astronomical tables, an unexpected degree of precision. My object is to present a connected view of these theories, which are now scattered in a great number of works. The whole of the results of gravitation, upon the equilibrium and motions of the fluid and solid bodies, which compose the solar system, and the similar systems, existing in the immensity of space, constitute the object of *Celestial Mechanics*, or the application of the principles of mechanics to the motions and figures of the heavenly bodies. Astronomy, considered in the most general manner, is a great problem of mechanics, in which the elements of the motions are the arbitrary constant quantities. The solution of this problem depends, at the same time, upon the accuracy of the observations, and upon the perfection of the analysis. It is very important to reject every empyrical process, and to complete the analysis, so that it shall not be necessary to derive from observations any but indispensable data. The intention of this work is to obtain, as much as may be in my power, this interesting result."

to himself, very often omits the intermediate steps and connecting links in his demonstrations.* He jumps over the interval, and grasps the conclusion as by intuition. Dr. Bowditch used to say, "I never come across one of La Place's '*Thus it plainly appears*,' without feeling sure that I have got hours of hard study before me to fill up the chasm, and find out and show *how* it plainly appears." It was in the year 1815, at Salem, that he began this herculean task, and finished it in two years, in 1817. The Commentary kept pace with the Translation; but whilst the publication was in hand, his alterations and additions were so numerous that it might almost be considered a new draft of the work.

Let it not be said, in disparagement of the labors of Dr. Bowditch, that this was not an original work, but merely a translation. Suppose that it had been so.

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* Dr. Bowditch himself says, in his Introduction to the first volume, "The object of the author, in composing this work, as stated by him in his Preface, was to reduce all the known phenomena of the system of the world to the law of gravity, by strict mathematical principles; and to complete the investigations of the motions of the planets, satellites, and comets, begun by Newton in his Principia. This he has accomplished, in a manner deserving the highest praise, for its symmetry and completeness; but from the abridged manner, in which the analytical calculations have been made, it has been found difficult to be understood by many persons, who have a strong and decided taste for mathematical studies, on account of the time and labor required, to insert the intermediate steps of the demonstrations, necessary to enable them easily to follow the author in his reasoning. To remedy, in some measure, this defect, has been the chief object of the translator in the Notes."

What then? Was it not still a benefaction to this country and to Great Britain, thus to bring it within the reach and compass of the American and English mind?* It is truly said by an old writer, "So well is he worthy of perpetual fame that bringeth a good work to light, as is he that first did make it, and ought always to

* The only attempts that have been made in England to grapple with the great work of La Place are, 1. "An Elementary Treatise upon Analytical Mechanics, being the First Book of the Mecanique Celeste of La Place; translated and elucidated with Explanatory Notes, by the Rev. John Toplis, B. D., London. 1814." 8vo.—2. "Elementary Illustrations of the Celestial Mechanics of La Place, [by Thomas Young, M. D.] London. 1821." 8vo.—3. "A Treatise on Celestial Mechanics, by P. S. La Place; translated from the French, and elucidated with Explanatory Notes, by Rev. Henry H. Harte, Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. Part First, Book First, 1822. Book Second, 1827. Dublin." 4to.

It is *not* surprising that two out of the three translators of parts of La Place's work in England are *clergymen*. The clergy in England, as well as on the continent, and in this country, have ever been not only among the warmest patrons, but the foremost and most successful cultivators, of all branches of science and letters. Passing over the names of continental scholars, we have, in science, the names of Flamsteed, astronomer royal, Barrow and Whiston, both professors of mathematics at Cambridge, Bp. Sprat, one of the founders of the Royal Society and its first historian, Thomas Birch, the author of the more extended history of the same Society, Joseph Priestley, Richard Kirwan, Dr. Pearson, lately deceased, and among the living, Whewell, Buckland, Kirby, Sedgwick, Conybeare, Lardner, Baden Powell, Prof. of Geometry at Oxford, James Cumming, Prof. of Chemistry at Cambridge, &c. &c. The published Translations and Reports of "The British Association for the Advancement of Science," show that some of the most prominent and active men at its sessions are clergymen. Then, in classical literature, we have the two great names of Richard Bentley and Gilbert Wakefield, and in history, Robertson.

In this country, while the clergy have done their full part in the ad-

be reckoned the second father thereof."* But the fact is, it is more than half an original commentary and exposition, simplifying and elucidating what was before complex and obscure, supplying omissions and deficiencies, fortifying the positions with new proofs and

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vancement of science and letters, the history of the country has been almost exclusively written by them. Witness the names of Cotton Mather, Thomas Prince, Gordon, Eliot, Holmes, Belknap, Smith of New Jersey, Trumbull, Freeman, Sparks, George Bancroft. In philosophy, the great name of Jonathan Edwards stands at the head; and glancing over the names of Witherspoon, Samuel Smith, and President Dwight, we have, among the living, Dr. Miller and President Wayland. In mechanical philosophy, the late Dr. Prince, of Salem, had no equal. In general literature and criticism, the name of Edward Everett is in itself a host; Dr. Channing, as an essay-writer, has no rival; and in the department of theology, let me point to the recent contributions of Norton and Palfrey. The editors of our principal Reviews, the North American, the New York Review, the Christian Examiner, have been and still are clergymen; e. g. E. Everett, Sparks, Prof. Palfrey, Dr. Hawkes, Dr. Walker, F. W. P. Greenwood; and the best and most popular writers in them, including the names just mentioned, are of the clerical profession, e. g. Andrews Norton, Orville Dewey, W. B. O. Peabody, H. Ware jr., George Ripley, and many others, which I have not space to specify. It will be seen that I only glance at this subject; it deserves to be followed up. It has been too much the fashion to represent the clergy as a body apart by themselves, taking no interest in any thing but their professional studies, and doing nothing to promote the progress of general knowledge. Nothing can be more untrue and unjust than this charge. I believe it will be found that the clergy, as a body, in this country, have done more for general literature, history, philosophy, and science, than all other professions and occupations, put together. See 2 Corinthians xii. 11. "Every man," says Lord Bacon, "is a debtor to his profession." I want to pay my debt.

* John Bale's Conclusion to John Leland's "Laborious Journey and Search for England's Antiquities."

giving additional weight and efficiency to the old ones; and, above all, recording the subsequent discoveries, and bringing down the science to the present time.* I have heard it said that La Place, to whom Dr. Bowditch sent a list of errors, (which however he never had the grace to acknowledge in any way),† once remarked, "I am sure that Mr. Bowditch comprehends my work, for he has not only detected my errors, but has also shown me how I came to fall into them."

The manner in which he published this work affords a striking illustration of the spirit of independence, which was a prominent feature in his character. He had been frequently solicited and urged by his numerous

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* It is highly honorable to the sex, that the best, may I not say, the only *Exposition* of La Place's work that has appeared in England, is from the pen of a female, the accomplished MARY SOMERVILLE, wife of Dr. Somerville, of Chelsea Hospital; a lady, who to profound acquisitions in science, and a practical skill in several of the elegant arts, adds the faithful discharge of all household duties. On visiting her house in 1833, in company with a son of Dr. Bowditch, I remember observing that the walls of the drawing-rooms were hung round with the beautiful productions of her own pencil.—The Edinburgh Review said of her work, entitled "The Mechanism of the Heavens," on its first appearance, in 1821, "This unquestionably is one of the most remarkable works that female intellect ever produced, in any age or country; and, with respect to the present day, we hazard little in saying that Mrs. Somerville is the only individual of her sex in the world who could have written it."

† This, possibly, may have been an inadvertence, or the letter of acknowledgment may have miscarried on the way. It is certain that his widow received the son of the American mathematician with great kindness and consideration, when, in the year 1833, he went to Paris to pursue his medical studies, carrying out with him the second volume of

wealthy friends, and by eminent scientific men, and formally requested by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, to permit them to print it at their expense, for the honor of the country, and for the cause of science. He was well aware, however, that there was not sufficient taste in the community for such studies to justify an enterprise which would involve a great outlay, and, as he thought, would bring him under pecuniary obligations to others. I recollect conversing with him once on this subject, when he said to me, in his usual ardent way, "Sir, I did not choose to give an opportunity to such a man (mentioning his name) to point up to his book-case and say, 'I patronized Mr. Bowditch by subscribing for his expensive work,'—not a word of which he could understand. No. I preferred to wait till I could afford to publish it at my own expense. That time at last arrived; and if, instead of setting up my coach, as I might have done, I

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his father's work. He was immediately invited to a splendid *soirée*, and on entering the brilliant saloon, filled with the *savans* of France, he was unexpectedly greeted by seeing on the centre table,—the only thing on it,—the identical volume which he had brought over with him—a delicate compliment, which none but a graceful French woman would have thought of paying. Madame La Place subsequently sent to Dr. Bowditch the noble bust of her husband, which now stands on the secretary in the Library. This bust is ultimately to go to Harvard College, according to the following provision in his Will.

"*Item.* The bust of La Place, presented to me by his widow, and which was brought to me from Europe by my son Henry, I give to my said son for life, and at his death to said President and Fellows of Harvard College."

see fit to spend my money in this way, who has any right to complain? My children I know will not."

The first volume of the work was published in the year 1829,* the second in 1832, and the third in 1834, each volume containing about a thousand quarto pages.

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* The London Quarterly Review, three years after the appearance of Dr. Bowditch's first volume, expressed the following high opinion of its merits. "The idea of undertaking a translation of the whole 'Mécanique Céleste,' accompanied throughout with a copious running commentary, is one which savors, at first sight, of the *gigantesque*, and is certainly one which, from what we have hitherto had reason to conceive of the popularity and diffusion of mathematical knowledge on the opposite shores of the Atlantic, we should never have expected to have found originated—or, at least, carried into execution, in that quarter. The first volume only has as yet reached us; and when we consider the great difficulty of printing works of this nature, to say nothing of the heavy and probably unremunerated expense, we are not surprised at the delay of the second. Meanwhile the part actually completed (which contains the first two books of La Place's work) is, with few and slight exceptions, just what we could have wished to see—an exact and careful translation into very good English—exceedingly well printed, and accompanied with notes appended to each page, which leave no step in the text of moment unsupplied, and hardly any material difficulty either of conception or reasoning unelucidated. To the student of 'Celestial Mechanism' such a work must be invaluable, and we sincerely hope that the success of this volume, which seems thrown out to try the feeling of the public, both American and British, will be such as to induce the speedy appearance of the sequel. Should this unfortunately not be the case, we shall deeply lament that the liberal offer of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, to print the whole at their expense, was not accepted. Be that as it may, it is impossible to regard the appearance of such a work, even in its present incomplete state, as otherwise than highly creditable to American science, and as the harbinger of future achievements in the loftiest fields of intellectual prowess." *Vol. XLVIII. p.* 558.

The fourth and last volume was nearly completed at the time of his decease. He persevered to the last in his labors upon it, preparing the copy and reading the proof-sheets in the intervals when he was free from pain. The last time I saw him, a few days previous to his death, a proof-sheet was lying on his table, which he said he hoped to be able to read over and correct.*

The publication of the book proved, as he anticipated, and as I have already mentioned, a very expensive undertaking, it being one of the largest works and most difficult of execution ever printed in this country, and at the same time one of the most beautiful specimens of typography. A young friend of mine,† a member of this church, of singular purity and worth, who worked as a compositor on one of the volumes, lost his life, as I believe, by his unremitting application to this very trying and perplexing piece of mechanical art. His widow, who is now present and hears me, will bear witness that she was kindly visited in her bereavement by Dr. Bowditch, and generously remembered by him.

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* The precious original manuscript will be hereafter preserved in the library at Cambridge, according to his direction in his Will. "*Item.* Having received from the President and Fellows of Harvard College my first public literary honor, and having been for many years intimately connected with its administration, I give to that institution my manuscript copy of 'The Translation of La Place's Mécanique Céleste.'"

† John W. Macnair, of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, died in this city, February 27, 1833, aged 33. His name is appended as compositor to the second volume. The three first volumes of the work were printed by Isaac R. Butts; the fourth by the Boston Stereotype Company.

Though the work, on its appearance, met with more purchasers than the author ever expected, still the cost was a heavy draught on his income, and an encroachment on his little property. Yet it was cheerfully paid; and besides that, he gladly devoted his time, his talents, and may I not add, his health and his life, to the cause of science and the honor of his native land. That work is his monument.

SI MONUMENTUM QUÆRIS, ASPICE LIBRUM.*

He needs no other monument; and at the same time it is the most precious and honorable legacy that he could bequeath to his children.†

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* I have ventured to alter a little and apply to Dr. Bowditch, the well-known epitaph on Sir Christopher Wren, beneath the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, London :—"SI MONUMENTUM QUÆRIS, CIRCUMSPICE."

† Among the numerous services which Dr. Bowditch rendered to the cause of good learning and the diffusion of useful knowledge, after he came to Boston, was the deep interest and the active part which he took in the Boston Athenæum. When, in 1826, the Perkins family, in that liberal spirit which has ever characterized them, gave to the Athenæum sixteen thousand dollars, on condition that an equal sum should be raised from other sources, Dr. Bowditch exerted himself to the utmost to accomplish the object. Many of the best friends of the institution thought the enterprise a hopeless one, and were indisposed even to make an attempt to raise the amount. But Dr. Bowditch said, "It is a good thing, let us try it; if we fail, we fail in a good cause." He called personally on many individuals to solicit subscriptions, and chiefly in consequence of his exertions, the additional sum of twenty-seven thousand dollars was raised.

The permitting the books to be taken out of the library was another measure proposed and effected by him. Strenuous opposition was made

In delineating the character of Dr. Bowditch, it deserves to be mentioned, first of all, that he was eminently a self-taught and self-made man. He was the instructer of his own mind, and the builder up of his own fame and fortunes. Whatever knowledge he possessed,—and we have seen that it was very great,—was

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to it; but he believed and said that the circulation of the books would make the library ten times more useful, and he persevered till he accomplished the measure. It was always a favorite object with Dr. Bowditch to render books easily accessible to those who wanted them, and could make a good use of them. He doubtless remembered the difficulties under which he labored in early life for want of books, and was disposed to obtain for others the advantages which had been extended to himself. He was Trustee of the Athenæum from Jan. 2, 1826, to Dec. 4, 1833.

Immediately after his election as Trustee, Dr. Bowditch, perceiving the paucity and poverty of the scientific department of the library, which might all be put into one small compartment,—"dum tota domus rhedâ componitur unâ,"—declared that "it was too bad, and a disgrace to the institution and to Boston." He accordingly set about supplying the deficiency, by collecting subscriptions for this express purpose. Col. T. H. Perkins, one of nature's noblemen, whose monument is "The Institution for the Blind," gave $500, his brother James the same amount, Dr. Bowditch himself $250, and other gentlemen $100, among whom should be mentioned the subscribers to "The Scientific Library." With this sum were purchased the Transactions of the Royal Societies of London, Dublin and Edinburgh, of the French Academies and Institute, of the Academies of Berlin, Göttingen, St. Petersburg, Turin, Lisbon, Madrid, Stockholm, and Copenhagen; forming, as Dr. Bowditch once told the librarian, "the most extensive and complete collection of philosophical and scientific works on this continent."

Dr. Bowditch took a deep and active interest in the "Boston Mechanics' Institution," which was established in 1826, and of which he was elected the first President, January 12, 1827. In the winter of 1828,

of his own acquiring, the fruit of his solitary studies, with but little, if any, assistance from abroad. Whatever eminence he reached, in science or in life, was the product of his untiring application and unremitting toil. From his youth up, he was a pattern of industry, enterprise and perseverance, suffering no difficulties to discourage, no disappointments to dishearten him.

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more than a thousand dollars were subscribed for the purchase of apparatus, chiefly through his influence with his friends, and he headed the list with the sum of one hundred dollars. It is an important fact, that the mode of communicating instruction by popular lectures, now universal, was first introduced in this community by the Boston Mechanics' Institution, and chiefly by the exertions of the mechanics of this city. Dr. Bowditch resigned the Presidency April 27, 1829, and on May 14, he was elected first honorary member of the institution.

Dr. Bowditch was also an honorary member of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, having been elected on the 5th of February, 1828. On the 3d of April last, a Eulogy on their departed associate was pronounced before that body by the author of this Discourse, on which day the flags of all the shipping in the port were hauled to half-mast by direction of the Boston Marine Society, of which he was likewise a regular member, having been admitted on the 2d of March, 1830. His sense of the honor thus conferred on him by these elections, and his affectionate regard for these Societies, will be best seen by the following extract from his Will:—

"And, in respect to Boston, the home of my adoption, where, as a stranger, I met with welcome, and where I have ever continued to receive constantly increasing proofs of kindness and regard, I should have been most happy to have made a similar acknowledgment of my gratitude by legacies to those literary and charitable institutions for which that city has always been so preëminently distinguished. And, in particular, it would have given me pleasure to have noticed the Boston Marine Society, of which I am a member, and the Boston Charitable

Within a few years a very interesting work has been published in England, under the patronage of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, entitled "The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties." Dr. Bowditch deserves a place in that work, if any man does, and had he died before its appearance, he would unquestionably, like our countryman Franklin,* have occupied a prominent chapter. We sometimes hear persons say, how much they would do if they only had the means and the opportunities. But almost any body can work with means and opportunities. It is the privilege and characteristic of genius to work without means, to be great in spite of them, to accomplish its object in the face of obstacles and difficulties.

Mechanic Association, which has placed my name on its small and select list of honorary members; since these institutions are of a similar character to the Marine Societies in Salem, and have, for one of their important objects, that of affording valuable aid to the destitute families of deceased members. But the pecuniary circumstances of my estate do not permit it."

* It would be interesting and instructive to draw a parallel and contrast between the lives, characters and scientific attainments of Franklin and Bowditch, unquestionably the two greatest proficients in science that America has produced. Both rose from obscure situations in humble life, and from the straits of poverty. Both left school at the age of ten years, to assist their fathers in their shops. Both had an early and passionate love of reading, and the vigils of both often "prevented the morning." Both had the same habits of industry, perseverance and temperance. The contrast between their characters would be still more striking than the resemblance. But I cannot go on now. I may resume this topic hereafter.

It was my good fortune, some years since, in one of those familiar interviews with him in his own house with which I was favored,—and which those who have once enjoyed them will never forget,—to hear him narrate, in detail, a history of his early life. From that day to this I have never ceased to regret that, on my return home, I did not instantly put it down upon paper, for the refreshment of my own memory, and for the benefit of others. At this distance of time, I can recollect but a few, the most striking, particulars; the rest have faded away and are lost. I remember, however, very distinctly, his relating the circumstance which led him to take an interest in the higher branches of mathematical science. After mentioning his going to sea at an early age, he told me that, in the intervals of his voyages, he endeavored, by himself, to pick up a little knowledge of navigation, and, as preparatory to that, to acquire the elements of geometry. It so happened, that an elder brother of his, who likewise followed the sea, was then attending an evening school for the same purpose. On returning home one evening, he informed him that the master had got a new way of doing sums and working questions; for, instead of the numerical figures commonly used in arithmetic, he employed the letters of the alphabet. This novelty excited the curiosity of the youthful navigator, and he questioned his brother very closely about the matter; who, however, did not seem to understand much about the process, and could not tell how the thing was done. But the

master, he said, had a book, which told all about it. This served to inflame his curiosity; and he asked his brother whether he could not borrow the book of the master and bring it home, so that he might get a sight at it. (It should be remembered that, at this time, mathematical books of all sorts were scarce in this country. In the present multitude of elementary works on the subject, we can hardly conceive of the dearth that then prevailed). The book was obtained. It was the first glance that he had ever had at algebra. "And that night," said he, "I did not close my eyes." He read it, and read it again, and mastered its contents, and copied it out from beginning to end. Subsequently he got hold of a volume of the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London, which he treated pretty much in the same summary way, making a very full and minute abstract of all the mathematical papers contained in it; and this course he pursued with the whole of that voluminous work. He was too poor to purchase books, and this was the only mode of getting at their results, and having them constantly at hand for consultation. These manuscripts, written in his small, neat hand, and filling several folio volumes, are now in his library, and, in my opinion, are the most curious and precious part of that large and valuable collection.

I have more than once heard him speak in the most grateful manner,—and he repeated it the last time that I saw him,—of the kindness of those friends in Salem who aided him in his early studies by the loan

of their books. He named particularly the late eminent Dr. Prince,* the pastor of the First Church, who gave him free access to his library; and he likewise mentioned a society of gentlemen who had a private collection of their own. The manner in which these latter books came into the country, is so remarkable, that I am happy to be able to relate it in Dr. Bowditch's own words, as contained in his last Will. The extract is as follows:—

"*Item.* It is well known, that the valuable scientific library of the celebrated Dr. Richard Kirwan was, during the revolutionary war, captured in the British Channel, on its way to Ireland, by a Beverly privateer; and that, by the liberal and enlightened views of the owners of the vessel, the library thus captured was sold

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* It is gratifying to find the clergy, the scientific Dr. Prince, and the learned Dr. Bentley, the earliest encouragers of the precocious powers of the American mathematician. It has always been so. The Christian clergy have, from the beginning down to this day, not only been themselves the most learned men of their times, but have always been the fosterers of early talent, and the patrons of unfriended genius. They are the natural, the appropriate guardians of our seminaries of learning.

Why is it that the clergy have, of late years, been excluded from their places in the Corporation of Harvard College? But a short time since, from 1818 to 1828, they had *three* members there out of *seven*. They now have but *one*. Has it been proved that they are incompetent, in any respect, to act as its guardians, or that they can exert a less influence in favor of that institution with the community? The Corporation now consists of four members of the legal profession, two merchants, and one clergyman. Is this distribution equal? Is it right? Is it expedient?

at a very low rate; and in this manner was laid the foundation upon which have since been successively established The Philosophical Library, so called, and the present Salem Athenæum. Thus, in early life, I found near me a better collection of philosophical and scientific works than could be found in any other part of the United States nearer than Philadelphia. And by the kindness of its proprietors I was permitted freely to take books from that library and to consult and study them at pleasure. This inestimable advantage has made me deeply a debtor to the Salem Athenæum; and I do therefore give to that Institution the sum of one thousand dollars, the income thereof to be for ever applied to the promotion of its objects and the extension of its usefulness."

I have two remarks to make on this singularly interesting extract. In the first place, it seems to me there was something like a special providence in the capture of that library, consisting of such a peculiar class of books, by a Beverly vessel, and its being brought into the port of Salem rather than any other port in the United States. Here was apparent design, the fitting of means to ends. The books came exactly to the place where they were wanted; to the only place, probably, in the country where they were wanted. They came, too, at the right time, just in season to be used by the person who could make the best possible use of them, and to whom they were, above all computation, valuable and necessary. If this be not an act of Providence, I hardly know what is.

The good Dr. Kirwan* mourned, no doubt, over the loss of his books, and not least of all that they had become so utterly misplaced and useless. He probably thought that the vessel which contained them might as well have been wrecked on the coast of Africa, and the leaves of his philosophical works employed to adorn the heads and persons of the Caffres and Hottentots, a use to which we are told "The Practical Navigator" was once put by the inhabitants of one of the South Sea islands.† But had the learned philosopher known that his lost library had supplied the intellectual food for the growth of one of the greatest scientific men of his age, he might, perhaps, have become reconciled to his loss.

My other remark is, that this item in his Will is an indication of a very prominent feature in his character, namely, his grateful and generous spirit. Dr. Bowditch never forgot a favor; length of time did not obliterate it from his memory. The kindness shown him when a

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* The reverend Richard Kirwan was a native of Ireland, and was distinguished for his attainments in mineralogy and chemistry. His principal work was his Elements of Mineralogy, published in 1784. He died in 1812.

† "It happened that among the few articles saved from the ship, [the whale-ship Mentor, of New Bedford] was a copy of 'Bowditch's Navigator;' an article of as little use as we can conceive any one thing to have been at that place. But the ingenuity of the females, who also have their passion for ornaments, tore out the leaves of the book, and making them into little rolls of the size of one's finger, wore them in their ears, instead of the tufts of grass which they usually employed to give additional attractions to their native charms." *American Quarterly Review of Holden's Narrative, Vol. XX. p.* 25.

poor boy he remembers and repays by a liberal legacy. The Salem Marine Society, a mutual charitable institution, which had aided his father in his straits by the small annual stipend of fifteen dollars, he repays, and wipes off the obligation, though not his sense of the benefit, by a similar bequest of a thousand dollars.* And the East India Marine Society, whose peculiar and splendid collection of curiosities is so well known, receives a legacy of the same amount.† And let it be

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* Dr. Bowditch remembered, too, the load of wood which annually, when the wintry weather came on, was dropped, without a word being spoken, at his sister's door. He never doubted that it came from the Salem Marine Society. Accordingly, he says in his Will,—

"*Item.* Whereas several of my relatives have heretofore been members of that excellent institution, The Marine Society, at Salem, some of whom have received the benefit of its charity fund, under circumstances entitling it to my grateful remembrance, I do now give to that institution the sum of one thousand dollars, the income thereof to be for ever applied in aid of its charitable objects and purposes."

† Dr. Bowditch was elected President of the East India Marine Society in 1820, and held that office until he left Salem, three years afterwards. He entered upon his duties with his usual zeal and energy, and it was by his indefatigable exertions that the Society, with its splendid Museum, was renovated and restored. It had been suffered, in the course of time, by the death and removal of the members, to fall into decay. But Dr. Bowditch revived it, by going round personally and calling upon all the young men that were eligible, and persuading them to join it. In this way, in the course of two years, thirty or forty active and efficient members were added. It was under his Presidency, too, and by his encouragement, that the valuable catalogue of the Museum was made by Dr. Bass, now Librarian of the Boston Athenæum. He remembers that Society in his Will as follows:—

"*Item.* Whereas the Salem East India Marine Society, of which I was formerly President, and in which I have always felt a deep interest,

remembered that these were not the donations of a rich man. He was far from being one. These three legacies constituted one tenth part of his whole personal property. Others sometimes give to such institutions from their abundance—he from his comparative penury. Let the deed be an example and an incitement to our wealthy men!

Had his means permitted, he would gladly have remembered, in the same way, institutions of a similar character in this place. I know that his heart overflowed with affection and gratitude for the kindness which he had received in this city of his adoption. He told me, in his last illness, that he had been very kindly treated here—far above his deserts. "My services," he added, "have been very amply remunerated;" and I know that the motive which induced him to select the objects of his bounty in his native place rather than in this town, was the well-known fact that his legacies would go farther and do much more good there than here. He remembered, too, that there were fewer persons there than here who could afford to make bequests of this sort; and he likewise felt well assured

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as an institution highly creditable to the Commonwealth, possessing a museum of a very rare and peculiar character, collected from distant countries, and affording a proof alike of the enterprise, taste, and liberality of such of the citizens of Salem as have followed a sea-faring life, I do now give to that institution the sum of one thousand dollars, the income thereof to be for ever applied to the promotion of the objects for which it was established."

that our rich men were as willing as they were able to take care of our literary and charitable institutions.

Dr. Bowditch combined, in a very remarkable degree, qualities and habits of mind which are usually considered incompatible and hostile. He was a contemplative, recluse student, and, at the same time, an active, public man. He lived habitually among the stars, and yet, I doubt not, he seemed to many never to raise his eyes from the earth. He was a profound philosopher, and, at the same time, a shrewd, practical man, and one of the most skilful of financiers. Judging from his published works, you would suppose that he could have no taste nor time for business or the world; and judging from the large concerns which he managed, and the vast funds of which he had the supervision,—involving the most complex calculations and the most minute details,—you would say that he could have no taste nor time for study. His example is a conclusive proof and striking illustration of the fact, that there is no inherent, essential, necessary incompatibility between speculation and practice—that there need be no divorce between philosophy and business. The man most deeply engaged in affairs need not be cut off from the higher pursuits of intellectual culture; and the scholar need not be incapacitated by his studies from understanding and engaging in the practical details of common life. In fact, they should be blended in order to make up the full, complete man. Contemplation should be always united with action. This was the doctrine and

the practice of the great father of inductive philosophy, as well as of this his illustrious pupil. "That," says Lord Bacon, "will indeed dignify and exalt knowledge, if contemplation and action may be more nearly and strongly conjoined and united together than they have been,—a conjunction like unto that of the two highest planets, Saturn, the planet of rest and contemplation, and Jupiter, the planet of civil society and action." And speaking of himself in another place, he says, "We judge also that mankind may conceive some hopes from our example; which we offer not by way of ostentation, but because it may be useful. If any one therefore should despair, let him consider a man as much employed in civil affairs as any other of his age,—a man of no great share of health, who must therefore have lost much time,—and yet, in this undertaking, he is the first that leads the way, unassisted by any mortal, and steadfastly entering the true path, that was absolutely untrod before, and submitting his mind to things, may somewhat have advanced the design."

In the management of all his affairs and transactions Dr. Bowditch was a man of great order and system, and he required it of all with whom he had to do, or over whom he exercised any control. He considered that there was a sort of moral virtue in this, and he could not tolerate any thing like negligence or irregularity. He doubtless had himself acquired this habit from the nature of his favorite study, which demands the undivided attention of the mind, and is peculiarly suited

to form habits of exactness and precision. He felt, too, that it was by a strict and undeviating adherence to order and system, that he had been enabled to accomplish so much in life, to unite the scholar with the financier, the speculative with the practical man. It may have been thought by some, that he carried this love of order to an extreme, and sometimes visited too harshly the deviations from the straight line of his directions. But he felt assured that it was the way to effect the most work and do the greatest good; he knew that the habit could be easily formed in a short time, and that it would then approve and recommend itself; and therefore he would admit of no apology for infractions of his rules.

In the common sense of the word, Dr. Bowditch would not be called a public man, although I have ventured to call him so; for though he twice held a seat in the Executive Council of this State, under the administrations of Governors Strong and Brooks,* yet he had no taste for public life, no ambition for political honors. He could not be drawn from "the still air of delightful studies" to mingle in the turmoil and strife of politics. And yet he was a true-hearted and sound patriot, and not a whit the less so for not being a noisy one. He loved his country, and prized her peculiar institu-

* He was a counsellor in 1815 and 1816, the last of Governor Strong's and the first of Governor Brooks's administration.

tions. He felt a deep interest in the welfare and honor of his native State, and would do any thing to maintain the supremacy of the laws, and preserve the peace and order of the community.—He had a remarkably sound and sober mind, good sense being one of its most prominent qualities. Accordingly, he could have no sympathy with those ardent and benevolent reformers who would jumble society into its original elements and bring back ancient chaos again, in order to get a chance to try their hand at making the very best possible commonwealth out of the fragments.* No. He valued the lessons of experience, and prized the gathered wisdom of past ages. He had faith in other men's intelligence, as well as his own, and trusted in the light that had been reflected from a thousand brilliant minds who had pored and pondered over the great questions of government and civil polity, and given us their results in laws and institutions.

Dr. Bowditch thought, with Governor Winthrop, in his noble apology for himself, that "there is a great mis-

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* Sir Walter Scott says, in a letter to his son, then on the continent, "It is possible that you may fall into company with some of those *têtes échauffées*, who are now so common in Germany—men who would pull down the whole political system in order to build it on a better model; a proposal about as wild as that of a man who should propose to change the bridle of a furious horse, and commence his labors by slipping the headstall in the midst of a heath. Prudence, as well as principle, will induce you to avoid this class of politicians, who, I know, are always on the alert to kidnap young men." *Lockhart's Life of Scott, Vol. V. Ch. 7.*

take in the country about liberty. There is a two-fold liberty; natural, and civil or federal. The first is common to man with beasts and other creatures. By this, man, as he stands in relation to man simply, hath liberty to do what he lists; it is a liberty to evil as well as to good. This liberty is incompatible and inconsistent with authority, and cannot endure the least restraint of the most just authority. The exercise and maintaining of this liberty makes men grow more evil, and, in time, to be worse than brute beasts: 'omnes sumus licentiâ deteriores.' This is that great enemy of truth and peace, that wild beast, which all the ordinances of God are bent against, to restrain and subdue it. The other kind I call civil, or federal; it may also be termed moral, in reference to the covenant between God and man, in the moral law, and the politic covenants and constitutions, amongst men themselves. This liberty is the proper end and object of authority, and cannot subsist without it; and it is a liberty to that which is good, just, and honest. This liberty you are to stand for, with the hazard not only of your goods, but of your lives, if need be. Whatsoever crosses this is not authority, but a distemper thereof. This liberty is maintained and exercised in a way of subjection to authority." *

The lawless and flagrant assaults upon property and life which have occurred in this country within a few

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* Winthrop's History of New England, II. 229.

years past, casting upon its fair name a stain of dishonor, grieved him to the heart, and stirred his spirit within him. Conversing with him about one of the earliest and most wanton and unprovoked of these outrages,—I mean the conflagration of a religious house in this vicinity, inhabited solely by women and children, by a ferocious mob at midnight,—he told me that had he been summoned, or had an opportunity, he would readily have shouldered his musket, and marched to the spot, and stood in defence of that edifice to the last drop of his blood. There was nothing, indeed, that stirred his indignation like oppression.*

Immediately after this outrage, he called on the Catholic bishop in this city, and put into his hands a sum of money to buy clothes for the women and children who had lost every thing in the flames. It is an agreeable circumstance, well worth recording, that as soon as the bishop heard of Dr. Bowditch's illness, he sent and informed the family, that, to prevent his being disturbed, the bell of the cathedral, which is in the vicinity of his house, should not be rung during his illness, although it was the season of Lent, and religious

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* "The Ursuline Convent," on Mount Benedict, in Charlestown, about two miles from Boston, was burnt on the night of the 11th of August, 1834. The prosecuting officer of the Commonwealth, indeed, did his duty, in attempting to procure a conviction of the offenders; but the only atonement that was made for this gross outrage upon justice and humanity, was the sacrifice of a scape-offering in the person of a boy, who, after a short imprisonment, was discharged as too poor a victim.

services were going on almost every day. It is pleasant to see kindness thus reciprocated between divergent sects, and the middle wall of separation broken down by the humane and grateful feelings of a common nature.

The blackened walls of that edifice still remain, a standing monument to the shame of this Commonwealth; which, after receiving from its proprietors an annual tax for its protection, has, to this day, refused to repair the injury and compensate the wrong. Let the legislators of the State look to it. It is not yet too late to make reparation. Till it is done, the pulpit will not cease to lift up its voice against that infamous assault upon religious liberty.

Why is it, my hearers, that all the youthful talent of this country is rushing madly into political life? To how many of these aspirants may we apply, with literal truth, the remark of Lord Bacon, in reference to himself, that "they were born and intended for literature rather than any thing else, and, by a sort of fatality, have been drawn, contrary to the bent of their own genius, into the walks of public life." * Is it not a great mistake, on their part, to suppose that politics is the only or the principal avenue to enduring fame? Is the science of government the only one worth studying, or

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* Ad literas potius quam ad aliud quicquam natus, et ad res gerendas, nescio quo fato, contra genium suum abreptus.—*De Aug. Sci. Lib.* 8, *Cap.* 3.

are civil honors the only ones worth aspiring to? It seems to me that the young men of competent abilities among us, who aim at distinction, those certainly who have leisure and property, might quite as securely seek it in the retired and quiet walks of science and literature, as in the bustling and dusty paths of political life. Are the names of Newton and Milton less eminent than those of Chatham and Fox? Do they not stir the spirit as soon? ay, even as soon as those of Marlborough and Wellington? Are Cuvier and La Place names less likely to live than those of the statesmen and marshals of France? Which are the two greatest names in our own annals, the best known and the most honored the world over? First, Washington; then Franklin; and the latter chiefly as a philosopher, from his attainments and discoveries in science.

The example and success of Dr. Bowditch are full of incitement and encouragement to our young men in this particular, and should especially stimulate those who have leisure and fortune to do something to enable our country to take a respectable place in science and letters among the other nations of the earth; so that the stigma shall not adhere to us of being a race of unlettered republicans. Let them look, too, at more than one recent and successful attempt among us in the department of history.* How much may they not

* Mr. Prescott's "History of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Catholic, of Spain," already alluded to, and Mr. George Bancroft's "History of the

accomplish? And into what pleasant fields will they not be led? Into the various departments of natural history, the different walks of exact science, the rich and instructive annals of our own country, and the delightful province of general literature and philosophy. Let them labor in this field, which will reward all their efforts, instead of delving in a stony and sterile soil.*

Let it not be said that I am wandering from my appropriate province in these remarks. I do not thus

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United States." These are very important and honorable contributions to the growing literature of our country; and we rejoice that we can claim them as the works of Massachusetts men and sons of our venerable University. Dr. Bowditch had read them both through, and admired them both, and spoke with great delight of the chapter on the Quakers, in the last-mentioned work. But does not Mr. Bancroft, in this chapter, run a little into exaggeration? He is so full of enthusiasm on the subject, that he seems to adopt the views and feelings he describes, and, for the nonce, to be a very Quaker himself. This enthusiasm in behalf of an injured sect is generous and delightful. Yet there are two sides to that Quaker question in America; and a young friend of mine, fully competent for the task from the perseverance and accuracy of his investigations, is about to give us the other side. The ancient Quakers, with all their meekness, were the most foul-mouthed of controversialists. Even Roger Williams, the father of religious toleration, could not endure their outrages and indecencies; and although he would not suffer the civil magistrate to trouble them, yet he did not spare them the galling chastisement of the tongue and pen.—See his book entitled "*George Fox Digged out of his Burrows*," and *Knowles's* "*Memoir of Roger Williams*," p. 384, 5.

* "The mind," says Bishop Hall in his Epistle on 'The Pleasure of Study and Contemplation,' "the mind only, that honorable and divine part, is fittest to be employed of those who would reach to the highest perfection of men, and be more than the most. And what work is there of the mind but the trade of a scholar—study?"

narrow the circle of my professional duties. I feel that I am discharging my duty as a Christian minister, if, by any thing I can say, I can induce a young man to cultivate the high powers which God has given him, and devote them to the increase of knowledge, thereby enriching his own mind, and at the same time fostering a healthy spirit and diffusing a wholesome taste through the community.* I have no fear that the path of politics will be deserted, or that the republic will suffer detriment from the absence of candidates for its offices and emoluments. Alas! these will always be too attractive; and what we chiefly need is some counteracting influence, some striking example, like that of Dr. Bowditch, to convince our young men that political life is not the only road to eminence, nor the only adequate and honorable sphere for the exercise and display of their talents. For affording us this evidence, his memory deserves to be honored, and his name to be held in everlasting remembrance.

Dr. Bowditch was a remarkably domestic man. His affections clustered around his own fireside, and found

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* "If the invention of the ship," says Lord Bacon, "was thought so noble, which carrieth riches and commodities from place to place, and consociateth the most remote regions in participation of their fruits, how much more are letters to be magnified, which, as ships, pass through the vast seas of time, and make ages so distant participate of the wisdom, illuminations and inventions, the one of the other."

"The ink of the doctors and the blood of the martyrs" says another, "are of equal price."

their most delightful exercise in his "family of love," as he called it in almost his last moments. His attachment to home and to its calm and simple pleasures was, indeed, one of the most beautiful traits in his character, and one which his children and friends will look back upon with the greatest satisfaction. As Sir Thomas More says of himself, "he devoted the little time which he could spare from his avocations abroad to his family, and spent it in little innocent and endearing conversations with his wife and children; which, though some might think them trifling amusements, he placed among the necessary duties and business of life; it being incumbent on every one to make himself as agreeable as possible to those whom nature has made, or he himself has singled out for, his companions in life." *

His time was divided between his office and his house; and that must have been a strong attraction, indeed, that could draw him into company.† When at

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* "Dum foris totum ferme diem aliis impertior, reliquum meis, relinquo mihi, hoc est literis, nihil. Nempe, reverso domum, cum uxore fabulandum est, garriendum cum liberis, colloquendum cum ministris. Quæ ego omnia inter negotia numero, quando fieri necesse est, (necesse est autem nisi velis esse domi tuæ peregrinus), et danda omnino opera est, ut quos vitæ tuæ comites aut natura providit, aut fecit casus, aut ipse delegisti, his ut te quam jucundissimum compares."—*Preface to the Utopia.*

† If any one would know "how a day should be spent," let him read Bishop Hall's delightful Epistle on that subject. Among other excellent things, he says, "Sweet is the destiny of all trades, whether of the brows, or of the mind. God never allowed any man to do nothing. How miserable is the condition of those men, which spend the time as if it

home, his time was spent in his library, which he loved to have considered as the family parlor. By very early rising, in winter two hours before the light, "long ere the sound of any bell awoke men to labor or to devotion," and "in summer," like Milton, "as oft with the bird that first rises or not much tardier," he was enabled to accomplish much before others were stirring. "To these morning studies," he used to say, "I am indebted for all my mathematics."* After taking his evening walk he was again always to be found in the library, pursuing the same attractive studies, but ready and glad, at the entrance of any visiter, to throw aside his book, unbend his mind, and indulge in all the gayeties of a light-hearted conversation.†

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were given them, and not lent; as if hours were waste creatures, and such as never should be accounted for; as if God would take this for a good bill of reckoning: *Item*, spent upon my pleasures forty years! These men shall once find, that no blood can privilege idleness, and that nothing is more precious to God than that which they desire to cast away—time."

* He might literally apply to himself the apology of the great Roman orator, "Quare quis tandem me reprehendat, aut quis mihi jure succenseat, si quantum cæteris ad suas res obeundas, quantum ad festos dies ludorum celebrandos, quantum ad alias voluptates, et *ad ipsam requiem animi et corporis* conceditur temporis; quantum alii tribuunt tempestivis conviviis; quantum denique aleæ, quantum pilæ; tantum mihi egomet ad hæc studia recolenda sumpsero?"

† "Before my meals and after," says Bishop Hall, in the Epistle just referred to, "I let myself loose from all thoughts, and now would forget that I had ever studied. Company, discourse, recreations, are now seasonable and welcome. After my latter meal, my thoughts are slight. And now the evening is come, no tradesman doth more carefully take in

There was nothing that he seemed to enjoy more than this free interchange of thought on all subjects of common interest. At such times the mathematician, the astronomer, the man of science, disappeared, and he presented himself as the frank, easy, familiar friend. One could hardly believe that this agreeable, fascinating companion, who talked so affably and pleasantly on all the topics of the day, and joined so heartily in the quiet mirth and the loud laugh, could really be the great mathematician who had expounded the mechanism of the heavens, and taken his place with Newton, and Leibnitz, and La Place, among the great proficients in exact science. To hear him talk, you would never have suspected that he knew any thing about science, or cared any thing about it. In this respect he resembled his great Scottish contemporary, who has delighted the whole world by his writings. You might have visited him in that library from one year's end to another, and yet, if you or some other visiter did not introduce the subject, I venture to say that not one word on mathematics would cross his lips. He had no pedantry of any kind. Never did I meet with a scientific or literary man so entirely devoid of all cant and pretension. In conversation he had the simplicity and playfulness and unaffected manners of a child. His own remarks "seem-

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his wares, clear his shopboard, and shut his windows, than I would shut up my thoughts and clear my mind. That student shall live miserably, which, like a camel, lies down under his burden."

ed rather to escape from his mind than to be produced by it." He laughed heartily, and rubbed his hands, and jumped up, when an observation was made that greatly pleased him, because it was natural for him so to do, and he had never been schooled into the conventional proprieties of artificial life, nor been accustomed to conceal or stifle any of the innocent impulses of his nature.*

Who that once enjoyed the privilege of visiting him

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* Dr. Bowditch used to relate a little anecdote concerning himself, which so strongly and beautifully illustrates the perfect naturalness of his character, that I will venture to subjoin it in a note.

It will be recollected, that in the year 1824, when General Lafayette, in his progress through the country, among other places, visited Boston, the mayoralty of the city was filled by the Honorable Josiah Quincy. Dr. Bowditch, in common with all the world, had a curiosity to behold the entrance of the nation's guest into the city; and accordingly accepted an invitation from a friend, whose house was in Colonnade Row, to take a station on his balcony. But finding that the chariot wheels tarried, and the General delayed his coming, he thought that he should have time to go down to his office to transact a little business, and return in season for the spectacle. But, in the mean time, the procession had arrived and passed on, and was fast advancing to State street. He concluded, therefore, to wait where he was, and, in order to get a nearer and better view, took his stand on the steps of the United States' Bank. On the appearance of the barouche in which Lafayette was seated, Dr. Bowditch remarked that he was glad to see Mr. Quincy at his side; he was the proper man for that place, being the son of one of the earliest and best of the patriots of the Revolution. "As the shout of the multitude rose unto heaven," he said, "I know not how it happened, but I could not keep my place; my hat would not stay on my head, nor could I hold my tongue. And, to my astonishment, I found myself, all at once, in the midst of the crowd by the side of the chariot, and shouting with the rest at the top of my voice." The President of the University recollects distinctly seeing him in the position and attitude thus described.

in that library, can ever forget the scene? Methinks I see him now, in my mind's eye, the venerable man, sitting there close by his old-fashioned blazing wood fire, bending over his favorite little desk, looking like one of the old philosophers, with his silvery hair, and noble forehead, and beaming eye, and benign countenance; whilst all around him are ranged the depositories of the wisdom and science of departed sages and philosophers, who seem to look down upon him benignantly from their quiet places, and spontaneously and silently to give forth to him their instructions. On entering this, the noblest repository of scientific works in the country, I almost fancy I hear him saying with Heinsius, the keeper of the library at Leyden, "I no sooner come into my library, than I bolt the door after me, excluding ambition, avarice, and all such vices; and, in the very lap of eternity, amidst so many divine souls, I take my seat with so lofty a spirit and such sweet content, that I pity all the great and rich who know not this happiness." * If it be possible, let that library be kept together as a memorial of its founder.

At first sight there may seem someting ludicrous and puerile in this grave philosopher and calculator, this votary of abstract science, huzzaing in a mixed crowd on a city's holiday. But to me it seems a most natural and beautiful expression of his simplicity, his self-forgetfulness, his utter unconsciousness of greatness, his generous sympathy with the people, and his grateful and ardent patriotism. This little incident cannot fail to raise him in the estimation of every right-minded and single-hearted man.

* "Libraries are the shrines where all the relics of the ancient saints,

It may here be remarked, that although mathematics was his chief and favorite pursuit, Dr. Bowditch still had a taste and love for general literature. He was fond of Shakspeare, and remembered and could repeat whole passages from his plays. He loved poetry, particularly the poetry of Burns and our own Bryant and Sprague.* Many of his favorite pieces he not only had by heart, but also had them written down, for convenience' sake, on the

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full of true virtue, and that without delusion or imposture, are preserved and reposed."—*Lord Bacon's Advancement of Learning.*

"For him was lever han at his beddes head
A twenty bokes, clothed in black or red,
Of Aristotle or his philosophy,
Than robes riche, or fidel, or sautrie.
And all that he might of his friends hente,
On bokes and on lerning he it spente."—*Chaucer.*

* One of Dr. Bowditch's favorite pieces, which he had often upon his lips, was that exquisite gem of Charles Sprague's, entitled "The Winged Worshippers; addressed to two Swallows, that flew into a Church during religious service," beginning as follows:—

"Gay, guiltless pair,
What seek ye from the fields of heaven?
Ye have no need of prayer,
Ye have no sins to be forgiven."

What has become of the author of the splendid Ode on Shakspeare? Is he lost for ever to the Muses, and are we to have nothing more from his sweet reed? Will he not at least collect his poems into a volume for the world's delight?—"*A bird that can and will not sing*——"

On the appearance of Hilliard and Gray's beautiful edition of Milton's Poetical Works, Dr. Bowditch purchased a copy, and soon after said to one of the firm, Mr. James Brown, "I thank you for publishing that edition, for you have led me to read Milton through once more with increased delight."

covers of his mathematical common-place book. I recollect, among others, thus copied off, "The Cotter's Saturday Night," a selection which evinced at the same time his good feeling and his good taste. I also recollect observing on his copy of Newton's Principia many commendatory verses on Newton, selected from Voltaire and other French poets.

But I must hasten on to speak, as briefly and comprehensively as I can, of what is the most important part of every man—namely, his moral and religious character—the qualities of his heart, and his principles of action.

Dr. Bowditch was a man of unsullied purity, the most rigid integrity, and the most uncompromising principle. Through life, truth seems to have been at once the great object of his pursuit, and his ruling principle of action. "FOLLOW TRUTH," might have been the motto on his escutcheon. "*Truth! Truth! Truth!*" were among his last words to one whom he dearly loved. He was himself perfectly transparent. A child could see through him.* There was no opaqueness in

* Dr. Bowditch was perfectly fair and just in the estimate which he formed of his own capacities and gifts. He did not, on the one hand, overrate his talents; nor, on the other hand, did he, as some do, with a sort of back-handed humility, purposely undervalue his powers, in order to enjoy the pleasure of being contradicted by those about him and told that he was really a much greater man than he seemed willing to admit. As an illustration of this, let me mention a little conversation of his. "People," said he, "are very kind and polite, in mentioning me in the same breath with La Place, and blending my name with his. But they

his heart, any more than in his intellect. It was as clear as crystal, and the rays of moral truth were transmitted through it without being refracted or tinged. In all his intercourse and transactions he was remarkably frank and candid. He revealed himself entirely. He had no secrets. He kept nothing back, for he had nothing to conceal. He lived openly, and talked freely, of himself, and of his doings, and of every thing that was uppermost in his mind. He never hesitated to speak out what he thought on all subjects, public and private, and he avowed his opinions of men and things with the utmost freedom and unconcern. It seemed to me that he never had the fear of man before his eyes, and that it never checked, in the least, the free and full utterance of his sentiments.

He was a singularly modest man. He made no pretensions himself, and there was nothing that he so much despised in others.* He was remarkably simple

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mistake both me and him; we are very different men. I trust I understand his works, and can supply his deficiencies, and correct his errors, and render his book more intelligible, and record the successive advancements of the science, and perhaps append some improvements. But La Place was a genius, a discoverer, an inventor. And yet I hope I know as much about mathematics as Playfair!"

* As an illustration of Dr. Bowditch's remarkable modesty and simplicity of character, I relate the following little incident, for which I am indebted to JOHN R. ADAN, Esq., one of those who were favored with his friendship and confidence. He tells me that, in the year 1811, the Hon. Walter Folger, of Nantucket, a self-educated man, and quite eminent as a mathematician, and highly respectable in every point of

in all his manners and intercourse with the world. He put on no airs and assumed no superiority on the ground of his intellectual attainments, but put himself on a level with every one with whom he had any concern. He reverenced integrity and truth wherever he found them, in whatever condition in life. He felt and showed no respect for mere wealth or rank. He fearlessly rebuked, to his face, the mean and purse-proud nabob, and "condescended to men of low estate."

Dr. Bowditch was a truly conscientious man. He was always true to his moral as well as intellectual convictions, and followed them whithersoever they led. He had great faith in the rectitude of his moral perceptions, and in the primary decisions of his own judgment and moral sense; and he carried them forth and acted

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view, having been successively a judge of the Common Pleas, a senator in the Legislature of this State, and a member of Congress, came to Boston, and expressed a desire to see Mr. Bowditch. Mr. Adan accordingly accompanied him to Salem. Mr. Folger immediately proceeded alone to Mr. Bowditch's house, and knocked at the door, which was opened by Mr. Bowditch himself, when the following conversation ensued. *Folger.* "Is Mr. Bowditch at home?" *Bowditch.* "Yes, sir, that is my name." *F.* "But I wish to see Mr. Bowditch, the astronomer and mathematician." *B.* "Well, sir, folks sometimes call *me* by those names." *F.* "My name, sir, is Walter Folger, of Nantucket. I have long corresponded with Mr. Bowditch the mathematician, and I want to see him." *B.* "I am the very person, then, and I am very happy to see you. Walk in." *F.* "Well, upon my word, sir, I did not expect to find my correspondent so young a person. I thought I should see an older head upon those shoulders." He went in, and had a most delightful interview. Mr. B. was at this time thirty-eight years old.

them out instantly. The word followed the thought, and the deed the feeling, with the rapidity of lightning. This straight-forwardness and frankness were among the secret causes of the remarkable influence which he confessedly exercised over the minds and judgments of others. By his honesty, as well as by his resoluteness and decision, he was the main-spring of every thing with which he was connected. By this moral influence he controlled and swayed all men with whom he was associated. As Ben Jonson says of Lord Bacon, "he *commanded* where he spoke." *

Dr. Bowditch was a man of ardent natural feelings, and of an impetuous temperament. He was strong in his attachment to men and to opinions, and was not easily turned from any course of speculation or action, which he had once satisfied himself was right, wise and good. At the same time, he always kept his mind open to evidence; and if you brought before him new facts and arguments, he would reconsider the subject,—

* The Hon. SAMUEL T. ARMSTRONG, formerly Lieutenant Governor of the Commonwealth, and under whose administration, as Mayor of the City, the iron fence round the Common was undertaken and completed, has told me the following anecdote, which illustrates Dr. Bowditch's decision of character. He was standing at the bottom of the Common one day, conversing with Dr. Bowditch, and, among other things, mentioned the obstacles that had been thrown in his way in attempting to carry the mall through the burying-ground. "Sir," said Dr. Bowditch, "it depends entirely upon you. If you say '*Volo*,' it will go. If you say '*Nolo*,' it won't." "I did not exactly understand his Latin words," said the Mayor, "but I knew what he meant, and I acted accordingly." He said "*Volo*," and the thing was done.

deliberately, not hastily,—and *the next day*, perhaps, would tell you that you were in the right, and that he had altered his mind. He was sometimes quick, warm, and vehement in expressing his disapprobation of the character or conduct of an individual, particularly if he thought that the person had practised anything like duplicity or fraud. In such cases, his indignation was absolutely scorching and withering. But he never cherished any personal resentments in his bosom. He did not let the sun go down upon his wrath. His anger was like a cloud, which passes over the disk of the moon, and leaves it as mild and clear as before; or, as the judicious Hooker's was represented to be, "like a vial of clear water, which, when shook, beads at the top, but instantly subsides, without any soil or sediment of uncharitableness."

Let me relate an incident illustrative of this remarkable trait in his character. Dr. Bowditch had been preparing a plan of the town of Salem, which he intended soon to publish. It had been the fruit of much labor and care. By some means or other, an individual in the town had surreptitiously got possession of it, and had the audacity to issue proposals to publish it as his own. This was too much for Dr. Bowditch to bear. He instantly went to the person, and burst out in the following strain: "You villain! how dare you do this? What do you mean by it? If you presume to proceed any farther in this business, I will prosecute you to the utmost extent of the

law." The poor fellow cowered before the storm of his indignation, and was silent; for his wrath was terrible. Dr. Bowditch went home, and slept on it; and the next day, hearing from some authentic source that the man was extremely poor, and had probably been driven by the necessities of his family to commit this audacious plagiarism, his feelings were touched, his heart relented, his anger melted away like wax. He went to him again, and said, "Sir, you did very wrong, and you know it, to appropriate to your own use and benefit the fruit of my labors. But I understand you are poor, and have a family to support. I feel for you, and will help you. That plan is unfinished, and contains errors that would have disgraced you and me had it been published in the state in which you found it. I'll tell you what I will do. I will finish the plan; I will correct the errors; and then you shall publish it for your own benefit, and I will head the subscription list with my name."

What a sublime, noble, Christian spirit was there manifested! This was really overcoming evil with good, and pouring coals of fire upon the poor man's head. The natural feeling of resentment, which God has implanted within all bosoms for our protection against sudden assault and injury, was overruled and conquered by the higher, the sovereign principle of conscience.*

* Compare Bishop Butler's admirable sermons on "Human Nature" and "Resentment," in which this subject is handled in a masterly man-

I ought to have mentioned, in an earlier part of this discourse, that Dr. Bowditch was, in all his habits of life, a very regular and temperate man. He never tasted any wine till the age of thirty-five.* He approved the remarkable changes which have been effected in the customs of society, within a few years, by "The Temperance Reform," and he heartily rejoiced in the success of that good cause. God bless it and speed it! and give its advocates discretion and sobriety as well as courage and zeal! If they would crush the serpent, they must have the wisdom of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove.

I hope I may be pardoned in now mentioning a circumstance, known probably only to myself, and which, though of a personal nature, I venture to relate, both in discharge of the debt of gratitude which I owe to his memory, and as a very striking illustration of two traits in his character—his independence, and the strength and the constancy of his attachments. At an early stage in my ministry in this place, some twelve years

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ner by the prince of ethical writers. Why is it that we hear, in these days, the pernicious sentiment avowed and inculcated, that we are to follow impulse and feeling rather than reason and principle?. So thought not those great lights of philosophy, Samuel Butler and John Locke.

* During the latter years of his life Dr. Bowditch was accustomed to drink two glasses of wine a day, one after dinner, and the other in the evening. This he called his "certain quantity." If he ever exceeded this, which was seldom or never, he classed the excess, in his mathematical phrase, among "the uncertain quantities."

ago,—at one of those periods of discouragement and despondency through which every young and inexperienced minister is called to pass, particularly in a large city like this, and which are calculated to cower and crush the spirit of every one who has not nerves of steel and a heart of flint,—at that trying moment Dr. Bowditch stood by me firm as a rock. He assured me of his confidence, his approbation, and his firm adherence. "Never mind it," said he, "go on and do your duty, and be not anxious about the result. I will stand by you to the last." These few words, from *such* a man, were encouraging. They cheered my heart, they nerved my mind, they strengthened my hands, they enabled me to go forward without fear. I felt as though I had Atlas under me, shoring me up.* This assurance, too, was entirely voluntary and unsought; and only a few months before his death he again alluded to the subject, commended the quiet and steady course which I had pursued, and congratulated me on the result in the peaceful and prosperous condition of the parish.

No one has ever before heard me, in public or private, allude to this subject. For I am not one of those who tell their griefs and sue for sympathy. I appeal to you, my faithful parishioners, whether you have ever heard me lisp a syllable of complaint on this point. I

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* "——————————— Atlas,
——— æthereum qui fert cervicibus axem."

kept my feelings to myself; and I now speak thus publicly of the matter, as a mere incident in the annals of the parish, and with no feeling but that of gratitude to the memory of my independent and unflinching friend.*

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* Next to the inestimable service of parental guidance and instruction, I have always considered this the greatest favor ever rendered to me in the whole course of my life, with the single exception of the priceless benefit conferred on me by him who was the benefactor of my youthful mind, and first imbued it with a love of good learning. It gives me pleasure thus to acknowledge the debt which I owe to my early instructer, B. A. Gould, Esq. (for fourteen years, from 1814 to 1828, the accomplished and successful Master of the Boston Latin School) to whom I can in literal truth apply the words in which Cicero speaks of his preceptor, Licinius Archias:—"Si quid est in me ingenii, quod sentio quam sit exiguum; aut si qua exercitatio dicendi, in quâ me non infitior mediocriter esse versatum; aut si hujusce rei ratio aliqua, ab optimarum artium studiis ac disciplinâ profecta, a quâ ego nullum confiteor ætatis meæ tempus abhorruisse; earum rerum omnium vel in primis hic A. Licinius fructum a me repetere prope suo jure debet. Nam quoad longissimè potest mens mea respicere spatium præteriti temporis, et pueritiæ memoriam recordari ultimam, inde usque repetens, hunc video mihi principem et ad suscipiendam et ad ingrediendam rationem horum studiorum extitisse."

When, in the year 1828, certain measures and occurrences took place, in connection with the College, one in particular of a very painful nature, my views and feelings were probably as strong, and as strongly expressed, as those of any person in the community; but not more strongly to others than they were to Dr. Bowditch himself. More than once I have had long and warm conversations with him on these points; and though my views were unaltered, I will bear testimony to the perfect kindness and candor with which he listened to my dissent; and this is not the only instance in which I have differed from him decidedly, but amicably. When these facts are considered, and it is known that his eulogist has never been his echo nor parasite, it is hoped that the strong terms in which his character has been commended in this Discourse will

In his religious views, Dr. Bowditch was, from examination and conviction, a firm and decided Unitarian. But he had no taste for the polemics or peculiarities of any sect, and did not love to dwell on the distinctive and dividing points of Christian doctrine. His religion was rather an inward sentiment, flowing out into the life, and revealing itself in his character and actions. It was at all times, and at all periods of his life, a controlling and sustaining principle. He confided in the providence and benignity of his Heavenly Father, as revealed by his blessed Son, our Lord, and had the most unshaken confidence in the wisdom and rectitude of all the divine appointments. He looked forward with firm faith to an immortality in the spiritual world.

He said to one, in his last illness, "From my boyhood my mind has been religiously impressed. I never did or could question the existence of a Superintending Being, and that he took an interest in the affairs of men. I have always endeavored to regulate my life in subjection to his will, and studied to bring my mind to an acquiescence in his dispensations; and now, at its close, I look back with gratitude for the manner in which he has distinguished me, and for the many blessings of my

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not be set down to flattery nor to the partiality of friendship. I am not conscious of having overstated or exaggerated anything. I certainly have aimed at drawing a true and just portrait. Those who knew him personally, will judge how far I have succeeded. While writing, I feel all the time as though I heard his voice in my ear—"If you say anything about me, tell the *truth*, the *whole* truth."

lot. I can only say that I am content, that I go willingly, resigned, and satisfied." To another he said, "In my youth I fell in with some young associates who were skeptically disposed, having read the books and imbibed the notions of Voltaire and Paine, and they labored hard to make me of the same way of thinking with themselves. But I battled it with them stoutly, not with the logic of Locke, for I knew nothing about that, but with the logic *here*"—pointing to his breast.

Dr. Bowditch was very familiar with the Scriptures, both of the Old and New Testaments, more so than some professed theologians who make it their especial study. He had read the Bible in his childhood, under the eye of a pious mother, and he loved to quote and repeat the sublime and touching language of Holy Writ. *

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* I must always deeply regret, as a Christian minister, believing in the authority and importance of the Christian ordinances, that Dr. Bowditch did not throw the weight of a *public profession* of religion into the scale of Christianity, and thereby satisfy the world, as he had already and amply satisfied his family and his friends, of the strength and reality of his religious faith. The public testimony of such a man, possessed of such a sound, clear, discriminating mind, and of such acute and logical powers, to the truth and worth of our holy religion, would have been invaluable. I believe that he was deterred from doing this solely by his general dislike of *professions* of every kind. He certainly could not have been prevented by shame or the fear of man. He used to say that people must judge of him by what he was and did, and not by what he professed. But yet, is not the profession of Christianity, by an observance of its peculiar ordinance, an act?—and is not the omission of it equally an act?—A sense of duty compels me to say thus much on this subject.

Such, my hearers, had been the life, and such the character of our distinguished fellow-citizen and beloved fellow-worshipper; and such was he to the last, through all the agonies of a most distressing illness. In the midst of health and usefulness, in the full discharge of the duties of life, and in the full enjoyment of its satisfactions, the summons suddenly comes to him to leave it. And he meets the summons with the utmost equanimity and composure, with the submission of a philosopher and with the resignation of a Christian. He certainly had much to live for—few have more—but he gave up all without repining or complaint. He said he should have liked to live a little longer, to complete his great work, and see his younger children grown up and settled in life. "But I am perfectly happy," he added, "and ready to go, and entirely resigned to the will of Providence." He arranged all his affairs, gave his directions with minuteness, and dictated and signed his last will and testament. While his strength permitted, he continued to attend to the necessary affairs of his office, and on the day previous to his death put his name to an important instrument. In the intervals of pain he prepared, as I have already remarked, the remaining copy and corrected the proof sheets of the fourth volume of his great work, the printing of which was nearly finished at the time of his death. It is a little remarkable that the last page that he read was the one thousandth. It was gratifying to him to find that his mind was unenfeebled by disease and pain; and one

day, after solving one of the hardest problems in the book, he exclaimed, in his enthusiastic way, "I feel that I am Nathaniel Bowditch still—only a little weaker."

He continued, indeed, in all respects, the same man to the last. He did not think that this was the time to put on a new face or assume a new character. His feelings were unaffected, his manners unchanged, by the prospect before him. He seemed to those about him only to be going on a long journey. To the end, he manifested the same cheerfulness, nay pleasantry, which he had when in health, without, however, the least admixture of levity. In his great kindness, he exerted himself to see many friends, every one of whom, I believe, will bear testimony to his calm, serene state of mind. The words which he spoke in those precious interviews they will gather up and treasure in their memory, and will never forget them so long as they live.* She certainly will not, to whom, when on her taking leave of him she had said "Good night," he replied,

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* Will the Chief Magistrate of the Commonwealth, will the President of the University, ever forget their interviews with the dying philosopher? The Governor, in his beautiful address to the Academy, on introducing the Resolutions that were passed in honor of their illustrious associate, after briefly describing his interview, alludes, in a very modest and touching manner, to the commendation passed by the departing sage on a recent and most painful act of his executive authority. The Governor should know that the language of Dr. Bowditch is but the expression of the public mind, and that he will be sustained in all his measures to maintain the majesty and supremacy of the laws, and preserve the public order and peace.

"No, my dear, say not 'Good night,' but 'Good morning,' for the next time we meet will be on the morning of the resurrection."

One day, toward the close of his lingering illness, after he had himself given up all hope of recovery, he asked one who stood by him what were the two Greek words which signify "easy death." The word not immediately suggesting itself to the person, and he having mentioned over several phrases and combinations of words, Dr. Bowditch said, "No, you have not got the right word; but you will find it in Pope's Correspondence." The person found the letter, which was the last that Dr. Arbuthnot * wrote to his friend. The conclusion of it is as follows; "A recovery, in my case, and at my age, is impossible. The kindest wish of my friends is euthanasia." On hearing this read, Dr. Bowditch said, "Yes, that is the word, euthanasia. That letter I read forty years ago, and I have not seen it since. It made an impression on my mind which is still fresh. It struck me, at the time I read it, that the good physi-

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* Dr. Arbuthnot was an eminent physician and brilliant wit in the time of Queen Anne, the contemporary and friend of Swift and Pope. He died in 1735. Dr. Johnson, in his Life of Pope, says of him, "Arbuthnot was a man of great comprehension, skilful in his practice, versed in the sciences, acquainted with ancient literature, and able to animate his mass of knowledge by a bright and active imagination; a scholar, with great brilliance of wit; a wit, who, in the crowd of life, retained and discovered a noble ardor of religious zeal; a man estimable for his learning, amiable for his life, and venerable for his piety."

cian who wrote it would certainly have an easy death. It could not be otherwise. The excellent, the virtuous, must be happy in their death." He afterwards frequently recurred to this subject, and the day previous to his departure, he said, "This is, indeed, euthanasia."

Through the whole of his illness he manifested the same happy and delightful frame of mind. His room did not appear like the chamber of sickness and dissolution. The light of his serene and placid countenance dispelled all gloom, and his cheerful composure robbed death of all its bitterness and anguish. He exemplified in his own case the sentiment so beautifully expressed by Hafiz, the Persian poet, which he loved to repeat:—

> "On parents' knees, a naked, new-born child,
> Weeping thou sat'st, whilst all around thee smiled;
> So live, that sinking in thy last, long sleep,
> Calm thou may'st smile, whilst all around thee weep."

He did not wish to see those about him look sad and gloomy. On one occasion he said, "I feel no gloom within me; why should you wear it on your faces?" And then he called for Bryant's Poems, and desired them to read his favorite piece, "The Old Man's Funeral."

> "Why weep ye then for him, who, having won
> The bound of man's appointed years, at last,
> Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labors done,
> Serenely to his final rest has past?"

And then he went on and commented on the remaining lines of the poem, pointing out those which he thought

were descriptive of himself, and modestly disclaiming others that were commendatory, as not belonging to him; but which all impartial persons would unite in saying were singularly applicable to his character.

On the morning of his death, when his sight was very dim, and his voice almost gone, he called his children around his bedside, and arranging them in the order of age, pointed to and addressed each by name, and said, "You see I can distinguish you all; and I now give you all my parting blessing. The time is come. Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word." These were his last words. After this he was heard to whisper, in a scarcely audible tone, the words "pretty, pleasant, beautiful." But it cannot be known, whether he was thinking of his own situation as pleasant, in being thus surrounded at such a time by those he loved, or whether he "snatched a fearful joy" in a glimpse of the spiritual world. Soon after this he quietly breathed away his soul, and departed. "And the end of that man was peace." Such a death alone was wanting to complete such a life and crown and seal such a character.—He died on Friday, the 16th day of March, and I am now pronouncing his eulogy on the last day of his 65th year.*

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* The disease of which Dr. Bowditch died was found, by a *post mortem* examination, to be a schirrus in the stomach, a disease of the same type with that which caused the death of Napoleon Buonaparte.

He was buried, as he had lived, privately and without parade or show, on the quiet morning of the last Sabbath.* His funeral was attended only by his family and two others; yet, in the person of the Chief Magistrate, I fancied I saw the Spirit of the Commonwealth doing homage to the talents and virtues of her illustrious son. As the hearse passed along through the silent streets, bearing that precious dust to its last resting-place, the snow-flakes fell upon it, the fit emblems of his purity and worth.† And many a wet eye, here, and in the place of his nativity, and elsewhere, wept for him, and many a heart blessed his memory, and mourned that a friend, and a benefactor, and a good man had departed.

He has built his own monument,‡ more enduring than

For four weeks previous to his death, he could take no solid food, and hardly swallowed any liquid. He suffered, however, but little from hunger, but constantly from thirst; and the only relief or refreshment he could find was in frequently moistening his lips and mouth with cold water. His frame was consequently exceedingly attenuated and his flesh wasted away. At intervals his sufferings were so intense, that, as he said, the body at times triumphed over the spirit; but it was only for a moment; and the spirit resumed again and retained its natural and legitimate sovereignty.

* "Funus, sine imaginibus et pompâ, per laudes ac memoriam virtutum ejus celebre fuit." *Tacitus, Ann. Lib.* II. § 73.

† His body was deposited by the side of his wife's, in his own tomb, under Trinity Church, in Summer Street.

‡ And yet I trust that a material and visible monument will ere long be erected upon one of the beautiful knolls of the Cemetery at Mount Auburn, to remind the stranger and the passer-by of the labors, services and worth of this great and good man. I have an idea and plan of my

marble; and in his splendid scientific name, and in his affectionate and delightful character, has bequeathed to his children the richest legacy. His spirit, I doubt not,

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own on this subject, which I will venture to suggest. Let the ship-masters and mates throughout the United States, and all seamen who have actually used the "Practical Navigator," give one dollar each, (those who please may give more) towards the erection of a monument of white marble, in a style of severe and simple grandeur, befitting his character; and let the amount be collected in every seaport by the Chamber of Commerce, the Marine Society, and if neither of these exist, by some Insurance Company, or by the Collector of the port.

Let the monument be a four-sided figure. On one of the faces of the die let there be a few geometrical figures, a circle, a triangle, &c. around a ship in the centre, under full sail, with the American flag flying at the mizzen-peak, and the motto over it, DIRIGO, *I guide*. On the opposite face let there be two books, inscribed THE PRACTICAL NAVIGATOR, and MÉCANIQUE CÉLESTE. Over the former, let there be a sextant and compass; and over the latter, the planet Saturn, with its rings, and the constellation Ursa Minor with the pole-star. The inscription may be as follows:—

[*On the third face.*]

NATHANIEL BOWDITCH,

THE AMERICAN PILOT AND MATHEMATICIAN,

THE AUTHOR OF

THE PRACTICAL NAVIGATOR,

THE EXPOUNDER OF

THE MECHANISM OF THE HEAVENS.

[*On the opposite face.*]

THE SEAMEN OF THE UNITED STATES,

IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF

HIS INESTIMABLE SERVICES,

RAISE THIS MONUMENT TO

THEIR GUIDE AND BENEFACTOR.

and *her* spirit, will still continue to influence and guide them. And let them remember the sentiment of the Roman annalist, that "the true way of testifying our respect and love for the departed is not to follow them with an unavailing grief, but to remember their wishes and fulfil their injunctions."* They have the satisfaction of reflecting that their parent lived a happy, an honorable, and a useful life. The sailor traverses the sea more safely by means of his labors, and the widow's and the orphan's treasure is more securely guarded in consequence of his care. He was the Great Pilot who steered all our ships over the ocean; and though dead, he yet liveth, and speaketh, and acteth, in the recorded wisdom of his invaluable book. The world has been the wiser and the happier that he has lived in it.‡

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* "Non hoc præcipuum amicorum munus est, prosequi defunctum ignavo questu; sed quæ voluerit meminisse, quæ mandaverit exequi."—*Tacitus, Ann. Lib. II.* § 71.

† As soon as the news of Dr. Bowditch's death reached Baltimore, the flags of all the vessels were displayed at half-mast; and the midshipmen attached to the United States Naval School at Gosport, Va., on hearing of the same event, resolved, as a testimony of respect, to wear crape on the left arm for thirty days. Why has not the Secretary of the Navy ordered the flags of our national ships to be lowered in honor of the Great Pilot?

‡ No one can fail to be struck with the remarkable similarity between the circumstances in the life, death and character of Dr. Bowditch and those of Agricola, as described by Tacitus.

"Finis vitæ ejus nobis luctuosus, amicis tristis, extraneis etiam ignotisque non sine curâ fuit. Vulgus quoque, et hic aliud agens populus, et per fora et circulos locuti sunt; nec quisquam, auditâ morte Agricolæ, aut

He has left an example, as I intimated in the beginning of this Discourse, full of instruction and encouragement to the young, and especially to those among them who are struggling with poverty and difficulties. He has shown them that poverty is no dishonor, and need be no hindrance; that the greatest obstacles may be surmounted by persevering industry and an indomitable will. He has shown them to what heights of greatness and glory they may ascend by truth, temperance, and toil. He has proved to them that fame need not be sought for solely in political life; although that is a worthy field, and the country must be served,—and served, too, not by the worst, but by the best men,—not by the factious, the ignorant, the scheming, but by the wisest, the most enlightened, the best accomplished that we have among us; by men who dare to tell the people of their duties as well as of their rights; and who, instead of meanly flattering them for their votes, will boldly speak to them the words of truth and soberness, and point out to them their errors and faults.

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lætatus est, aut statim oblitus. Quod si habitum quoque ejus posteri noscere velint, decentior quàm sublimior fuit: nihil metûs in vultu: gratia oris supererat: bonum virum facilè crederes, magnum libenter. Et ipse quidem, quamquam medio in spatio integræ ætatis ereptus, quantum ad gloriam, longissimum ævum peregit. Quippe et vera bona, quæ in virtutibus sita sunt, impleverat. Tu verò felix, Agricola, non vitæ tantum claritate, sed etiam opportunitate mortis: ut perhibent qui interfuerunt novissimis sermonibus tuis, *constans et libens fatum excepisti.*

"Si quis piorum manibus locus; si, ut sapientibus placet, non cum corpore exstinguuntur magnæ animæ; placidè quiescas, nosque, domum

Above all, Dr. Bowditch has left us a most glorious and precious legacy in his example of integrity, love of truth, moral courage, and independence. He has taught the young men here, and the world over, that there is nothing so grand and beautiful as moral principle, nothing so sublime as adherence to truth, and right, and duty, through good report and through evil report. He has, indeed, blessed the world greatly by his science and his practical wisdom; but quite as much, nay, far more, I think, by his upright and manly character. He has taught mankind that reverence for duty, and trust in Providence, and submission to His will, and faith in the rectitude of all His appointments, and a filial reliance upon His love, are sentiments not unworthy nor unbecoming the greatest philosopher.

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tuam, ab infirmo desiderio et muliebribus lamentis ad contemplationem virtutum tuarum voces, quas neque lugeri neque plangi fas est: admiratione te potius quam temporalibus laudibus, et, si natura suppeditet, æmulatione decoremus. Is verus honos, ea conjunctissimi cujusque pietas. Id filiis quoque præceperim, sic patris memoriam venerari, ut omnia facta dictaque ejus secum revolvant, famamque ac figuram animi magis quàm corporis complectantur. Non quia intercedendum putem imaginibus, quæ marmore aut ære finguntur: sed ut vultus hominum, ita simulacra vultûs imbecilla ac mortalia sunt; forma mentis æterna, quam tenere et exprimere, non per alienam materiam et artem, sed tuis ipse moribus possis. Quidquid ex Agricolâ amavimus, quidquid mirati sumus, manet mansurumque est in animis hominum, in æternitate temporum, famâ rerum. Nam multos veterum, velut inglorios et ignobiles, oblivio obruet. Agricola, posteritati narratus et traditus, superstes erit."

For this we honor and eulogize him; not for wealth, title, fortune, those miserable outsides and trappings of humanity, but for the qualities of the inner man, which still live, and will live for ever. He studied the stars on the earth—may he not now be tracking their courses through the heavens? Long ere this, perhaps, he knows all the beauties and the mysteries of their tangled mazes—has examined the rings of Saturn and the belts of Jupiter, traversed the milky way, and chased the comet through infinity. Methinks I hear his departing and ascending spirit exclaiming, as it wings its flight upwards, in the language of the beautiful hymn:—

"Ye golden lamps of heaven! farewell,
With all your feeble light:
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night!

And thou, refulgent orb of day!
In brighter flames arrayed,
My soul, which springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.

Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts,
Where I shall reign with God.

The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

"Many shall commend his understanding; and so

long as the world endureth, it shall not be blotted out. His memorial shall not depart away, and his name shall live from generation to generation."

See page 20.

APPENDIX.

Some idea of the sensation produced in this community by the decease of Dr. Bowditch, may be gathered from the following proceedings of various public bodies, with which he was connected.

THE AMERICAN ACADEMY.

At a special meeting of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, held March 20th, 1838, the following Resolves were presented by his Excellency Edward Everett, and adopted unanimously by the Fellows of the Academy:—

Whereas it has pleased Divine Providence to remove from this life Nathaniel Bowditch, President of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, the Fellows of the Academy, at a special meeting called for the purpose of taking due notice of this melancholy event, unanimously adopt the following resolutions, expressive of their feelings on this sorrowful occasion:—

Resolved, That the Fellows of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences entertain the liveliest sense of the exalted talents and extraordinary attainments of their late President, who stood preëminent among the men of science in the United States, and who, by universal consent, has long been regarded as one of the most distinguished mathematicians and astronomers of the age; that we consider his reputation as one of the most precious treasures of our common country; that we deeply deplore his loss in the fullness of his intellectual power; and that we esteem it our sacred duty to cherish his memory.

Resolved, That in addition to the loss which they have sustained, as members of this scientific body, in being deprived of their distinguished associate and head, whose name has for many years conferred honor on their institution, and whose communications

are among the most valuable contents of the volumes of the Academy's Memoirs, the Fellows of the Academy, as members of the community, lament the loss of a friend and fellow-citizen, whose services were of the highest value in the active walks of life;—whose entire influence was given to the cause of good principles;—whose life was a uniform exhibition of the loftiest virtues;—and who, with a firmness and energy which nothing could shake or subdue, devoted himself to the most arduous and important duties, and made the profoundest researches of science subservient to the practical business of life.

Resolved, That the Fellows of the Academy deeply sympathize with the family of their late President in the loss of a faithful, affectionate, and revered parent, and that the officers of the Academy be requested to address to them a letter of respectful condolence.

Resolved, That the officers of the Academy be a committee to procure a bust in marble of the late President, to be placed in the hall of the Academy, and to adopt and carry into execution such other measures as they may deem expedient, in honor of the memory of one, who among living men of science has left few equals.

Resolved, That an attested copy of these resolutions be transmitted by the Corresponding Secretary to the family of the deceased, and to the various learned Societies in Europe and America of which he was a member, and that they be furnished for publication in the papers of the city.

A true copy of record.—Attest,

DANIEL TREADWELL,
Recording Secretary.

Boston, March 21, 1838.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

At a special meeting of the President and Fellows of Harvard College, held on the 20th of March, 1838, the following preamble and votes were unanimously adopted:—

This Board having been informed of the death, on the 16th

instant, of the Hon. NATHANIEL BOWDITCH, LL. D., a Fellow of this College, it was thereupon unanimously

Voted, That this Corporation, in common with the friends of science and religion, in this and every land, in which his attainments and virtues were known, lament the loss the world has sustained by the death of one, not more eminent as a philosopher, than honored as a citizen, and beloved as a man; who fulfilled the duties of a public and private life with an assiduity, an exactness, a fidelity and a felicity seldom equalled, and never excelled; and who, by combining great simplicity of manners and singleness of purpose, with an integrity, through life, without blemish and without stain, so acquired the confidence of his contemporaries, as to be regarded as the pillar and pride of every Society of which he was an active member; the effects of which never failed to be seen and acknowledged in its prosperity and success.

This Corporation, in common with all others which have been blessed with his counsels and labors, deem it peculiarly their duty distinctly and gratefully to acknowledge the benefits Harvard College has derived from the extraordinary endowments he possessed, and by which, in the exercise of his characteristic zeal, intelligence and faithfulness, he ever sustained and advanced al its interests.

Voted, That the President be requested to communicate this vote to the family of Dr. Bowditch.

True extract from the records.—Attest,

(Signed) JAMES WALKER,
Secretary of the Corporation.

YALE COLLEGE.

At a meeting of the President, Professors and Tutors of Yale College, the following resolutions were adopted:—

Resolved, That this faculty have heard, with deep concern, of the death of the Hon. NATHANIEL BOWDITCH, late of Boston; and that this painful event has bereaved not only his family, but his country and mankind; especially as he was cut off in the vigor of his faculties, in the maturity of his fame, and in the full course of his usefulness.

Resolved, That we respectfully and feelingly sympathize with the children of the illustrious deceased, whose memory, justly dear to the country which he honored, is cherished still more affectionately by those who were so happy as to call him their father.

Resolved, That a copy of the above resolutions be transmitted to the family of the late Dr. Bowditch, and that the President of the College be requested to affix to it his signature.

In behalf of the Faculty,

(Signed) JEREMIAH DAY.

THE BOSTON ATHENÆUM.

At the stated Quarterly Meeting of the Trustees of the Boston Athenæum, held April 9th, 1838, the following paper was read, accepted, and ordered to be recorded :—

Since our last meeting, our country has been called to mourn the death of one of its most distinguished men, the late NATHANIEL BOWDITCH.

The connection of the deceased with the Boston Athenæum was so beneficial to this institution, that the Trustees are urged alike by official duty and by private feeling to express their sense of his loss. This institution is deeply indebted to the late Dr. Bowditch for the zeal with which he labored to advance its interests. Finding it weak, he determined, in connection with several other public-spirited individuals, to make it prosper. Their appeals to the munificence of our wealthy citizens were successful, and the resources of the Athenæum were greatly increased. For several years Dr. Bowditch, continuing a member of this Board, aided in the application of the funds which he had done so much to procure, and the high rank which the scientific portion of our library enjoys among similar institutions in the United States, is in a great measure owing to his judgment and exertions.

But Dr. Bowditch has far higher claims to notice. He stood at the head of the scientific men of this country, and no man living has contributed more to his country's reputation. His fame is of the most durable kind, resting on the union of the highest genius with the most practical talent, and the application of both to the

good of his fellow-men. Every American ship crosses the ocean more safely for his labors, and the most eminent mathematicians of Europe have acknowledged him their equal in the highest walks of their science. His last great work ranks with the noblest productions of our age.

But it is not merely the benefactor of this institution, and the illustrious mathematician whose labors have given safety to commerce and reputation to his country, whom we lament. It is one whose whole life was directed to good ends, who combined the greatest energy with the kindest feelings, who was the friend of every good man and every good undertaking, the enemy of oppression, the patron of merit, the warm-hearted champion of truth and virtue. It is the companion, whose simple manners and amiable disposition put every one at ease in his presence, notwithstanding the respect which his genius inspired; and who could turn, apparently without effort, from the profoundest investigations, to take his part with the light-heartedness of a child in the mirth of the social circle. His heart was as tender as his intellect was powerful. His family found him as affectionate as he was wise; he was equally their delight and their pride. They could have no richer inheritance than his character, and nothing but such a character could afford them consolation for such a loss.

Filled with a conviction of the truth of what is here stated, the Trustees desire to express it. Therefore,

Voted, That the Trustees tender their sincere sympathy to the family of the deceased, for the loss of one as estimable in his private as in his public relations; and while they know that no adequate consolation can be afforded under such a calamity, they trust that some may be felt in the contemplation of a life so gloriously spent, and which has left such enduring monuments of excellence in every department, whether of science or of practical utility, to which it has been devoted.

Voted, That the Secretary be instructed to present a copy of the foregoing preamble and resolutions to the family of the deceased.

A true copy from the records.—Attest,

William T. Andrews, *Secretary.*

THE LIFE OFFICE.

At a meeting of the Board of Control of the Massachusetts Hospital Life Insurance Company, held at the office of said Company, on the 19th day of March, 1838, convened in consequence of the death of the Hon. Nathaniel Bowditch, a Director, and the Actuary of the Company, the following votes were unanimously adopted :—

Voted, That this Board have received, with great grief, the intelligence of the death of their late respected and beloved associate, Nathaniel Bowditch. They feel that in him they individually have lost a friend, the company an officer whose services were invaluable, and the country her citizen most eminent in science. For nearly fifteen years his extraordinary powers and attainments have been successfully devoted to the service of this Company. He took an efficient part in laying the foundation of the Institution. The business for which the Corporation was created, was novel in New England ; at its commencement, he accepted the responsible office of Actuary, which he continued to hold till his death. On this officer, more than any other individual, was devolved the arduous task of devising and organizing a system for conducting the affairs of the Corporation ; and the Board think it not too much to say, that it is to the clearness and simplicity of the regulations then devised and adopted, and the intelligence, fidelity, and inflexible resolution with which they were adhered to and executed by the Actuary, that the Company are mainly indebted for their success, and the public confidence they now enjoy. In reviewing the long connexion of this lamented officer with the affairs of the Institution, they cannot forbear to express their conviction, that his services have preëminently contributed to its present stability and prosperity. This is not a new opinion of the Board. The annual reports of Committees, accepted by this Board in the life-time of the Actuary, bear witness to the high estimation in which they at all times held his services ; and now that his work is ended, they perform a pleasing, though melancholy duty, in repeating and confirming it.

Voted, That while the members of this Board deeply lament

the death of their distinguished associate, they are not unmindful that there are others by whom it will be more acutely felt. To his distressed family they respectfully offer their warmest sympathy in this severe affliction, with which a wise and merciful Providence has seen fit to visit them. They well know that there is no adequate earthly consolation for the loss of such a parent; but they hope some alleviation may be found in the reflection that he lived long enough to perform all the duties of a long life, although not permitted to attain old age; that he has left them a bright example, and a name that will be known and honored throughout the world, so long as virtue and science shall be held in reverence.

Voted, That the Secretary be requested to communicate a copy of the above Votes to the family of the deceased.

True copy from the records.—Attest,

Moses L. Hale, *Secretary.*

THE CITY OF SALEM.

At a meeting of the City Council of Salem, on Thursday, March 29th, the following Resolutions were unanimously passed in both branches :—

Resolved, That the City Council of the City of Salem have received with deep sorrow the intelligence of the decease of the Hon. Nathaniel Bowditch, LL. D., of Boston, for many years a respected and honored resident of this his native place.

Resolved, That the City Council and the people of the City of Salem will ever cherish in grateful respect the memory of a townsman of singular simplicity, integrity, purity and benevolence of character, attaining from humble life, by his intellectual and moral energy, the highest honors of science, and the respect and gratitude of the community, as a public benefactor.

Resolved, That while the City Council acknowledge, with grateful pride, the honor reflected from his elevated character and pure fame upon the place of his birth, where his mind and habits were formed, and among whose citizens the largest part of his life was passed, and while they sympathize with his family and the whole

community in a loss so deeply felt by all the friends of learning, benevolence, and truth, they earnestly commend to the admiration and imitation of all, especially the young men of his native place, the noble example of active and patient industry, unconquerable perseverance, unbending uprightness and faithfulness in all the relations of life, and ardent love and constant pursuit of knowledge and truth, which were the foundations of a character of such honorable distinction and rare usefulness.

Resolved, That the people of Salem have ever retained a deep interest in the happiness and fame of their late lamented townsman, Dr. Bowditch, since he reluctantly left his native place for a sphere of more extensive usefulness in the metropolis of our Commonwealth; and they now receive and acknowledge with grateful sensibility the evidence of his generous remembrance of his first home in the last days of his life, contained in his liberal bequests to three of the most useful and important Institutions of our City.

Resolved, That as a suitable tribute of respect to the memory of Dr. Bowditch, a public discourse upon his life and character, be delivered in this City, and that a Committee be appointed with authority to make all the necessary arrangements to carry this resolution into effect.*

Resolved, That the Mayor be requested to transmit an attested copy of these Resolutions to the family of the late Dr. Bowditch.

SHIPMASTERS AND SEAMEN.

At a meeting of Shipmasters, Supercargoes, Officers, and Seamen, held at the Common Council Room, in Boston, on the 3d of April, Capt. Winslow Lewis was chosen Chairman, and Capt. James W. Sever Secretary.

The following Preamble and Resolutions were adopted;—

Whereas, in the death of Dr. Nathaniel Bowditch, we feel

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* [The city authorities of Salem have since appointed the Honorable Daniel Appleton White to deliver the Eulogy on their illustrious son. They could not have selected a person better qualified than Judge White, by his talents, varied acquirements, and personal intimacy with the deceased, to do justice to the subject.]

that the World has to deplore the loss of a distinguished Philosopher, our Country a most honorable and high-minded Citizen, and the Maritime Profession a Guide, Preceptor and Friend;—

Resolved, That a Committee of seven be appointed to act in concurrence with such Societies as were honored in bearing upon their rolls the name of Nathaniel Bowditch, and that any mode that shall be adopted to perpetuate the respect and regard with which we cherish his memory, shall have our whole and hearty aid.

Resolved, That all the members of the Nautical Profession, of this and of the neighboring ports, be respectfully invited to attend an adjourned meeting, to be called by the officers of this meeting, to join with us in such measures as may then be adopted.

Voted, That the following gentlemen form the Committee, viz. Captains Daniel C. Bacon, William Sturgis, Larkin Turner, Thomas B. Curtis, Winslow Lewis, Henry Oxnard, Caleb Curtis, Samuel Quincy, James W. Sever.

WINSLOW LEWIS, *Chairman.*

JAMES W. SEVER, *Secretary.*

THE EAST INDIA MARINE SOCIETY.

At a special meeting of the East India Marine Society, called for the purpose of noticing the decease and munificent bequest of the Hon. NATHANIEL BOWDITCH, late member and former President of said Society, the following Resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, That the East India Marine Society have received with deep sorrow and regret the afflicting intelligence of the death of Dr. Nathaniel Bowditch; by which they have sustained the loss of one of their most honored, useful and important members; to whose eminent services and the great interest he has manifested during the long period of his connexion with them, evinced at the close of his memorable life by a most liberal bequest, their Institution is indebted for much of the usefulness and celebrity to which it has attained; and the surviving members of the Society will ever hold in grateful remembrance the services and liberality of one

with whom they consider it the highest honor to have been associated.

Resolved, That the members of this Society entertain the highest respect for the memory of the deceased; and while they acknowledge, with pride and gratitude, the inestimable benefits conferred upon them in their peculiar pursuits by the indefatigable zeal with which he has devoted the powers of his great mind to bring into easy and practical use the principles of Astronomy, applicable to Navigation, they, in common with the whole country and scientific world, deeply deplore his loss, in the midst of his usefulness, as a public calamity.

Resolved, That the members of this Society feel themselves under obligations to the deceased, which it is difficult for them to express, for his elucidating and simplifying the principles of Navigation, whereby their path over the ocean has been rendered plain and easy; and that he has, in his Practical Navigator, been indefatigable in his endeavors to raise and elevate the standard of Nautical Science among seamen.

Resolved, That this Society will receive with gratitude the liberal legacy bequeathed by the last Will of their late lamented member and former President, in token of his regard and deep interest in them, and that it shall be appropriated for the promotion of the general objects of the Institution, as provided by the said Will.

Resolved, That the members of this Society, while they most sincerely sympathize with the afflicted family of the deceased under their severe bereavement, derive some alleviation from the recollection that he has left behind him the imperishable monument of a life devoted to the great interests of society, and affording an example of extraordinary talents, untiring industry and perseverance, combined with extreme modesty and simplicity of manners.

Resolved, That the Corresponding Secretary be requested to transmit an attested copy of these Resolutions to the family of the deceased, and that they be furnished for publication in the papers of this city.

A true copy from the records.—Attest,

NATHANIEL GRIFFIN,
Recording Secretary.

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

In speaking, on page 42, of the late Chief Justice Parsons as an eminent mathematician, it should have been stated, in a note, that Dr. Bowditch says (Practical Navigator, p. 243, stereotype edition), "This method [of finding the true distance of the moon from the sun, a planet, or a star,] was invented by the author of this work, who also improved Witchell's method, and reduced considerably the number of cases. These improvements were made in consequence of a suggestion of the late Chief Justice Parsons, a gentleman eminently distinguished for his mathematical acquirements, who had somewhat simplified Witchell's process."

Dr. Bowditch was admitted a member of the American Academy on the 28th of May, 1799, and was chosen its President in 1829, and held this office till his decease. He received his degree of LL. D. from Harvard University at the Commencement in 1816. He was elected a member of the Royal Society of London on the 12th of March, 1818, and his diploma, on parchment, now before me, is signed, among other names, by those of Sir Joseph Banks, *President*, Sir Humphry Davy, Sir Davies Gilbert, Sir Everard Home, Dr. William Thomas Brande, Dr. William H. Wollaston, Dr. Thomas Young, and John Pond, Astronomer Royal.

Since the page (96) containing the beautiful lines of Hafiz, was struck off, I have met in J. D. Carlyle's "Specimens of Arabian Poetry," p. 64 (London, 1810), a different version of the same sentiment. Carlyle says, "The Persian verses seem to be a translation from our Arabian author." They are addressed "To a Friend upon his Birth-Day."

> "When born, in tears we saw thee drown'd,
> While thine assembled friends around,
> With smiles their joy confest;
> So live, that at thy parting hour,
> They may the flood of sorrow pour,
> And thou in smiles be drest."

DR. BOWDITCH'S SCIENTIFIC PAPERS.

The following is a complete and accurate list of the Papers contributed by Dr. Bowditch to the Memoirs of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. It will serve to show the extent of his observations and the variety of his inquiries.

VOL. II.

New Method of Working a Lunar Observation.

VOL. III.

Observations on the Comet of 1807.

Observations on the Total Eclipse of the Sun, June 16, 1806, made at Salem.

Addition to the Memoir on the Solar Eclipse of June 16, 1806.

Application of Napier's Rule for solving the cases of right angled spheric trigonometry to several cases of oblique-angled spheric trigonometry.

An estimate of the height, direction, velocity and magnitude of the Meteor that exploded over Weston, in Connecticut, Dec. 14, 1807.

On the Eclipse of the Sun of Sept. 17, 1811, with the longitudes of several places in this country, deduced from all the observations of the eclipses of the Sun, and transits of Mercury and Venus, that have been published in the Transactions of the Royal Societies of Paris and London, the Philosophical Society held at Philadelphia, and the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

Elements of the orbit of the Comet of 1811.

An estimate of the height of the White Hills in New Hampshire.

On the variation of the Magnetic Needle.

On the motion of a pendulum suspended from two points.

A demonstration of the rule for finding the place of a Meteor, in the second problem, page 218 of this volume.

VOL. IV.

On a mistake which exists in the solar tables of Mayer, La Lande, and Zach.

On the calculation of the oblateness of the earth, by means of the observed lengths of a pendulum in different latitudes, accord-

ing to the method given by La Place in the second volume of his "Mécanique Céleste," with remarks on other parts of the same work, relating to the figure of the earth.

Method of correcting the apparent distance of the Moon from the Sun, or a Star, for the effects of Parallax and Refraction.

On the method of computing the Dip of the Magnetic Needle in different latitudes, according to the theory of Mr. Biot.

Remarks on the methods of correcting the elements of the orbit of a comet in Newton's "Principia," and in La Place's "Mécanique Céleste."

Remarks on the usual Demonstration of the permanency of the solar system, with respect to the Eccentricities and Inclinations of the orbits of the Planets.

Remarks on Dr. Stewart's formula, for computing the motion of the Moon's Apsides, as given in the Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica.

On the Meteor which passed over Wilmington in the State of Delaware, Nov. 21, 1819.

Occultation of Spica by the Moon, observed at Salem.

On a mistake which exists in the calculation of Mr. Poisson relative to the distribution of the electrical matter upon the surfaces of two globes, in vol. 12 of the "Mémoires de la classe des sciences mathématiques et physiques de l'Institut Impérial de France."

Elements of the Comet of 1819.

Dr. Bowditch was also the author of the article on Modern Astronomy, in the North American Review, vol. XX. pp. 309–366. In the Monthly Anthology, Vol IV. p. 653, there is a brief account of the Comet of 1806, drawn up by him at the request of the Editors. It is believed that this is the whole amount of his contributions to our periodical literature.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF

DOCTOR BOWDITCH,

The distinguished Translator of the "Mécanique Céleste."

Revered, beloved, adored by all that knew
The worth and wisdom of thy matchless mind!
Even thou hast paid the tribute that is due
From us to Death—the despot of mankind.

For that we weep not—none must linger here—
And none would linger, when life's oil is spent;
As strength and health's frail glories disappear,
Fate calls us hence, and Nature cries "*content.*"

Children may weep; but 't is for men to know
How just the judgment is that dooms decay;
And though we sigh, we bear the lethal blow,
And learn from God the lesson to obey.

So did'st thou feel the necessary law;
So like a sainted sage did'st thou expire;
Calmly thy sense its flickering taper saw,
Meekly thy soul gave up its fainting fire.

The eye—the voice—the hand, are useless now,
Those clay companions of a nobler guest;
Cold as sepulchral sculpture is thy brow—
Still as the rock thy thought-deserted breast.

But not the godlike, intellectual flame,
With these is quenched. The mind that searched the stars
Yet blooms—increased in knowledge—yet the same;
Time spares the spirit, but the body mars.

The world is poorer than 't was yesterday—
But heaven is richer. We have lost indeed
A guide and teacher; but the angels may
Rejoice that thou from fleshly chains art freed.

Now shalt thou know the whole of that strange tale,
A part of which thy genius grasped before;
Thy Father's hand his secrets shall unveil,
And of his myst'ries ope the sacred door.

Thou shalt know all—while we who, left behind,
In darkness grope, are still the slaves of doubt;
Thou seest every thing, but we are blind,
Fearing to puff this mortal candle out.

Pure peace and satisfaction to thy soul
Shall the disclosure of heaven's wonders bring;
Across thy faith no curt'ning clouds shall roll,
But all be told thee by thy sire and king.

Must we remain, and never read the page
Whereon those starry characters are writ?
No—thank the warnings of approaching age—
Ourselves, like thee, this earthy globe must quit.

Sublime, like thee, our weaker view shall scan,
The frame and motion of yon orbs of light,
Forget what 't is to act and think as man,
And see the future opened on our sight.

With such assurance let us cease to sigh,
Live like the wise, and die as fits the brave;
The tomb is but an entrance to the sky—
The road to bliss lies through the mouldy grave. T.

These beautiful lines appeared anonymously in the Boston Daily Advertiser of March 22, a few days after the decease of Dr. Bowditch. Why does not the author reveal himself? [*herself?*] Any one might justly feel proud of being able to assert a claim to them.

ERRATA.

Page 12, line 13, after *millions*, insert *of miles*. This error occurs in about half the copies.
Page 36, line 5, for *twenty-three*, read *twenty-seven*.
" 61, Note, line 10, for 1828 read 1826.
" 43, line 11, after *office*, insert *of Actuary*.

BOSTON:
PRINTED BY FREEMAN AND BOLLES,
WASHINGTON-STREET.

A

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY

OF THE

REV. NOAH WORCESTER, D. D.

IN

A DISCOURSE

DELIVERED IN BOSTON,

NOVEMBER 12, 1837,

BY WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY JOSEPH DOWE.
1837.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER OFFICE: MINOT PRATT, PRINTER.

The circumstances, under which the following discourse has been requested for the press, forbid the author to withhold it; and yet he is aware, that it must disappoint those who may look to it for some extended notice of the life and character of the excellent man, by whose death it was occasioned. In preparing it, the author had time to give only his first recollections and impressions; nor does he think it worth his while to make additions now, as he trusts, that an autobiography, left by Dr Worcester, will be given to the public, in which case all other notices will be of little value.

DISCOURSE.

JOHN XIII. 34.

A NEW COMMANDMENT I GIVE UNTO YOU, THAT YE LOVE ONE ANOTHER; AS I HAVE LOVED YOU, THAT YE ALSO LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

It was the great purpose of Christ to create the world anew, to make a deep, broad, enduring change in human beings. He came to breathe his own soul into men, to bring them through faith into a connexion and sympathy with himself, by which they would receive his divine virtue, as the branches receive quickening influences from the vine in which they abide, and the limbs from the head to which they are vitally bound.

It was especially the purpose of Jesus Christ, to redeem men from the slavery of selfishness, to raise them to a divine, disinterested love. By this he intended that his followers should be known, that his religion should be broadly divided from all former institutions. He meant that this should be worn as a frontlet on the brow, should beam as a light from the countenance, should shed a grace over the manners, should give tones of sympathy to the voice, and especially should give energy to the will, energy to do and suffer for others' good. Here is one of the grand distinctions of Christianity, incomparably grander than all the mysteries which

have borne its name. Our knowledge of Christianity is to be measured, not by the laboriousness with which we have dived into the depths of theological systems, but by our comprehension of the nature, extent, energy and glory of that disinterested principle, which Christ enjoined as our likeness to God, and as the perfection of human nature.

This disinterestedness of Christianity is to be learned from Christ himself, and from no other. It had dawned on the world before in illustrious men, in prophets, sages and legislators. But its full orb rose at Bethlehem. All the preceding history of the world gives but broken hints of the love which shone forth from Christ. Nor can this be learned from his precepts alone. We must go to his life, especially to his cross. His cross was the throne of his love. There it reigned, there it triumphed. On the countenance of the crucified Savior there was one expression stronger than of dying agony,—the expression of calm, meek, unconquered, boundless love. I repeat it, the cross alone can teach us the energy and grandeur of the love, which Christ came to impart. There we see its illimitableness; for he died for the whole world. There we learn its inexhaustible placability; for he died for the very enemies whose hands were reeking with his blood. There we learn its self-immolating strength; for he resigned every good of life, and endured intensest pains, in the cause of our race. There we learn its spiritual elevation; for he died not to enrich men with outward and worldly goods, but to breathe new life, health, purity, into the soul. There we learn its far-reaching aim; for he died to give immortality of happiness. There we learn its tenderness and sympa-

thy ; for amidst his cares for the world, his heart overflowed with gratitude and love for his honored mother. There, in a word, we learn its Divinity ; for he suffered through his participation of the spirit and his devotion to the purposes of God, through unity of heart and will with his Heavenly Father.

It is one of our chief privileges, as Christians, that we have in Jesus Christ a revelation of Perfect Love. This great idea comes forth to us from his life and teaching, as a distinct and bright reality. To understand this is to understand Christianity. To call forth in us a corresponding energy of disinterested affection, is the mission which Christianity has to accomplish on the earth.

There is one characteristic of the love of Christ, to which the Christian world are now waking up as from long sleep, and which is to do more than all things for the renovation of the world. He loved individual man. Before his time, the most admired form of goodness was patriotism. Men loved their country, but cared nothing for their fellow-creatures beyond the limits of country, and cared little for the individual within those limits, devoting themselves to public interests and especially to what was called the glory of the State. The legislator, seeking by his institutions to exalt his country above its rivals, and the warrior, fastening its yoke on its foes and crowning it with bloody laurels, were the great names of earlier times. Christ loved man, not masses of men ; loved each and all, and not a particular country and class. The human being was dear to him for his own sake ; not for the spot of earth on which he lived, not for the language he spoke, not for his rank in life, but for his humanity, for his spiritual nature, for the

image of God in which he was made. Nothing outward in human condition engrossed the notice, or narrowed the sympathies of Jesus. He looked to the human soul. That he loved. That divine spark he desired to cherish, no matter where it dwelt, no matter how it was dimmed. He loved man for his own sake, and all men without exclusion or exception. His ministry was not confined to a church, a chosen congregation. On the mount he opened his mouth and spake to the promiscuous multitude. From the bosom of the lake he delivered his parables to the throng which lined its shores. His church was nature, the unconfined air and earth ; and his truths, like the blessed influences of nature's sunshine and rain, fell on each and all. He lived in the highway, the street, the places of concourse, and welcomed the eager crowds which gathered round him from every sphere and rank of life. Nor was it to crowds that his sympathy was confined. He did not need a multitude to excite him. The humblest individual drew his regards. He took the little child into his arms, and blessed it ; he heard the beggar crying to him by the wayside where he sat for alms ; and in the anguish of death, he administered consolation to a malefactor expiring at his side. In this shone forth the divine wisdom as well as love of Jesus, that he understood the worth of a human being. So truly did he comprehend it, that, as I think, he would have counted himself repaid for all his teachings and mighty works, for all his toils, and sufferings, and bitter death, by the redemption of a single soul. His love to every human being surpassed that of a parent to an only child. Jesus was great in all things, but in nothing greater than in his

comprehension of the worth of a human spirit. Before his time no one dreamed of it. The many had been sacrificed to the few. The mass of men had been trodden under foot. History had been but a record of struggles and institutions, which breathed nothing so strongly as contempt of the human race.

Jesus was the first philanthropist. He brought with him a new era, the era of philanthropy; and from his time a new spirit has moved over the troubled waters of society, and will move until it has brought order and beauty out of darkness and confusion. The men, whom he trained and into whom he had poured most largely his own spirit, were signs, proofs, that a new kingdom had come. They consecrated themselves to a work at that time without precedent, wholly original, such as had not entered human thought. They left home, possessions, country, went abroad into strange lands, and not only put life in peril, but laid it down, to spread the truth which they had received from their Lord, to make the true God, even the Father, known to his blinded children, to make the Savior known to the sinner, to make life and immortality known to the dying, to give a new impulse to the human soul. We read of the mission of the apostles as if it were a thing of course. The thought perhaps never comes to us, that they entered on a sphere of action until that time wholly unexplored; that not a track had previously marked their path; that the great conception, which inspired them, of converting a world, had never dawned on the sublimest intellect; that the spiritual love for every human being, which carried them over oceans and through deserts, amid scourgings and fastings and imprisonments and death, was a

new light from heaven breaking out on earth, a new revelation of the divinity in human nature. Then it was, that man began to yearn for man with a Godlike love. Then a new voice was heard on earth, the voice of prayer for the recovery, pardon, happiness of a world. It was most strange, it was a miracle more worthy of admiration than the raising of the dead, that from Judea, the most exclusive, narrow country under heaven, which hated and scorned all other nations and shrunk from their touch as pollution, should go forth men to proclaim the doctrine of human brotherhood, to give to every human being, however fallen or despised, assurances of God's infinite love, to break down the barriers of nation and rank, to pour out their blood like water in the work of diffusing the spirit of universal love. Thus mightily did the character of Jesus act on the spirits of the men with whom he had lived. Since that time the civilized world has been overwhelmed by floods of barbarians, and ages of darkness have passed. But some rays of this divine light break on us through the thickest darkness. The new impulse given by Christianity was never wholly spent. The rude sculpture of the dark ages represented Jesus hanging from his cross; and however this image was abused to purposes of superstition, it still spoke to men of a philanthropy stronger than death, which felt and suffered for every human being; and a softening, humanizing virtue went from it which even the barbarian could not wholly resist. In our own times the character of Jesus is exerting more conspicuously its true and glorious power. We have indeed little cause for boasting. The great features of society are still hard and selfish. The worth of a human being is

a mystery still hid from an immense majority, and the most enlightened among us have not looked beneath the surface of this great truth. Still there is at this moment an interest in human nature, a sympathy with human suffering, a sensibility to the abuses and evils which deform society, a faith in man's capacity of progress, a desire of human progress, a desire to carry to every human being the means of rising to a better condition and a higher virtue, such as has never been witnessed before. Amidst the mercenariness which would degrade men into tools, and the ambition which would tread them down in its march toward power, there is still a respect for man as man, a recognition of his rights, a thirst for his elevation, which is the surest proof of a higher comprehension of Jesus Christ, and the surest augury of a happier state of human affairs. Humanity and justice are crying out in more and more piercing tones for the suffering, the enslaved, the ignorant, the poor, the prisoner, the orphan, the long-neglected seaman, the benighted heathen. I do not refer merely to new institutions for humanity, for these are not the most unambiguous proofs of progress. We see in the common consciousness of society, in the general feelings of individuals, traces of a more generous recognition of what man owes to man. The glare of outward distinction is somewhat dimmed. The prejudices of caste and rank are abated. A man is seen to be worth more than his wardrobe or his title. It begins to be understood that a Christian is to be a philanthropist, and that in truth, the essence of Christianity is a spirit of martyrdom in the cause of mankind.

This subject has been brought to my mind at the

present moment, by an event in this vicinity, which has drawn little attention, but which I could not, without self-reproach, suffer to pass unnoticed. Within a few days, a great and good man, a singular example of the philanthropy which Jesus Christ came to breathe into the world, has been taken away; and as it was my happiness to know him more intimately than most among us, I feel as if I were called to bear a testimony to his rare goodness, and to hold up his example as a manifestation of what Christianity can accomplish in the human mind. I refer to the Rev. Noah Worcester, who has been justly called the Apostle of Peace, who finished his course at Brighton during the last week. His great age, for he was almost eighty, and the long, and entire seclusion to which debility had compelled him, have probably made his name a strange one to some who hear me. In truth, it is common in the present age, for eminent men to be forgotten during their lives, if their lives are much prolonged. Society is now a quick-shifting pageant. New actors hurry the old ones from the stage. The former stability of things is strikingly impaired. The authority which gathered round the aged, has declined. The young seize impatiently the prizes of life. The hurried, bustling, tumultuous, feverish Present, swallows up men's thoughts, so that he who retires from active pursuits, is as little known to the rising generation as if he were dead. It is not wonderful then, that Dr Worcester was so far forgotten by his contemporaries. But the future will redress the wrongs of the present; and in the progress of civilization, history will guard more and more sacredly the memories of men, who have advanced before their age, and devoted

themselves to great, but neglected interests of humanity.

Dr Worcester's efforts in relation to war, or in the cause of peace, made him eminently a public man and constitute his chief claim to public consideration; and these were not founded on accidental circumstances or foreign influences, but wholly on the strong and peculiar tendencies of his mind. He was distinguished above all whom I have known by his comprehension and deep feeling of the spirit of Christianity, by the sympathy with which he seized on the character of Jesus Christ as a manifestation of Perfect Love, by the honor in which he held the mild, humble, forgiving, disinterested virtues of our religion. This distinguishing trait of his mind was embodied and brought out in his whole life and conduct. He especially expressed it in his labors for the promotion of Universal Peace on the earth. He was struck, as no other man within my acquaintance has been, with the monstrous incongruity between the spirit of Christianity and the spirit of Christian communities, between Christ's teaching of peace, mercy, forgiveness, and the wars which divide and desolate the church and the world. Every man has particular impressions which rule over and give a hue to his mind. Every man is struck by some evils rather than others. The excellent individual of whom I speak was shocked, heart-smitten, by nothing so much, as by seeing, that man hates man, that man destroys his brother, that man has drenched the earth with his brother's blood, that man in his insanity has crowned the murderer of his race with the highest honors; and, still worse, that Christian hates Christian, that church wars against church, that differ-

ences of forms and opinions array against each other those whom Christ died to join together in closest brotherhood, and that Christian zeal is spent in building up sects, rather than in spreading the spirit of Christ and enlarging and binding together the universal church. The great evil on which his mind and heart fixed was War, Discord, Intolerance, the substitution of force for Reason and Love. To spread peace on earth became the object of his life. Under this impulse he gave birth and impulse to Peace Societies. This new movement is to be traced to him above all other men, and his name, I doubt not, will be handed down to future time with increasing veneration as the 'Friend of Peace,' as having given new force to the principles which are gradually to abate the horrors and ultimately extinguish the spirit of war.

The history of the good man, as far as I have learned it, is singularly instructive and encouraging. He was self-taught, self-formed. He was born in narrow circumstances, and to the age of twenty-one was a laborious farmer, not only deprived of a collegiate education, but of the advantages which may be enjoyed in a more prosperous family. An early marriage brought on him the cares of a growing family. Still he found or rather made time for sufficient improvements to introduce him into the ministry before his thirtieth year. He was first settled in a parish too poor to give him even a scanty support; and he was compelled to take a farm on which he toiled by day, whilst in the evening he was often obliged to use a mechanical art for the benefit of his family. He made their shoes, an occupation of which Coleridge has somewhere remarked,

that it has been followed by a greater number of eminent men than any other trade. By the side of his work-bench he kept ink and paper, that he might write down the interesting thoughts, which he traced out or which rushed on him amidst his humble labors. I take pleasure in stating this part of his history. The prejudice against manual labor as inconsistent with personal dignity is one of the most irrational and pernicious, especially in a free country. It shows how little we comprehend the spirit of our institutions and how deeply we are tainted with the narrow maxims of the old aristocracies of Europe. Here was a man, uniting great intellectual improvement with refinement of manners, who had been trained under unusual severity of toil. This country has lost much physical and moral strength, and its prosperity is at this moment depressed, by the common propensity to forsake the plough for less manly pursuits, which are thought however to promise greater dignity as well as ease.

His first book was a series of letters to a Baptist minister, and in this he gave promise of the direction which the efforts of his life were to assume. The great object of these letters, was not to settle the controversies about baptism, about the mode of administering it whether by immersion or sprinkling, or about the proper subjects of it whether children or adults alone. His aim was, to show that these were inferior questions, that differences about these ought not to divide Christians, that the 'close communion' as it is called of the Baptists was inconsistent with the liberal spirit of Christianity, and that this obstruction to Christian unity ought to be removed.

His next publication was what brought him into notice and gave him an important place in our theological history. It was a publication on the Trinity, and what is worthy of remark, it preceded the animated controversy on that point which a few years after agitated this city and commonwealth. The mind of Dr Worcester was turned to this topic not by foreign impulses but by its own workings. He had been brought up in the strictest sect, that is as a Calvinist. His first doubts as to the Trinity arose from the confusion, the perplexity, into which his mind was thrown by this doctrine in his acts of devotion. To worship three persons as one and the same God, as one and the same being, seemed to him difficult if not impossible. He accordingly resolved to read and examine the Scriptures from beginning to end, for the purpose of ascertaining the true doctrine respecting God and the true rank of Jesus Christ. The views at which he arrived were so different from what prevailed around him, and some of them so peculiar that he communicated them to the public under the rather quaint title of 'Bible News relating to the Father, Son and Holy Spirit.' His great aim was to prove, that the Supreme God was one person, even the Father, and that Jesus Christ was not the Supreme God but his Son in a strict and peculiar sense. This idea of 'the peculiar and natural sonship' of Christ, by which he meant that Jesus was derived from the very substance of the Father, had taken a strong hold on his mind, and he insisted on it with as much confidence as was consistent with his deep sense of fallibility. But, as might be expected in so wise and spiritual a man, it faded more and more from his mind, in proportion as he became

acquainted with and assimilated to the true glory of his Master. In one of his unpublished manuscripts, he gives an account of his change of view in this particular, and, without disclaiming expressly the doctrine which had formerly seemed so precious, he informs us that it had lost its importance in his sight. The Moral, Spiritual dignity of Christ, had risen on his mind in such splendor as to dim his old idea of 'natural sonship.' In one place he affirms, 'I do not recollect an instance [in the scriptures] in which Christ is spoken of as loved, honored, or praised on any other ground than his Moral dignity.' This moral greatness he declares to be the highest with which Jesus was clothed, and expresses his conviction, 'that the controversies of Christians about his natural dignity, had tended very little to the honor of their Master, or to their own advantage.' The manuscript to which I refer was written after his seventieth year, and is very illustrative of his character. It shows, that his love of truth was stronger than the tenacity with which age commonly clings to old ideas. It shows him superior to the theory, which more than any other he had considered his own, and which had been the fruit of very laborious study. It shows how strongly he felt, that Progress was the law and end of his being, and how he continued to make progress to the last hour. The work called 'Bible News' drew much attention, and converted not a few to the doctrine of the proper unity of God. Its calm, benignant spirit had no small influence in disarming prejudice and unkindness. He found however that his defection from his original faith had exposed him to much suspicion and reproach; and he became at length so painfully im-

pressed with the intolerance which his work had excited, that he published another shorter work called 'Letters to Trinitarians,' a work breathing the very spirit of Jesus, and intended to teach, that diversities of opinion, on subjects the most mysterious and perplexing, ought not to sever friends, to dissolve the Christian tie, to divide the church, to fasten on the dissenter from the common faith the charge of heresy, to array the disciples of the Prince of Peace in hostile bands. These works obtained such favor, that he was solicited to leave the obscure town in which he ministered, and to take charge, in this place, of a periodical called at first the Christian Disciple, and now better known as the Christian Examiner. At that time, (about twenty-five years ago,) I first saw him. Long and severe toil, and a most painful disease, had left their traces on his once athletic frame; but his countenance beamed with a benignity which at once attracted confidence and affection. For several years he consulted me habitually in the conduct of the work which he edited. I recollect with admiration the gentleness, humility, and sweetness of temper, with which he endured freedoms, corrections, retrenchments, some of which I feel now to have been unwarranted, and which no other man would so kindly have borne. This work was commenced very much for doctrinal discussions; but his spirit could not brook such limitations, and he used its pages more and more for the dissemination of his principles of philanthropy and peace. At length he gave these principles to the world, in a form which did much to decide his future career. He published a pamphlet called 'A Solemn Review of the Custom of War.' It bore no name, and appeared with-

out recommendation, but it immediately seized on attention. It was read by multitudes in this country, then published in England, and translated, as I have heard, into several languages of Europe. Such was the impression made by this work, that a new association, called the Peace Society of Massachusetts, was instituted in this place. I well recollect the day of its formation in yonder house, then the parsonage of this parish, and if there was a happy man that day on earth, it was the founder of this institution. This society gave birth to all the kindred ones in this country, and its influence was felt abroad. Dr Worcester assumed the charge of its periodical, and devoted himself for years to this cause, with unabating faith and zeal; and it may be doubted, whether any man, who ever lived, contributed more than he, to spread just sentiments on the subject of War, and to hasten the era of universal peace. He began his efforts in the darkest day, when the whole civilized world was shaken by conflict, and threatened with military despotism. He lived to see more than twenty years of general peace, and to see through these years, a multiplication of national ties, an extension of commercial communications, an establishment of new connections between Christians and learned men through the world, and a growing reciprocity of friendly and beneficent influence among different states, all giving aid to the principles of peace, and encouraging hopes which a century ago would have been deemed insane.

The abolition of war, to which this good man devoted himself, is no longer to be set down as a creation of fancy, a dream of enthusiastic philanthropy. War rests on opinion, and opinion is more and more withdrawing its

support. War rests on contempt of human nature, on the long, mournful habit of regarding the mass of human beings as machines, or as animals having no higher use than to be shot at and murdered, for the glory of a chief, for the seating of this or that family on a throne, for the petty interests or selfish rivalries which have inflamed states to conflict. Let the worth of a human being be felt; let the mass of a people be elevated; let it be understood that a man was made to enjoy unalienable right, to improve lofty powers, to secure a vast happiness; and a main pillar of war will fall. And is it not plain that these views are taking place of the contempt in which man has so long been held? War finds another support in the prejudices and partialities of a narrow patriotism. Let the great Christian principle of human brotherhood be comprehended, let the Christian spirit of universal love gain ground, and just so fast the custom of war, so long the pride of men, will become their abhorrence and execration. It is encouraging to see how outward events are concurring with the influences of Christianity in promoting peace, how an exclusive nationality is yielding to growing intercourse, how different nations by mutual visits, by the interchange of thoughts and products, by studying one another's language and literature, by union of efforts in the cause of religion and humanity, are growing up to the consciousness of belonging to one great family. Every rail road connecting distant regions, may be regarded as accomplishing a ministry of peace. Every year which passes without war, by interweaving more various ties of interest and friendship, is a pledge of coming years of peace. The prophetic faith, with which Dr Worcester,

in the midst of universal war, looked forward to a happier era, and which was smiled at as enthusiasm or credulity, has already received a sanction beyond his fondest hopes by the wonderful progress of human affairs.

On the subject of War, Dr Worcester adopted opinions which are thought by some to be extreme. He interpreted literally the precept, Resist not evil; and he believed that nations as well as individuals would find safety as well as 'fulfill righteousness' in yielding it literal obedience. One of the most striking traits of his character, was his confidence in the power of love, I might say, in its omnipotence. He believed, that the surest way to subdue a foe, was to become his friend; that a true benevolence was a surer defence than swords, or artillery, or walls of adamant. He believed, that no mightier man ever trod the soil of America than William Penn, when entering the wilderness unarmed, and stretching out to the savage a hand which refused all earthly weapons, in token of brotherhood and peace. There was something grand in the calm confidence, with which he expressed his conviction of the superiority of moral to physical force. Armies, fiery passions, quick resentments, and the spirit of vengeance miscalled honor, seemed to him weak, low instruments, inviting, and often hastening the ruin which they are used to avert. Many will think him in error; but if so, it was a grand thought which led him astray.

At the age of seventy, he felt as if he had discharged his mission as a preacher of peace, and resigned his office as Secretary to the Society, to which he had given the strength of many years. He did not, however, re-

tire to unfruitful repose. Bodily infirmity had increased, so that he was very much confined to his house; but he returned with zeal to the studies of his early life, and produced two theological works, one on the atonement, the other on human depravity or the moral state of man by nature, which I regard as among the most useful books on these long agitated subjects. These writings, particularly the last, have failed of the popularity which they merit, in consequence of a defect of style, which may be traced to his defective education, and which naturally increased with years. I refer to his diffuseness, to his inability to condense his thoughts. His writings, however, are not wanting in merits of style. They are simple and clear. They abound to a remarkable degree in ingenious illustration, and they have often the charm which original thinking always gives to composition. He was truly an original writer, not in the sense of making great discoveries, but in the sense of writing from his own mind, and not from books, or tradition. What he wrote, had perhaps been written before; but in consequence of his limited reading, it was new to himself, and came to him with the freshness of discovery. Sometimes great thoughts flashed on his mind, as if they had been inspirations; and in writing his last book, he seems to have felt as if some extraordinary light had been imparted from above. After his seventy-fifth year he ceased to write books, but his mind lost nothing of its activity. He was so enfeebled by a distressing disease, that he could converse but for a few moments at a time; yet he entered into all the great movements of the age, with an interest distinguished from the fervor of youth, only by its mildness and its se-

rene trust. The attempts made, in some of our cities, to propagate atheistical principles, gave him much concern, and he applied himself to fresh inquiries into the proofs of the existence and perfections of God, hoping to turn his labors to the account of his erring fellow-creatures. With this view, he entered on the study of nature as a glorious testimony to its almighty author. I shall never forget the delight which illumined his countenance a short time ago, as he told me, that he had just been reading the history of the coral, the insect which raises islands in the sea. 'How wonderfully,' he exclaimed, 'is God's providence revealed in these little creatures.' The last subject to which he devoted his thoughts, was slavery. His mild spirit could never reconcile itself to the methods in which this evil is often assailed; but the greatness of the evil he deeply felt, and he left several essays on this as on the preceding subject, which, if they shall be found unfit for publication, will still bear witness to the intense, unfaltering interest with which he bound himself to the cause of mankind.

I have thus given a sketch of the history of a good man who lived and died the lover of his kind and the admiration of his friends. Two views of him particularly impressed me. The first was the unity, the harmony of his character. He had no jarring elements. His whole nature had been blended and melted into one strong, serene love. His mission was to preach peace, and he preached it not on set occasions, or by separate efforts, but in his whole life. It breathed in his tones. It beamed from his venerable countenance. He carried it, where it is least apt to be found, into the religious controversies, which raged around him with

great vehemence, but which never excited him to a word of anger or intolerance. All my impressions of him are harmonious. I recollect no discord in his beautiful life; and this serenity was not the result of torpidness or tameness; for his whole life was a conflict with what he thought error. He made no compromise with the world, and yet he loved it as deeply and constantly as if it had responded in shouts to all his views and feelings.

The next great impression which I received from him, was that of the sufficiency of the mind to its own happiness, or of its independence on outward things. He was for years debilitated and often a great sufferer; and his circumstances were very narrow, compelling him to so strict an economy, that he was sometimes represented, though falsely, as wanting the common comforts of life. In this tried and narrow condition, he was among the most contented of men. He spoke of his old age as among the happiest portions if not the very happiest in his life. In conversation his religion manifested itself in gratitude more frequently than in any other form. When I have visited him in his last years, and looked on his serene countenance, and heard his cheerful voice, and seen the youthful earnestness with which he was reading a variety of books, and studying the great interests of humanity, I have felt how little of this outward world is needed to our happiness. I have felt the greatness of the human spirit, which could create to itself such joy from its own resources. I have felt the folly, the insanity of that prevailing worldliness, which, in accumulating outward good, neglects the imperishable soul. On leaving his house and turning my face toward this city, I

have said to myself, how much richer is this poor man than the richest who dwell yonder. I have been ashamed of my own dependence on outward good. I am always happy to express my obligations to the benefactors of my mind; and I owe it to Dr Worcester to say, that my acquaintance with him gave me clearer comprehension of the spirit of Christ, and of the dignity of a man.

And he has gone to his reward. He has gone to that world of which he carried in his own breast so rich an earnest and pledge, to a world of Peace. He has gone to Jesus Christ, whose spirit he so deeply comprehended and so freely imbibed, and to God, whose universal, all-suffering, all-embracing love he adored and in a humble measure made manifest in his own life. But he is not wholly gone; not gone in heart, for I am sure that a better world has heightened not, extinguished, his affection for his race; and not gone in influence, for his thoughts remain in his works, and his memory is laid up as a sacred treasure in many minds. A spirit so beautiful ought to multiply itself in those to whom it is made known. May we all be incited by it to a more grateful, cheerful love of God, and a serener, gentler, nobler love of our fellow-creatures.

NOTE.

I cannot resist the desire to insert here a few extracts from two letters relating to Dr Worcester, the first from one of his children, whose filial virtue contributed largely to the comfort and happiness of his last years, and the second from the Rev. Mr Austin, of Brighton.

EXTRACTS FROM THE FIRST LETTER.

'My father was blessed with pious ancestors. His grandfather was reputed a devoted minister. Both his grand-parents took a deep interest in his welfare, and, with his pious parents, no doubt, offered fervent supplication that he might early devote himself to the service of God. He often remarked, that he could not remember, when he had not a love for divine things. A few days previous to his death, he mentioned a circumstance which deeply interested me. He said, that, in the absence of his father, his mother and grandmother were in the habit of conducting family worship, until he arrived to the age of twelve. From that period, he said, that he, being the oldest child, was called upon to perform this service. The sacredness, which, from early life, he attached to the observance of this delightful duty, may thus be accounted for. Even when there were strong indications of mental aberration, as there often were in the lethargic turns with which he was afflicted for several years previous to his death, he would call the family together at the customary hour, and address the throne of grace in an affectionate and collected manner.

'He had no advantages for an education, excepting what the common public schools of that day afforded. He was industrious, and very economical of time, and having a thirst for knowledge, improved all his moments to some good purpose. At the age of twenty-one he was married, and removed to Thornton, N. H. At what time he made a profession of religion, I cannot tell; but the deep interest which he took in the spiritual welfare of the people, and the affection manifested on their part, suggested to their aged minister the idea, that his own services could be spared, and that my father should prepare himself to be his successor. With the care of a family, dependent entirely upon his labor for support, and with few books except his Bible, he commenced. The minister above alluded to, I think, afforded him such assistance as he was able; but it was very evident, that the Great Teacher was his principal instructor, as he possessed much of his spirit.

'He was in the habit of speaking of his death with perfect composure for many years, and calculated to have all his affairs arranged and settled daily, and

appeared to be constantly waiting for the coming of the Bridegroom. If there was one grace, which shone more conspicuously in his character than another, I think it was gratitude; and surely no family have greater reason for gratitude than we have had. The debt is great to earthly benefactors, but how immense our obligations to our Divine benefactor. During my dear father's last illness, when he was relieved from distress, or after refreshing sleep, he would exclaim, 'Give God the praise: help me to praise him.' For the last few weeks of his life, he was too weak to converse much. He appeared to take great delight in hearing the Scriptures read, and in uniting with Christians in prayer. His precious spirit returned to God who gave it, twenty minutes past nine in the evening of Oct. 31, 1837. When the clock struck seven he inquired the time, and whether it was seven in the morning or evening. On being told, he expressed his surprise that it was no later, and said, 'I hope that I shall be in Heaven before seven in the morning.' A friend replied, 'I trust you will.' He was asked if he should like to have prayer again. He answered very cheerfully, and with a smile upon his countenance turned to a friend present, and said, 'O yes, do.' A little before nine he requested that the death of Christ might be read to him. He was asked where. He replied in Matthew. A turn of distress prevented this request being complied with for some minutes, after which he was asked if he could now listen; he said 'Yes,' and appeared to attend with interest. This was his last request, and these were his last words.'

EXTRACTS FROM THE SECOND LETTER.

'In reply to my question, whether for the most part of his life, though then so feeble, he had not enjoyed good health, he confessed that he had; but stated that an abscess at about the age of seventeen, reducing him for a long period to almost total weakness, and a dropsical affection of the legs in after life, from which with great difficulty he recovered, had each nearly proved fatal to him. In connection with these reminiscences, and while my thoughts were pursuing the lamentable consequences to the community, of the death of such a man at such a time, he added in substance the following anecdote.

'Soon after his marriage with his first wife, which took place on his 21st anniversary birth-day, Nov. 25, 1779, important business called him to cross Mad River, a branch of the Merrimack. Sudden severe frosts, and alternate thaws had encumbered the river with huge masses of ice, high piled above a dam. Over this dangerous sort of bridge it was necessary to pass, and with the resolution and promptitude, or rather rashness, as he termed it, of incipient manhood, it was passed, and in safety. His business successfully transacted, in the afternoon he attempted to return: but the river, swoln in the interim, presented a greater obstacle than before. However, remembering his duties at home, imagining the anxiety of his new bride and his friends, should he remain till next day on that side the river, and committing himself to God, he commenced clambering over the ice ridges, now rendered so frightfully insecure as to make him heartily regret, in the middle of the passage, that he had ever attempted it. Habitual trust in God revived his drooping courage, and pressing on at extreme hazard, he at length stood upon the shore, and hardly had he reached it, when,

looking back on his perilous path, he beheld, with consternation, the whole body of ice give way, and with tremendous noise, rush as in an instant down the stream. Never was his consciousness of the divine goodness so intense, or his grateful heart so full. He had well nigh fainted with excess of emotion, and his friends found him scarcely in a condition to recount his deliverance.

'The venerable Dr Worcester lived to see the fourth generation, and died aged 79. A few days before his death, he told me, that his religious views were unchanged, and that he derived from them peculiar comfort; and to the Rev. Mr Lamson, who also prayed with him more than once, he said, "Pray that I may have no will of my own."'

A

SERMON,

ON OCCASION OF

THE LATE FIRE,

IN THE

CITY OF NEW YORK.

(Published by Request.)

BY THE REV. ORVILLE DEWEY,

PASTOR OF THE CHURCH IN MERCER STREET.

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STATIONER'S HALL PRESS.

SERMON.

"ALL FLESH IS GRASS, AND ALL THE GOODLINESS THEREOF IS AS THE FLOWER OF THE FIELD: THE GRASS WITHERETH, THE FLOWER FADETH; BECAUSE THE SPIRIT OF THE LORD BLOWETH UPON IT; SURELY THE PEOPLE IS GRASS. THE GRASS WITHERETH, THE FLOWER FADETH, BUT THE WORD OF OUR GOD SHALL STAND FOR EVER."—Isaiah xl. 6, 7, 8.

THIS is the language which I address to you, my brethren, on the unprecedented calamity of the past week; unprecedented, certainly, in this country. It has been compared with similar events in history; but as we cannot desire to exaggerate the evil which has befallen us, it may be proper here to state how entirely it falls short of those calamitous visitations of Providence. The four hundred streets, thirteen thousand houses, and eighty-nine churches of London, which were burnt in 1666, and the seventeen, almost eighteen thousand buildings burnt in Moscow, in 1812, left but a small portion of those cities remaining. The conflagration here has left us still a vigorous and wealthy city, with a spring of courage and elasticity strong enough to sustain it. Still it is a calamity from which, doubtless, it will take the city several years to recover itself; and it is a calamity, too, which does not press upon the ostensible and immediate sufferers alone, but which must be felt, more or less, by every citizen among us. At such a time, I think it is proper that our meditations in the sanctuary should bear some express reference to what is occupying so many minds, and is of such wide-spread and permanent consequence.

For this purpose I have chosen a passage of Scripture, which reminds us of man's frailty, and of God's power; of the uncertainty of worldly possessions, and of the value of those only possessions which are certain. "The voice said"—thus is our text introduced, "The voice said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field: The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it; surely the people is grass." This is the language of admonition; a sound of lamentation is in our ears. But suddenly the tone changes to encouragement and confidence: "The grass does, indeed, wither, the flower fades—let it wither, let it fade; but the word of our God shall stand for ever." All is not lost, though all things earthly were lost; "the word of our God shall stand forever."

Let us, then, meditate upon topics that are accordant with these words, and with the occasion that has suggested them.

I. And first, as we most appropriately may—upon the impotence of man and the omnipotence of God.

It has been often said that man is the lord of this lower creation; that he holds empire over nature. In this age, which has, doubtless with some degree of propriety, been called "the age of machinery," such assumptions are likely to occupy a large space in men's thoughts; and they are in danger of forgetting, in the signal success of their inventions and devices, how impotent, after all, they really are. We hear but too much, I am afraid, or at least too much in the tone of boasting, of man's wonderful control over the elements—how that he has learned to stretch forth his mysterious wand

of power over the sea; how he has lifted his pointed sceptre to the heavens, and disarmed the lightning, and caused its fiery bolt to fall harmless at his feet; how, in fine, he has conquered nature, and compelled its mightiest agents, fire, water, air, earth, to do his bidding.

Now, there is one aspect of nature, which, in this view, deserves to fix our attention. There is a point in nature to which our control extends—beyond which it ceases. And I believe that in this, as in every thing else, the material world is designed to answer moral ends. We have control up to a certain point, in order that our ingenuity may be called forth, our faculties exercised, and society improved—beyond that point our control ceases, that we may not be suffered to forget the sovereignty and omnipotence of God. It is with every element of nature, in this respect, as it is with every department of knowledge. Both lead us soon to find our limit, and then sublimely point us to the unknown and the infinite that lie beyond it. Both task our faculties and encourage us with success, to a certain extent, and then admonish us of greater things still, never to be achieved. Both tend, therefore, to make us humble, and, at the same time, to lift our thoughts to things above us.

So wise and lofty is the moral intent of the system of nature. Thus what is most familiar to our use and experience, becomes the teacher of sublime truths. That familiarity is not allowed to degenerate into impious levity. Man is made to feel that he is still surrounded with God's omnipotence. I have heard from the thoughtless, the language of that impious levity: but I have also seen it fearfully checked. I have heard

the rude sailor, when he bade "the winds blow," as he clung to the giddy mast; I have heard the reckless traveller, when he almost railed against inclement skies, forgetting whose ministers they are; but, under more awful visitations of the elements, I have seen the boldest, trembling and prostrate, with more than the fear of childhood.

Nature, then, though in its milder moods it is subject to a certain control, is commissioned also, to teach man other lessons than those of self-confidence. When the ocean-storm crosses not his path, he proudly steers his vessel across the deep, and it obeys him—"as a steed that knows its rider;" the mighty ship, which treads the waves beneath it, and leaps from one ocean-chasm to another, he seems to hold, as it were, in his very hand. But let the storm come in its fury, and he finds that one wave can overwhelm him; that he offers his breast to a power—nay, that he offers the ribbed bows of his ship to a power, that no more regards him, than it does the frailest shell on the shore. When the skies are calm and serene, man's peace is strong within him; yes, and amidst the ordinary agitations of the elements, he can feel security; but I have marked—and with me it was a moral reflection—I have marked, that every now and then, there comes a storm which seems to bear, in its blackening bosom, other messages; which makes man feel, that the wing of the tempest may sweep him away, or that one lightning-flash may blast and consume him in a moment. We are not left to imagine that our lordship over the creation shall own no superior Lord. The elements that are in most familiar use, will sometimes show us, how completely they are

beyond our power. That element which it is our special boast in modern times, that we have caged and confined, and compelled to work for us in its dark prison-hold—how often does it break forth and spread horror and death through our floating palaces. The flame that burns upon your hearth—I need not tell you, with the spectacle that has lately been before your eyes, *what* it may do. Who that saw the fiery spirit of destruction let loose among yonder warehouses—who that saw and heard that roaring deluge of flame which swept through the chambers of wealth and commerce, did not feel the impotence of the proudest men or communities, when waging war with the powers of nature?

And the mightiest agents of nature, too, like the God whom alone they obey, are no respecters of persons. The strong and the weak alike bow before them. The high and the low alike tremble in their presence. Nature knows nothing of favouritism; and when her dread ministers come forth to do her bidding, they respect as little the marble palace or the granite warehouse, as the meanest hovel of poverty. Elsewhere may be found compliments and flatteries; but the awful words in which nature finds utterance, the roaring of flood, or storm, or fire, the thunder's tone, the earthquake's voice, is softened to no phrases of adulation. It speaks—and human hearts quail beneath it;—be they clothed with ermine, or clothed in rags, be they girt with stars and orders of nobility, or bound around with the hermit's girdle, they quail beneath it. It speaks—and what does it say? "All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field; the grass withereth, the flower fadeth; be-

cause the Spirit of the Lord, the wind of heaven, bloweth upon it; surely the people is grass."

But I spoke not only of man's impotence, but of God's omnipotence. We have witnessed what we call, and justly call, an awful conflagration. But the element which has spread its ravages over a fair portion of our city, has revealed but little of what God has committed to its tremendous energies; "the hiding of his power" is more awful than its manifestation. It has laid but a small section of one of the five hundred cities of the world, in ruins. "Lo! these are parts of his ways; but how little a portion is heard of him—but the thunder of his power, who can understand." "Before him," says the sublime prophet Habakkuk, "before him went the pestilence, and burning coals went forth at his feet; the everlasting mountains were scattered; and the perpetual hills did bow." And we read of a time, when the world itself shall be on fire, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat. And we have lately seen in the heavens a body, which, in a former revolution, as we are told, glowed with a heat sufficient to consume the world with its breath. And yet that was but a meteor of the evening sky, compared with the eternal fires of the ten thousand times ten thousand suns and systems, that light up the infinite regions of day! What, then, shall we say—what shall we think, of God's omnipotence? "God hath spoken once; twice have I heard this; that POWER belongeth unto God!"

I have spoken of man's impotence. But let us not forget, that there are respects in which he has strength —a strength far beyond what is given to his body—far beyond what is given to his mere intellect. It is in

moral strength that man comes nearest to a victory over nature. His flesh is weak. "The grass withereth." But there is a "word of God," a power of God, in the soul, that "shall stand." His flesh is weak; but his spirit may be strong. Nay, such is the power of the moral will, that it often imparts amazing strength even to the weak flesh. It makes those sinews and nerves, which are all sensitive and alive to suffering, strong to endure as brass or marble. The Indian singing his war-song amidst the most excruciating tortures; the martyr preserving his heavenly calmness and lifting his eye of triumph to heaven, when the flames kindle around him; and he too, who, with a steady eye and an unbroken courage, can behold the destruction of that property which he has toiled years to accumulate—each of these presents instances of power in the mind, that can rise superior to poverty, to pain, and death. Though man, then, is weak, yet has he strength; and though poor, yet may he have possessions.

II. And this leads me to the second observation I intended to make—which is, on the uncertainty of all earthly possessions, and the value of the only possessions that *are* certain. "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of our God shall stand forever."

There is nothing on which men generally lay their hand with a grasp so eager, or with a reliance so certain, as on property. Property is, in this world, the grand, ostensible, universal form of power. It is a power applicable to almost all human purposes; since the ends of virtue, learning, ambition and pleasure, may be alike gained by it. There are other forms of power indeed, and especially the social and political. But political power must be confined to a few; and social power,

though universal, is not so palpable in its influence, or obvious in its advantages. Meanwhile, property stands forth, a power within the reach of all, level to the comprehension of all. It draws attention; it surrounds itself with splendour, or at the least, with comfort; and yet more, it is, or is conceived to be, independence. But above all, it is a fixed, permanent, tangible good. It is something which a man can see, weigh, and definitely estimate; it is something which he can leave behind him for his children. Health too, I know, reputation, influence, are advantages; but they are comparatively vague, uncertain, and unsubstantial. The one dwells in a certain state of the nerves and sensations—you cannot see it; another has its being in the fleeting, changing breath of the multitude—you cannot make any exact account of it; and the other, social influence, is felt—where, and how? Why it is felt but in the kindly greeting, in the grasp of the hand or the glance of the eye. "Let me have," is the feeling of multitudes, though they may not so express it—"let me have that which has weight and substance to recommend it; something that will stay by me, though health and reputation and friends forsake me; something that I can transmit to my children as a sure and fast inheritance." This, I say, is the worldly feeling; and I do not, by any means say, that the worldly feeling, but for the excess to which it goes, is to be condemned.

But I ask, if it does not overrate, not the importance merely, but the certainty of this possession. I ask, not whether that, upon which you lay your hand so securely, can buoy and bear you up and make you content and happy—for I know, and you, in your sober thoughts, know that it cannot; but I ask, whether it possesses

that quality of being peculiarly substantial and permanent, which you imagine. Yonder massive warehouses —where are they now? Vanished, with many a solid bale of merchandise—vanished, like an exhalation of the night. In the morning you looked for them, and lo! a blackened and unsightly heap of ruins! The ample estate, so deliberately devised and with the strong bond of the last will—could that bond hold it fast, could its seals protect their trust, from the dissolving flame? The property, thought to be so securely invested in incorporated companies—the little all of hundreds—what are its certificates now, but so much waste paper? And this indeed is the severest part of the late calamity. There are, I fear, many retired individuals—professional men perhaps, scholars, females, widows and orphans—persons of moderate property and small incomes, who have, in one night, lost their sole reliance. It is comparatively a small thing, I am tempted to say, that active and enterprising men—men of business and resource, should have lost a part of their capital, or all of it; they know how to repair the loss. They have health, and energy, and courage. But those of whom I speak, are, some of them, sick; some aged; and many are of the weaker sex—entitled to every degree of consideration from a generous, liberal, and wealthy community, and the more entitled to it, because they cannot come into the throng of men, to plead their own cause. I wish that the case of such might, at a proper time, be commended to the public attention. If I might consult my own feelings, I should say that there ought, in a country like this, overflowing with wealth, to be a noble subscription in their behalf. This is conformable to the usage of every civilized community, in cases of

extraordinary calamity, and if it is not conformed to, in this instance, it will only be, because the sufferers cannot put their case with all its aggravations before the public eye—because they sit apart, in silence, and alone. Indeed, this is a case, a case of common exposure to wide-spread calamity too, where, in some instances, the rich will be compensated at the expense, and to the ruin of poor men and poor women, the holders of the fatal stocks. It is as if amidst a shower of fire from heaven, the roofs were taken from a hundred poor dwellings to spread a shield of protection over a few splendid palaces. Nor can it be believed, when all this comes to be considered as it must be, that something will not go from those splendid palaces, to kindle the fire again on many a cold hearth, where, I doubt not, bitter tears have fallen, in silence, in loneliness, and despair.

But, not to dwell any longer on this, at present, for the time has not come yet to urge this appeal—what a tremendous lesson have we received upon the insecurity of property! I feel that this is a subject which comes home to every one of us. The uncertainty of business is proverbial; but the insecurity of investments is made, by the late calamity, scarcely less striking. What form of possession is there that human ingenuity can devise, what kind of bond or stock is there, which either storm, or fire, or pestilence, or war, may not break up, and scatter to the winds?

In such circumstances—certain of nothing—certain neither of health, nor reputation, nor friends—certain not even of that of which we are most certain—how strongly is commended to us the divinely-taught wisdom of making a provision for ourselves, that is beyond the

reach of all earthly vicissitude! "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth, where the moth doth corrupt, and thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."

And, my brethren, the lesson which is here inculcated by the great Teacher—which is so powerfully commended to us by the late awful visitation of Providence—is doubtless one which greatly needs to be enforced among us. I do not speak, nor think of that visitation as a special judgment. It is embraced, in my view of it, among those general means, by which God is ever teaching us that the great end of life is one that lies far beyond and above all earthly comforts, possessions and splendours. It is this, I say, that we are taught, and need to be taught. We are, in a life of business, surrounded by fearful exposures; and especially, ought I not to say, in this very city, whose prosperity has been invaded by such a sudden and awful calamity. I speak of this city, no otherwise, than as a scene of such active and engrossing business, as hardly has its parallel in the world. I say, that in such circumstances, and on such a theatre, there is a severe and solemn trial of human virtue. From this pulpit you would expect me to say no less; but I would to God that it were not regarded as the mere language of the pulpit. I say that this is a trial which touches the essential point of all human welfare. And I fear that many are falling in this momentous probation; that many are losing sight of things infinitely dearer than wealth—that they are losing sight of the immortal, in the mortal—of "durable riches," in perishing riches—of the

soul, in sense—of God, in the world—the very world that he has made to reveal him! I speak to you, my brethren, but as I would speak to myself in the same circumstances. I say, there is danger. That whelming flame carried no alarm to my mind so awful, because it conveyed danger to no interests so momentous, as those which are put in peril—I will dare to say it—by the prosperous business of every day! Think me not extravagant, till you can prove to me that the eager strife of business is not rendering hundreds, and thousands more indifferent to their souls' welfare, than they are to the smallest items of their daily-accumulating gains. Think me not extravagant, till you can prove to me that that scene of business which God designed to be a field for the noblest virtues, is not making many among us, selfish, covetous, and possibly dishonest. To whom this may appertain I know not; but this I say:—if you are a man whose god is gold, and whose life is one lengthened service and slavery to that god; if your mind as well as your body is bowed down to worship it; if you pay it the homage of all your chief hopes and wishes and anxieties, and are sacrificing mind, memory, reason, conscience, religion, every thing, at its altar; if you are garnering up the dear treasure in your secret thoughts, and brooding sweetly over it, as you never brood even over the thoughts of heaven; if you are growing proud, not grateful, as you are growing rich, and are learning, by an almost unconscious process, to feel as if you were independent of man and of God alike—then, I say, it was time that you were taught, by a visitation as solemn and admonitory as that which has laid a part of your city in ashes. Better that the property of half of the country were con-

sumed by fire, than that a spirit, fierce for gain, and reckless of every thing else, should burn with more fatal fires, in ten thousand families among us. Wealth is *not* the chief good—must we gravely say so? Is this a country that deserves to be addressed, with the irony implied in such a declaration? Wealth, in fact, is not so great a good as the energy that obtains it. A man is not so fortunate in the possession of millions, as he was in the activity, industry and talent that enabled him to acquire them. Wealth is valuable, doubtless; but its value is contingent—it depends on what has a far higher value, the intelligence, liberality, and purity of the mind. It takes its whole character from the mind of its possessor. To the excellent man it will be an excellent thing; to the mean man it will be a mean thing; to the corrupt man it will be a fountain of corruption, a minister of evil. Wealth is not an end, but a means. It is good, only in a good use. It is good for nothing, in no use; and it possesses a far worse character than that, in a bad use. Like the element of heat, it may spread around a genial warmth, and rear up fair and beautiful productions, or it may be the raging fire of evil passions, in which the soul is either hardened, or destroyed. Yes, wealth has, indeed, this high and fearful attribute—that it may be to a man one of the greatest of his blessings, or one of the greatest of curses.

For, as I walked through your city, I saw a man of a haughty brow and a hard heart, and of an iron hand, whom wealth had made a covetous man and an oppressor; whose spirit gain had immured in the close and grated prison of all-absorbing and indurating selfishness; and I said as I looked upon him, "I would rather be

the poorest man in this city, with a generous heart, than to be that man."

Again, I saw one whom a fair and envied inheritance had made rich—a young man, whose father had spent the toilsome and anxious years of a life, to launch him out upon a sea of fortune; and I saw the ample means of indulgence, and the absence of all honourable occupation, leading him step by step, till every virtue of his youthful heart was tainted to the core, and every promise of his early day was levelled in the dust, and he was left a wreck of life, upon the verge of an early grave—an object as loathsome and piteous to behold, as the tenant of the vilest hovel of poverty, and disease, and vice: and as I saw this, I meditated much with myself, and I said, "*Are* ample fortune and lavish expenditure a wise discipline for youth?—*should* a prudent and industrious father be mainly anxious to provide such a lot for his son?"—and I looked with a serious and distrustful eye, upon those immense accumulations of property, that draw the admiring gaze of the world.

But again I went forth, and another man I saw, and he too was opulent; but I saw that he grew modest, not proud, and beneficent, not voluptuous, with his increasing wealth. I saw, too, that in the midst of all the splendours and comforts of ample fortune, he bowed in humble gratitude before the great Giver of all blessings; and I saw, too, that his abundance flowed forth in many streams of beneficence to the world around him; that he was the poor man's friend, and the young man's patron and adviser, and the generous protector of his kindred, and the liberal fosterer of science and learning, and the noble helper of many charities; and then it

seemed to me that wealth was a good and beautiful thing—a blessed stewardship in the service of God, and a divine manifestation of mercy to man.

Again I looked upon this man, and I saw him fallen from that fair estate, and stripped of all the splendours of fortune; and I looked to see him broken and fallen in spirit: but no; he met me with a cheerful countenance; and what did he say? "I have lost that which I valued; but think not, my friend, that I have lost what I most value---the trust and peace of my own mind. I pretend to no cynical indifference; I am a dweller upon earth, and earth's possessions were useful to me, and I meant to make them useful to others; but I do not forget that I am a traveller to eternity. The flood of calamities which it pleased God that I should pass through—truly it has swept away from me some fair appendages, some rich wardrobes, some goodly equipages of my journey; but like those Eastern merchants, who sometimes, in a perilous journey, bore, secreted upon their persons, their whole fortune in one precious diamond, and thus preserved it, so do I feel that the calamities I have passed through, have left untouched my chief treasure." And when I saw this—when I heard this, I felt no longer that I looked upon a rich man, or upon a poor man; but I felt that I looked upon a MAN! I saw that the word of God's promise was true: "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of our God shall stand for ever."

NOTE.

Within the few days that have elapsed since the foregoing Discourse was written, we have already began to see how much good may spring from a calamity so great, that, for a while, it left us no thought of any thing but the calamity.

The energy and courage of our citizens—the fraternal feelings called forth among us—the prevailing disposition to consider and help one another, is one delightful feature in this view of the compensatory system of a kind Providence.

The widely-extended sympathy of the community is another. Foremost in the expression of this sympathy, are the Philadelphia Resolutions. I can tell those true brethren, that they have touched many hearts—that they have drawn tears from the eyes of thousands in this city, albeit unused to the melting mood. Nor can it be doubted that time only is wanted to bring us similar instances of noble conduct.

One thing only is wanted to complete the social remuneration—and that is the substantial testimony of public sympathy—far the largest to be demanded—which is mentioned on page 12 of the Discourse.

How little should we know of the good feeling there is in the world, if it were not for calamity! Let the cynic and the misanthrope say what they will, the pestilence, the conflagration, the earthquake, and the storm, will provide us with an answer to them!

And they shall say, every man to his neighbour, wherefore hath the Lord done thus unto this great city?

A

SERMON,

PREACHED ON THE SUNDAY SUCCEEDING

THE GREAT FIRE,

WHICH OCCURRED ON THE NIGHT OF DECEMBER THE 16th, 1835.

BY WILLIAM WARE,

MINISTER OF THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL UNITARIAN CHURCH.

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SERMON.

JEREM. xxii. 8.—And they shall say every man to his neighbour, wherefore hath the Lord done thus to this great city.

THE great calamity which has overtaken our city fills all minds and all hearts. If it were proper to pass it by, in our religious services, it would scarcely be possible, for the attention could hardly, I believe, be drawn away from it, and fixed profitably upon any other subject. But it ought to be religiously considered. Whether we are among those who have suffered, or those who have escaped, it is equally our duty to see what lessons it reads to us, as members of the same great family.

I need not spend a moment in describing what you are already familiar with. You have yourselves been to the spot, and looked upon the wide spread ruin. And you have not done it without tears. Even if you called to mind no friend or neighbour, parent or brother, whose prospects have been blasted, or whose hopes have been cruelly disappointed by this sweeping desolation, you could not refuse a tear at the sight of destruction so vast and unsparing; and at the thought of the misery it has spread around among so many, who, but a day before, were rejoicing in the fruits of an honourable and successful industry.

But—leaving reflections like these—how ought we to regard this event, looking at it as Christians? and what does it teach us?

How are we to regard it? We are to regard it undoubtedly as a part of the providence of God. It has taken place under laws of his appointment; and having happened, it is to be considered as it becomes us to consider all that is taught in this principal school of wisdom. It matters not how such an event immediately originated. It matters not whether it be finally traced to the base act of an incendiary, to the irresponsible one of a madman, to carelessness or design; it is still an event in the providence of God, who brings good out of evil, and can turn the passions, vices, and follies of man into ministers of his to do his will. We see not the end from the beginning. Our weak and mole-like sight penetrates but a little way into the maze of events. But were it, what we sometimes wish it were, an angel's vision, to pierce through the veil that wraps the future from our sight, we might, in the lapse of future years, behold benefits, the most substantial, flowing out of this very event, which we now deplore as wholly evil—benefits, too, not only to those who are to live after us, but to those who live now—benefits greater, perhaps, to the minds and hearts even of those who suffer from it, than would have been conferred, if the whole wealth, that has been now consumed, had been poured a free gift into their laps. Happy will it be for any who have been touched by it, if they are able to turn it to this good account; if by the virtues it shall reveal or strengthen, the spirit of cheerful fortitude, manly perseverance, humble submission, indomitable courage, it may create or confirm, it shall exalt their human and their Christian character, and show that they are among those, who, regarding it in the light of a providence of God, are ready to receive and improve it as such.

It has taken place in accordance with the natural laws of God's providence; and is, in this respect, also, strictly a

providential event. This destruction, in its vastness and extent, has but obeyed the physical laws of the universe. We do not call it a judgment—that is, a calamity specially sent for a special purpose, that were gross superstition—but an event obeying previously established laws. It is just like sickness and death. These are never judgments, nor do they ever conform to the laws of our moral nature, but strictly to those of our physical nature. They take place, fortuitously in respect to our moral character and desert. They pay no more regard to virtue, usefulness, innocence, or any moral quality whatever, than does the law of gravitation, and were not than that, any more—we may suppose—designed to do so. So with this calamity. It has, like death, obeyed the physical laws, and overwhelmed all alike—the idle and the industrious, the good and the bad, the rich and the poor. And it is not for us to see, how we could enjoy all the advantages and blessings which flow from the ten thousand applications of heat, to the most necessary purposes of human existence, and not though this very blessing be exposed to the chance of just so dire a calamity. It is an evil, occurring under laws whose general operation is kindly and beneficent. Fire blesses us every day and hour.

We are just as much bound, therefore, to improve, and religiously consider this event, as if it could be shown that the finger of God himself, by a special interposition, was in it. It is just as truly a providential event, as if such special interposition were susceptible of the most conclusive demonstration.

What then should we learn from it? It reveals to us in a most striking manner, the instability of earthly fortune, and reminds us of, and urges us to remember our connexion with, and our constant dependence upon a higher power. You may say and think that we need not to be taught so

plain a truth. Is it not precisely the plainest truths that need to be most frequently repeated—iterated and reiterated without ceasing? It is one thing too, to admit a truth speculatively, to assent to its undoubted authority, and quite another to give it a true and practical observance. We know that our fortunes are insecure. We know that they are exposed to a thousand chances, and liable at any moment to take to themselves wings and fly away—that the wheel which has turned so often before, may turn again, and we who are now upon the top soon find ourselves at the bottom. But are these plain truths so well remembered, that we do not find a spirit of self-reliance and worldliness to be most common vices of the mind? even of the Christian mind? If man were appointed only to this life, if providence was not concerned to raise him to another, he might be left to the blind impulses of his animal nature, till death should seize and claim his own. But the purpose of providence being very different from this, and not so much to provide for us a happy life on earth, as to turn it into a discipline for heaven, we are, in every way, and often at the cost of much present worldly peace, put in mind of our greater duty and our higher destination; by sickness and accident, by calamity and disappointment, by treachery and deceit, by losses and reverses, and every form of trial, we are reminded that this is not our home, our continuing city; that it is in vain to look for any thing fixed and stable here; that as life itself does not last long—that we know full well—so do not the things which support life, or tend to sweeten it, but are all likewise uncertain, changing, flitting and failing. It is as a part of this discipline that we are to regard this great calamity. What a lesson does it read to us! In a single night, how many fortunes were laid low! How many years of anxiety and toil all turned to vanity!

How many just entering life, cut utterly down to the ground! How many, long and well established, driven back again to the starting place, to go over again the same hard and toilworn way. I should suppose the most thoughtless and inconsiderate would pause and reflect; and ask themselves if this, which vanishes, and consumes away into absolute nothingness before their eyes, can be the chief end of existence--the very end and object for which they were so curiously framed and fashioned? And if it be not, whether they have heretofore rightly divided their thoughts and their care? And if not, what they ought now to do—now that they are so impressively reminded of the precariousness of the very deepest founded earthly prosperity.

It teaches us, again, of our dependence upon God, of our own nothingness in his sight, and before his elements. With fire and wind leagued against him—man falls before them, with all his proud works, as chaff is driven along before the autumn gale.

It teaches us of our mutual dependence, how woven together our interests are, so that the suffering of one is the suffering of another. It serves to knit closer together in the bonds of brotherly love, those who are engaged in similar pursuits, and exposed to common dangers. If selfishness sometimes shows itself in revolting forms, in times of such calamity, I think we witness much more—infinitely more, of genuine self-sacrifice, of noble daring, of disinterestedness, kindness, fidelity, forbearance; of a disposition not to increase by a feather's weight, in the case of the humblest individual, a burden already heavier than can well be borne. It is, it strikes me, a beautiful moral scene—this universal springing forward on the part of both individuals and bodies of men to help one another, and, to the extent of their pow-

er, lighten the evil wherever it has fallen.* How many virtues does it call forth and brighten. Instead of driving men asunder, it draws them closer together. Instead of exasperating their bad passions, it calms and sobers them. How different the moral aspect of it and its results, from what would have happened if the same destruction had been occasioned by the approach and assault of an enemy. Though the actual visible destruction had been less, the evil would have been incalculably greater. Every harsh and bitter feeling would have been roused into action; and toward a whole people the kindly sentiments of love and regard which now exist would have been exchanged for those of national hate, and the spirit of revenge and retaliation. No evil is wholly unattended by good. And even war is accompanied and followed by some remunerating advantages. But in no general evil are these so few and far between. After no evil does there follow so long and dark a train of wo to both the bodies and the souls of men. How different from this the present calamity, I need not say. Its evils, too, such as they are, touch the interests of the body rather than the soul. It tends to debase and injure no part of our nature, but generally to heal and exalt it.

It leads to thoughtfulness and reflection. It turns our thoughts in upon ourselves, and outwards upon the providence of God; it brings the subjects of religion home to our minds and consciences with unusual power. It teaches, it rebukes, it warns, it exhorts.

But once more,—does not this most calamitous event in a remarkable manner rebuke pride, and the spirit of self-aggrandizement, and urge upon us lessons of moderation? It would accomplish, it seems to me, a great work, if

* It was afterwards that we heard of the movements in Philadelphia—as if the whole city had been animated by one soul of benevolence.

it could serve to any considerable extent to arrest in its advances the all-ingulfing inroads of luxury. I could wish, above all else, that, while in a manner it stuns and paralyzes the city in its commercial and social life, it might send a spirit of deep consideration, and of searching inquiry, into the minds of the people, in relation to the use which they make of that unprecedented influx of wealth they have so long enjoyed, and whose deep channels are now, for a moment, and only a moment, choked and dry.

When I speak thus of the increase of luxury, I do but repeat what I hear every day, on every side, and from the lips of those, too, who have better opportunities than I possess of knowing the truth. I see enough, however, to know that what I hear is not lightly or ignorantly asserted. He must, indeed, be blind, who cannot, himself, see what is every where spread out before him, and which no pains is taken to conceal, but the contrary ; and must possess, too, very little power of reflection and inference, if, in any comparison which is instituted between our own and foreign lands, he does not also perceive that we are fast outstripping other, and older, and richer nations, in the race of an extravagant and ostentatious display of wealth. I confess I look with grief and alarm upon the rapid strides of luxury throughout our land, and the decay of former simple habits. Our own city is, in this respect, hardly the same place it was only fourteen years ago. In that brief period, the outward aspect of it, and the inward, how changed! What then was comely or beautiful is now little better than deformity. What is now but a competence was then riches. What is now thought but moderate and reasonable in expenditure was then an extravagance. And what is now described as the extremest reach of fashionable excess was then unknown, undreamed of. It is not only ourselves who

are struck with this; not only a few, and those, as it may be thought, too severe censors of the manners as they rise and change, but it is, if I err not, the nearly uniform language of travellers also, of our friends who visit foreign climes, and of strangers from abroad, who come over here to observe and report upon our forms of government and of life. They unite in the opinion that in no part of the world where they have been, have they found the rage of competition in the expenditure of wealth to run so high as in our American cities. "I have," says a traveller abroad, "I have seen in no part of Europe such extravagance as in New York, no where such a universal rage for following the fashion. Am I wrong," he adds, "in supposing that the evil will at length cure itself, and that people of sense, aware of the real purposes and true enjoyment of life, will at length cease to countenance such follies?" Do you not, my brethren, acknowledge here the existence of a real evil? and from its increase in the ratio of the past, do you not apprehend serious dangers to the morals and manners of the city at least, if not to the Republic itself? If the true direction of wealth shall continue to be thought that in which it shall bring the largest and quickest returns of luxury, in all the thousand forms which it assumes, in a large capital like this, I should for myself be able to see little but moral and civil ruin in any prospect which the future could hold out. Has not such been the universal consequence of the sudden growth and great accumulation of wealth? What institutions have had strength to stand before it? The morals of what people has it not corrupted? To whom has it not proved a temptation to selfish indulgence and vice, which no power of our nature has been strong enough to withstand. All this is the familiar lesson of history. We read it in the fates of kingdoms and commonwealths which have preceded us.

Rome was conquered and destroyed, not by the Barbarians, but by her vices and luxuries. Shall the experience of the past be of no avail to us? Shall moral and civic ruin have overwhelmed former states in vain? Must we for ever be children, and never learn but from our own sufferings? Are we never to be so wise as to reason upon the conduct and the fates of older nations, and thence deduce rules for the safe government of ourselves? Shall we please ourselves with the delusion that we are differently situated from them, and can bear up under a prosperity which brought ruin to them? What right have we to think so? What is human nature now that it was not then? What weakness lay among its foundations then, that is not there now? And as for our religion—as if that were to prove here an all-saving principle—as if that were to come in to our rescue—alas, how can we think so? How can we think that the religion, whose precepts we see in other directions so flagrantly set at defiance, in spite of whose authority so many vices live and thrive, is to work any moral miracle in this direction, and infuse a power to hold ourselves firm and erect in this overwhelming flood of prosperous fortune? It cannot be. Our religion and our religious institutions, cannot save us from the certain ruin which prosperity and riches will bring along with them, if we think it a lawful and harmless appropriation of wealth to consecrate it to the service of luxury and display. Unless we are prepared to change our habits, to take for our guidance the examples of those who have lived before us, and seek our happiness in some higher source than sensual selfish indulgence—nothing can save us. It is seeing the evil—acknowledging it to be an evil—and then laying the axe at the root of the tree in acts of systematic self-denial—it is this only that can work our cure. For when religion and great vices have long subsisted together, religion has lost its power. It may even be resorted to, to

defend them, on the ground that they have from the first subsisted together! As we see to be actually done in the argument for slavery. It is calm reflection and careful consideration; it is looking deeply and anxiously into the subject, unswayed by passion or prejudice, that is above every thing else essential to a just judgment, and right action.

I know it is said, that luxury is in fact beneficial to a state, being but one mode of distributing the wealth of the rich throughout the industrious and labouring classes. This may be a sound argument in political economy, but it is not in morals. It is better, indeed, that money should be so expended, than that it should be buried in vaults, or kept fast locked in the miser's chest. But admitting that the disbursement of the immense sums which are here annually expended, in one form or another of luxury, does very much for industry, for the trades, for the arts, even for poor, I fear it inflicts, at the same time, an injury in another and higher quarter, more than enough to counterbalance all this good, whatever it may be. That luxury is purchased, methinks, at a somewhat too high price, which though it may have given bread to the poor, has brought the worst ruin upon those to whose gratification it has ministered—has, in a word, demoralized society in its highest quarters, whence evil naturally flows downwards and deluges all. Can any worse evil overtake a city or state, than when they who hold its wealth and its power, and stand up in its seats of honour, subjects of universal observation, and natural imitation, use their wealth only or chiefly for purposes of a vain ostentation, or of a loose and corrupting indulgence?

It is obvious to all, how high a place in our social state is filled by the rich; in our city by its merchants. They should feel the moral responsibility as well as social dignity of the place they fill; they should feel what the least obser-

vation shows to be so true, how vast the influence is which they exert upon the manners of the people. By them what we call society is created; and from them takes its character and form; from them outwards and downwards their example spreads and reigns with an all-controlling sway. In a sermon before the king and nobility of France, Massillon says, "Princes and Nobles seem born to influence others. The very elevation which lifts them up a spectacle to the world, offers them at the same time as models; and their manners, whatever they may be, soon form the manners of the people; their way of life is reflected back again in that of the public." The merchants of our cities are the "Nobles and Princes" of the country. I speak only what you know. It is the simple truth. Was there ever a more real nobility than of old, that untitled one of Florence and Genoa? In what respects do you differ? How applicable to you then the truth, and a solemn truth it is, of the great French preacher. The very circumstance of your elevation is that which proposes you, more than others, as examples to a great people. The customs which you introduce will spread. The follies which you sanction will be repeated. The prodigality with which you lavish vast sums in useless or pernicious luxury will be imitated by others; and by many to whom the weak ambition of resembling you will bring ruin. The city, at least, will be precisely what you make it. What it is now you have made it. And you have only to remember what you have yourselves seen—many of you certainly—in your journeyings through our interior towns and cities, to know that as the lightning shines from the one part of heaven to the other, so the fashions, the follies, the vices of the metropolis shoot to the farthest extremities of the state. How full of responsibility, I repeat, as of influence and power, is the place which you fill. It is confessed-

ly your wealth which hollows out these long canals, and lays these endless lines of iron road, binding together the distant parts of an immense empire, and bringing to your capitals on the sea-board all its various produce. It is from you comes the very life-blood of all our literary, charitable, and religious institutions. They are your offspring. Can it be then that in all social and moral relations, you should not act upon the community in a manner, and to an extent, corresponding to this visible and acknowledged power in other directions?

I cannot believe that there is one who hears me, who feels not the truth of what I say. I wish that a sense of your power, of the good or evil you may do, and are doing, could but be impressed upon your minds as it ought to be, either by your own reflections, or by representations from without. You are accustomed to speak of the influence of the pulpit, of the church, and of the great duties of those who minister in those places to the public, and of their power to reform, and guide, and save. Their power is, in comparison with yours, nothing. They merely stand up in their place and perhaps serve, by the regularity and constancy of their action, to hold in check great and spreading evils, or aid in carrying on great and good works. But what, let me ask, in its effect upon a people, is the precept of a moralist, a scholar, or a preacher, confronted by the tremendous energy of an example that shines in all the captivating graces of wealth and taste in the face of a whole city and nation? You cannot have exaggerated conceptions of your moral power. And your moral responsibility—do not forget it—is in exact proportion to the extent and greatness of that power. Happy would it be for us—for our country—if its rich men, its "Princes and its Nobles," would but see and confess the importance of their position, and fill it worthily. Happy would

it be for our city, if the present misfortune, which brings a momentary pause into commercial life, could read a lesson of moderation, prudence, and simplicity to its inhabitants—if it could do anything to reveal to their minds the pernicious, all-destroying tendencies and effects of luxury—if it could show them how true it is, that the welfare of a state, as of an individual, is to be measured by the solid virtues which abound, not by the mere accident of wealth; and if wealth be possessed, by the manner in which it is expended. I should hold it a good, bought cheap at this cost of twenty millions, if our city of merchants could be made thereby to consider the things which are, and which are not true constituents of her happiness and greatness—foundations of her security in ages to come. Unless they are, and soon considered, some friend of man may yet say over the ruins of our whole city, what Jesus did, prophetically, over those of Jerusalem: "If thou hadst known, even thou, in this thy day, the things which belong to thy peace."

"But now they are hidden from thine eyes," Jesus added. Let it not be so with us. Let them not be hidden from our eyes. Let us not close our eyes to the existence of evils, of whose existence we seem to have every possible testimony. The evil of which I have spoken, is now in its beginning. It can be arrested. It is in your power to do it; and in yours alone. I have no power. The voice of the pulpit is often, on such points, thought to be a weak, a rash, or an intrusive one. And were it held to be true, and strong, and right, it would be but a voice, but the lifting up of a little precept, so that a few could see and hear it. The power of action, of example, is the true power; and of opinion proclaimed by those who possess that influence, resting upon that foundation which the mass of men among us do most respect and fear. The example of simplicity and modera-

tion must come from those who shall be known to live so, not from necessity, but from choice, from principle. Let this be done, and a sermon is preached, whose sound will penetrate to every fireside in the city. If you, already, in your sober judgment, disapprove the way of life of which I have spoken, why not set upon such conduct, when witnessed, the seal of an indignant disapprobation? Why deal gently with it? Why, above all, be ever seduced to imitate it? Why not aim, by a calm expression of opinion, to restrain extravagance, and cast shame upon wasteful, luxurious profusion? Why not call it what it is, Treason against the state? For if ancient commonwealths were undermined by this vice, is it not a common enemy—only the more dangerous for being in a form which most will greet as that of a friend?

Do not say, my friends, that this is all premature—uncalled for. I think the language of our popular literature shows already that it is not so. The increase of luxury has been a not unfrequent topic with the writer and the public orator —and none is more common in conversation. I hear it every day from yourselves. Many indeed have not been infected, but stand far and loftily above the error of the times, in a dignified simplicity. They are the true friends of the city and of the republic. They are not only in the path of religious, but of civil duty: not only Christians but good citizens. Will not a great good be derived from this calamity to our city, to our manners, and our morals, if it shall do any thing to teach the true value and right use of wealth—that choice blessing, wisely and religiously dispensed—that deep and abiding curse, when employed but to pamper appetite and pride.

I hope I shall not be thought to have said any thing rude, harsh, or ungracious, but to have spoken words of truth and

soberness, and with a desire to profit. It is always pleasanter to dwell upon our virtues than upon errors and faults. But our virtues may safely be left to themselves. If by being made to think more seriously of the others we can be brought to correct and remove them, or any of them, a great addition is thereby made to the worth of our character, and the weight of our example, and a great accession to the materials of a true happiness.

We have infinitely more to fear from our prosperities than from any adversities. We shall soon recover from the oppression of this great disaster. Our business will resume its wonted activity. Our streets will again be thronged by its industrious thousands, and wealth will flow in, as it has so long done, in full overflowing streams. Our city, giant-like, will continue to stretch out its hundred arms into the now desert places of the island, and its population and its riches will continue to grow and grow—and who can see the end? As this prosperity returns, and increases, as it will an hundred fold, may God, in his mercy, deliver us from its dangers.

NOTE.

The term luxury is, I am aware, a vague one, and I wish to add a word in explanation. It is necessarily vague. It is not easy, or rather, perhaps, it is impossible to say with precision to what mode of life and expenditure it may with justice be applied. But although a philosophical definition and description might not be easy, there is a plain common sense abroad, which I apprehend finds no difficulty in saying what it is, and what it is not. There is an average style of living, in any given state of society, which it would not be difficult minutely to describe, and which, if any greatly exceed it, they incur the blame of living luxuriously. He who rises *very far* above such standard, is universally noted and spoken of as extravagant and luxurious. And one

hesitates no more to term such wide departure from the usual manner of living, luxury, than he would to term a man an intemperate drinker, who, instead of a glass, should take a bottle of wine with his dinner. It may not, indeed, be so easy, when any particular article is separated from the mass, to say why *that* is to be condemned as luxury, while another specified article is not; or why he who uses the one, is not as good a man and citizen as he who uses the other; why, for instance, he who eats from china, is to be blamed rather than he who eats from earthen, or he who treads Imperial, more than he who walks upon Brussels. But suppose that he who to-day eats from china, were to-morrow to exchange it for silver, and every thing else in proportion, and when this had become common, were to exchange the silver for a service of gold, and every thing else in proportion; and suppose this led another to do the same thing, and it became a general object of ambition to surpass each other in expenses of this sort, would not this be admitted to be luxury? And could it be regarded as indicating a desirable state of the public mind and manners? Would not effeminacy and sensuality follow in the train as naturally as death follows disease? But does not this describe the actual state of society, not only in our city, but in all our cities? Is there not in them all, this rapid advance from a lower to a higher. and still higher style of living? Where is it to end?—I do not suppose or desire that all elegance is to be forborne, or that all luxuries, in some uses of that term, are to be condemned. A desire to gratify the appetite, and a taste for the beautiful, are both implanted by the Creator, and they will seek, and seek till they shall find their appropriate gratification. But, like other tastes and appetites, their tendency is to excess. They need to be restrained. It is the duty of the Christian to watch his character and his virtue in these directions, as well as in others. The public mind needs as much to be turned to a consideration of prevailing habits in regard to profusion and luxury, as to prevailing habits in the use of intoxicating liquors. This is what I have aimed to do. And in doing it, I have spoken not so much as a citizen of New-York, as of the country.

A

DISCOURSE

DELIVERED AT THE

DEDICATION

OF THE

Unitarian Congregational Church

IN

NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND, JULY 27, 1836.

BY WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

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Many passages of the discourse are now published which were omitted in the delivery for want of time and strength.

John iv. 23, 24. *The hour cometh and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth, for the Father seeketh such to worship him. God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.*

The dedication of an edifice to the worship of God is a proper subject of gratitude and joy. Even if the consecration be made by Christians, from whom we differ in opinion, we should still find satisfaction in the service. We should desire that our neighbours, whose convictions of truth and duty require them to separate from us in religious services, should enjoy the same accommodations with ourselves; and it should comfort us to think, that Christianity is so eminently "the power of God unto salvation," its great truths so plain and so quickening, that among all sects acknowledging Christ and consulting his word, its purifying influences, however counteracted by erroneous views, will more or less be felt. We should rejoice to think, that God can be monopolised by no party, that his spirit is a universal presence, that religion, having its root in the soul of man, can live and flourish amidst many errors, that truth and goodness can no more be confined to a single church, than the light of the sun can be shut up in a private dwelling, that amidst all the diversities of forms, names and creeds, acceptable worship may be offered to God, and the soul ascend to Heaven.

It is the custom of our times to erect beautiful structures for the purposes of the present life, for legislation, for literature, for the arts. But important as these interests are, they are not the noblest. Man's highest relations are not political, earthly, human. His whole nature is not exhausted in studying and subduing outward nature, in establishing outward order, in storing the mind with knowledge which may adorn and comfort his outward life. He has wants too deep, and powers and affections too large for the outward world. He comes from God. His closest connection is with God; and he can find life and peace only in the knowledge of his Creator. Man's glory or true end is not revealed to us in the most magnificent structure which the architect ever reared for earthly uses. A humble spire pointing Heavenward from an obscure church, speaks of man's nature, man's dignity, man's destiny more eloquently than all the columns and arches of Greece and Rome, the mausoleums of Asia, or the pyramids of Egypt. Is it not meet then to be grateful and joyful, when a house is set apart to the worship of God.

This edifice where we now meet is not indeed wholly new. Its frame is older than the oldest of us. But so great are the changes which it has undergone, that, were they who laid its foundations to revisit the earth, they would trace hardly a feature of their work; and as it is now entered by a new religious congregation, there is a fitness in the present solemnity, by which we dedicate it to the worship of God. My purpose in this discourse is to shew that we should enter this edifice with gratitude and joy, first, because it is dedicated to worship in the most general sense of that term, and in the second place on account of the particular worship to which it is set apart. I shall close with some remarks of a personal and local character, which may be allowed to one, who was born and brought up on this island, whose heart swells with local attachment,

and whose memory is crowded with past years as he stands, after a long absence, within these walls, where he sat in his childhood, and where some of his earliest impressions were received.

I. We ought to enter this house with gratitude and joy, for it is dedicated to Worship. Its end is that men should meet within its walls to pay religious homage; to express and strengthen pious veneration, love, thankfulness and confidence; to seek and receive pure influences from above; to learn the will of God; and to consecrate themselves to the virtue in which he delights. This edifice is reared to the glory of God, reared like the universe to echo with his praise, to be a monument to his being, perfection and dominion. Worship is man's highest end, for it is the employment of his highest faculties and affections on the sublimest object. We have much for which to thank God, but for nothing so much as for the power of knowing and adoring Himself. This creation is a glorious spectacle; but there is a more glorious existence for our minds and hearts, and that is the Creator. There is something divine in the faculties by which we study the visible world, and subject it to our wills, comfort, enjoyment. But it is a diviner faculty, by which we penetrate beyond the visible, free ourselves of the finite and the mutable, and ascend to the Infinite and the Eternal. It is good to make earth and ocean, winds and flames, sun and stars tributary to our present well-being. How much better to make them ministers to our spiritual wants, teachers of heavenly truth, guides to a more glorious Being than themselves, bonds of union between man and his Maker.

There have been those who have sought to disparage worship by representing it as an arbitrary, unnatural service, a human contrivance, an invention for selfish ends. Had I time, I should be glad to disprove this sophistry by laying open to you human nature, and

showing the deep foundation laid in all its principles and wants for religion: but I can meet the objection only by a few remarks drawn from history. There are indeed, periods of history in which the influence of the religious principle seems to have been overwhelmed; but in this it agrees with other great principles of our nature, which in certain stages of the race disappear. There are certain conditions of society, in which the desire of knowledge seems almost extinct among men, and they abandon themselves for centuries to brutish ignorance. There are communities, in which the natural desire of reaching a better lot gives not a sign of its existence, and society remains stationary for ages. There are some, in which even the parental affection is so far dead, that the new-born child is cast into the stream or exposed to the storm. So the religious principle is in some periods hardly to be discerned; but it is never lost. No principle is more universally manifested. In the darkest ages there are some recognitions of a superior power. Man feels that there is a being above himself, and he clothes that being in what to his rude conception is great and venerable. In countries where architecture was unknown, men chose the solemn wood or the mountain top for worship; and when this art appeared, its first monuments were temples to God. Before the invention of letters, hymns were composed to the Divinity; and music, we have reason to think, was the offspring of religion. Music in its infancy was the breathing of man's fears, wants, hopes, thanks, praises, to an unseen power. You tell me, my sceptical friend, that religion is the contrivance of the priest. How came the priest into being? What gave him his power? Why was it that the ancient legislator professed to receive his laws from the gods? The fact is a striking one, that the earliest guides and leaders of the human race looked to the heavens for security and strength to earthly institutions, that they were compelled to speak to men in a higher name than man's.

Religion was an earlier bond and a deeper foundation of society than government. It was the root of civilization. It has founded the mightiest empires; and yet men question whether religion be an element; a principle of human nature.

In the earliest ages, before the dawn of science, man recognised an immediate interference of the Divinity in whatever powerfully struck his senses. To the savage the thunder was literally God's voice, the lightning his arrow, the whirlwind his breath. Every unusual event was a miracle, a prodigy, a promise of good, or a menace of evil from Heaven. These rude notions have faded before the light of science, which reveals fixed laws, a stated order of nature. But in these laws, this order, the religious principle now finds confirmations of God, infinitely more numerous and powerful than the savage found in his prodigies. In this age of the world, there is a voice louder than thunder and whirlwinds, attesting the Divinity; the voice of the wisely interpreted works of God, every where proclaiming wisdom unsearchable, harmony unbroken, and a benevolent purpose in what to ages of ignorance seemed ministers of wrath. In the present, above all times, worship may be said to have its foundation in our nature; for by the improvements of this nature, we have placed ourselves nearer to God as revealed in his universe. The clouds which once hung over the creation are scattered. The heavens, the earth, the plant, the human frame, now that they are explored by science, speak of God as they never did before. His handwriting is brought out, where former ages saw but a blank. Nor is it only by the progress of science, that the foundation of religion is made broader and deeper. The progress of the arts, in teaching us the beneficent uses to which God's works may be applied, in extracting from them new comforts, and in diminishing or alleviating human suffering, has furnished new testimonies to the goodness of the Creator. Still more the progress of society has

given new power and delicacy to the sense of beauty in human nature, and in consequence of this, the creation of God has become a far more attractive, lovely and magnificent work than men looked on in earlier times. Above all, the moral susceptibilities and wants, the deeper and more refined feelings, which unfold themselves in the course of human improvement, are so many new capacities and demands for religion. Our nature is perpetually developing new senses for the perception and enjoyment of God. The human race as it advances does not leave religion behind it, as it leaves the shelter of caves and forests; does not outgrow faith, does not see it fading like the mist before its rising intelligence. On the contrary, religion opens before the improved mind in new grandeur. God, whom uncivilized man had narrowed into a local and tutelar Deity, rises with every advance of knowledge to a loftier throne, and is seen to sway a mightier sceptre. The soul, in proportion as it enlarges its faculties and refines its affections, possesses and discerns within itself a more and more glorious type of the Divinity, learns his spirituality in its own spiritual powers, and offers him a profounder and more inward worship. Thus deep is the foundation of worship in human nature. Men may assail it, may reason against it; but sooner can the laws of the outward universe be repealed by human will, sooner can the sun be plucked from his sphere, than the idea of God can be erased from the human spirit, and his worship banished from the earth. All other wants of man are superficial. His animal wants are but for a day, and are to cease with the body. The profoundest of all human wants is the want of God. Mind, spirit, must tend to its source. It cannot find happiness but in the Perfect Mind, the Infinite Spirit. Worship has survived all revolutions. Corrupted, dishonored, opposed, it yet lives. It is immortal as its Object, immortal as the soul from which it ascends.

Let us rejoice then in this house. It is dedicated to Worship; it can have no higher use. The heaven of heavens has no higher service or joy. The universe has no higher work. Its chief office is to speak of God. The sun, in awakening innumerable forms of animal and vegetable life, exerts no influence to be compared with what it puts forth in kindling the human soul into piety, in being a type, representative, preacher of the glory of God.

II. I have now spoken of worship in the most general sense. I have said that this house, considered as separated to the adoration of God, should be entered joyfully and gratefully, without stopping to enquire under what particular views or forms God is here to be adored. I now proceed to observe, that when we consider the particular worship which is here to be offered, this occasion ought to awaken pious joy. I need not tell you that whilst the religious principle is a part of man's nature, it is not always developed and manifested under the same forms. Men, agreeing in the recognition of a divinity, have not agreed as to the service he may accept. Indeed it seems inevitable, that men, who differ in judgment on all subjects of thought, should form different apprehensions of the invisible, infinite, and mysterious God, and of the methods of adoring him. Uniformity of opinion is to be found no where, and ought to be expected least of all in religion. Who, that considers the vast, the indescribable diversity in men's capacities and means of improvement, in the discipline to which they are subjected, in the schools in which they are trained, in the outward vicissitudes, and inward conflicts through which they pass, can expect them to arrive at the same conclusions in regard to their origin and destiny, in regard to the Being from whom they sprung and the world toward which they tend. Accordingly religion has taken innumerable forms, and some it must be acknowledged most unworthy of its object. The great

idea of God has been seized upon by men's selfish desires, hopes, and fears, and often so obscured that little of its purifying power has remained. Man, full of wants, conscious of guilt, exposed to suffering, and peculiarly struck by the more awful phenomena of nature, has been terror-smitten before the unseen, irresistible power with which he has felt himself encompassed. Hence to appease his wrath and secure his partial regards has been the great object of worship. Hence worship has been so often a pompous machinery, a tribute of obsequious adulation, an accumulation of gifts and victims. Hence worship has been the effort of nations and individuals to bend the Almighty to their particular interests and purposes, and not the reverential, grateful, joyful, filial lifting up of the soul to Infinite Greatness, Goodness, Rectitude and Purity. Even under Christianity human infirmity has disfigured the thought of God. Worship has been debased by fear and selfishness into a means of propitiating wrath, calming fear, and securing future enjoyment. All sects have carried their imperfection into their religion. None of us can boast of exemption from the common frailty. That this house is to be set apart to a perfect, spotless, unerring worship, none of us are so presumptuous as to hope. But I believe, that in the progress of society and Christianity, higher and purer conceptions of the Divinity have been unfolded; and I cannot but believe, that the views of God and of his worship to which this house is now consecrated are so far enlightened, enlarged, purified, as to justify us in entering its walls with great thankfulness and joy.

This house is not reared to perpetuate the superstitions of past ages, nor of the present age. It is not reared to doom the worshipper to continual repetition of his own or other delusions. It is reared for the progress of truth, reared in the faith that the church is destined to new light and new purity, reared in the anticipation of a happier, holier age. As I look round I am met by none

of the representations of the Divinity which degraded the ancient temples. My eyes light on no image of wood or stone, on no efforts of art to embody to the eye the invisible Spirit. As I look round, I am met by none of the forms, which Providence, in accommodation to a rude stage of society, allowed to the Jewish people. No altar sends up here the smoke of incense or victims. No priesthood gorgeously arrayed presents to God the material offerings of man. Nor are my eyes pained by the cumbersome ceremonies, by which in later ages Christianity was overlaid, and almost overwhelmed. No childish pomps, borrowed from Judaism and heathenism, obscure here the simple majesty, the sublime spiritual purpose of Christianity. Nor was this house reared for the promulgation of doctrines, which tend to perpetuate the old servility with which God was approached, to make man abject in the sight of his maker, to palsy him with terror, to prostrate his reason. This house is reared to assist the worshipper in conceiving and offering more and more perfectly the worship described in the text, the worship of the Father in spirit and truth. On this topic, on the nature of the worship to be offered in this house, I have many reflections to offer. My illustrations may be reduced to the following heads. This house is reared, first, for the worship of One Infinite Person and one only; of Him whom Jesus always distinguished and addressed as the Father. In the next place, it is erected for the worship of God under the special character of Father, that is of a Parental Divinity. In the last place, it is set apart to the worship of Him in spirit and truth.

First, You have prepared this edifice, that here you may worship One Infinite Person, even Him and Him only whom Jesus continually calls the Father. One would think, that on this point there could be no difference among Christians. One would think, that Jesus had placed the object of Christian worship beyond all dispute. It is hard to conceive more solemn, more defi-

nite language than he has used. "The hour cometh and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth, for the Father seeketh such to worship him." Yet it is well known that very many Christians deny that one person, the Father, is the only proper object of supreme worship. They maintain that two other persons the Son and the Holy Spirit are to be joined with him in our adoration, and that the most important distinction of the Christian religion is the worship of God in three persons. Against this human exposition of Christianity we earnestly protest. Whilst we recognize with joy, the sincerity and piety of those who adopt it, we maintain that this gross departure from the simplicity and purity of our faith is fraught with evil to the individual and the church. This house is reared to be a monument to the proper unity of God. We worship the Father.

All the grounds of this peculiarity of our worship cannot of course be expounded in the limits of a discourse, nor indeed do we deem any labored exposition necessary. We start from a plain principle. We affirm, that if any point in a religious system must be brought out explicitly, must not be left to inference, but set forth in simple, direct, authoritative language, it is the Object of worship. On this point we should expect peculiar explicitness, if a revelation should be communicated for the purpose of giving a new direction to men's minds in this particular. Now among Jews and Gentiles the worship of three infinite persons, one of whom was clothed with a human form, was unknown; and of consequence if this strange, mighty innovation had been intended by Jesus and had constituted the most striking peculiarity of his system, it must have been announced with all possible clearness and strength. Be it then remembered, that Jesus, in a solemn description of the true worship which he was to introduce, made not an allusion to this peculiarity, but declared, as the characteristic of the true worshippers that they should worship

the Father in Spirit and in truth. Be it also remembered, that Jesus never enjoined the worship of three persons, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Not one injunction to this effect can be found in the gospel or in the writings of the apostles. This strange worship rests on inference alone. "The true worshippers (says the text) shall worship the Father." When his disciples came to him to be instructed in prayer, he taught them to say, Our Father. In his last affectionate discourse he again and again taught his disciples to pray to the Father in his name. This dying injunction, so often and so tenderly repeated, should not for slight reasons be explained away. Still more, just before his death, Jesus himself in presence of his disciples prayed to the Father, and prayed in this language: Father, This is life eternal, that they (i. e. men) should know *thee, the* only *true God*, and Jesus Christ whom *thou hast sent.*

To these remarks it is common to reply, that we read in the New Testament, that Jesus was again and again worshipped, and that in admitting this he manifested himself to be the object of religious adoration. It is wonderful that this fallacy, so often exposed, should be still repeated. Jesus indeed received worship or homage, but this was not offered as adoration to the Infinite God; it was the homage, which, according to the custom of the age and of the eastern world, was paid to men invested with great authority whether in civil or religious concerns. Whoever has studied the Scriptures with the least discernment must know, that the word, worship, is used in two different senses, to express first the adoration due to the Infinite Creator, and secondly the reverence which was due to sovereigns and prophets, and which of course belonged peculiarly to the most illustrious representative of God, to his beloved Son. Whoever understands the import of the English language in the time when our translation was made, must know that the word was then used to express the homage paid to human superiors, as well as the supreme reverence

belonging to God alone. Let not an ambiguous word darken the truth. We are sure, that the worship paid to Christ during his public ministry, was rendered to him as a divine messenger and not as God; for in the first place it was offered, before his teachings had been sufficiently full and distinct to reveal the mystery of his nature, supposing it to have been divine. We pronounce it not merely improbable but impossible, that Jesus, a poor man, a mechanic from Galilee, at the beginning of his mission, when his chosen disciples were waiting for his manifestation as an earthly prince, should have been adored as the everlasting invisible God. Again the titles given him by those who worshipped him, such as Good Teacher, Son of David, Son of God, show us, that the thought of adoring him as the Self-Existent, Infinite Divinity, had no place in their minds. But there is one consideration which sets this point at rest. The worship paid to Jesus during his ministry was offered him in public, in sight of the Jewish people. Now to the Jews no crime was so flagrant, as the paying of divine homage to a human being, such as they esteemed Jesus to be. Of consequence had they seen in the marks of honor yielded to Jesus even an approach to this adoration, their exasperation would have burst forth in immediate overwhelming violence on the supposed impiety. The fact, that they witnessed the frequent prostration of men before Jesus, or what is called the worship of him, without once charging it as a crime, is a demonstration that the act was in no respect a recognition of him as the supreme God.

It is worthy of remark that the passages, which are announced as the strongest proofs of the divine worship of Christ, directly disprove the doctrine, if the connection be regarded. One of these texts is the declaration of Jesus, that we must "honor the Son even as we honor the Father." Hear the whole passage. "The Father hath *given* all judgment to the Son that all men should honor the Son, as they honor the Father. He

that honoreth not the Son, honoreth not the Father *who sent him.*"* You observe, that it is not the supreme underived divinity of Christ, but the power given him by his Father, which is here expressly declared to be the foundation of the honor challenged for him, and that we are called to him, as sent by God. Another passage much relied on is the declaration of Paul that "at the name of Jesus every knee should bow and every tongue acknowledge him Lord." Read the whole text. "God hath highly exalted him, and given him a name, above every name, that in the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in Heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father."† Could language express more clearly, the distinct, derived and dependent nature of Jesus Christ, or teach that the worship due him is subordinate, having for its foundation the dignity conferred on him by God and terminating on the Father as its supreme object.

This House then is erected to the supreme worship of the Father, to the recognition of the Father only as the self-existent Infinite God. Homage will here be paid to Jesus Christ, and I trust a far more profound and affectionate homage than he received on earth, when his spiritual character and the true purposes of his mission were almost unknown. But we shall honor him as the Son, the brightest image, the sent of God, not as God himself. We shall honor him as exalted above every name or dignity in Heaven or earth, but as exalted by God for his obedience unto death. We shall honor him as clothed with power to give life and judge, but shall remember that the Father hath given all judgment and quickening energy to the Son. We look up with delight and reverence to his divine virtues, his celestial love, his truth, his spirit; and we are sure that in as far as we imbibe these from the affectionate remembrance of his

* John v. 22, 23. † Philippians ii. 3.

life, death and triumphs, we shall render the worship most acceptable to this disinterested friend of the human race.

I have said that this house is set apart to the worship of the Father. But this term expresses not only the Person, the Being to whom it is to be paid. It expresses a peculiar character. It ascribes peculiar attributes to God. It ascribes to him the Parental relation and the disposition of a Parent. I therefore observe, in the second place, that this house is reared to the adoration of God in his Paternal character. It is reared to a Parental Divinity. To my own mind this view is more affecting than the last. Nothing so touches me, when I look round these walls, as the thought that God is to be worshipped here as the Father. That God has not always been worshipped as a Father, even among Christians, you well know. Men have always inclined to think, that they honor God by placing him on a distant throne, much more than by investing him with the mild lustre of parental goodness. They have made him a stern sovereign, giving life on hard terms, preferring his own honor to the welfare of his creatures, demanding an obedience which he gives no strength to perform, preparing endless torments for creatures whom he brings into being wholly evil, and refusing to pardon the least sin, the sin of the child, without an infinite satisfaction. Men have too often been degraded, broken in spirit, stripped of manly feeling, rather than lifted up to true dignity, by their religion. How seldom has worship breathed the noblest sentiments of human nature. Thanks to Jesus Christ, that he came to bring us to a purifying, ennobling, rejoicing adoration. He has revealed the Father. His own character was a bright revelation of the most lovely and attractive attributes of the Divinity, so that he was able to say "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." By his manifestation of the Parental character of God, he created religion

anew. He breathed a new and heavenly spirit into worship. He has made adoration a filial communion, assimilating us to our Creator. Ought we not then to rejoice in this house as set apart to the worship of the Father, to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The Father! In this one word what consoling, strengthening, ennobling truth is wrapt up. In this single view of God how much is there to bind us to him, with strong, indissoluble, ever growing love, and to make worship not only our chief duty, but our highest privilege and joy. The Father! can it be that "the High and Holy One who inhabiteth eternity," "the Lord of Heaven and earth," the Majesty of the universe, bears to us this relation, reveals himself under this name, and that we, so weak and erring, may approach him with the hope of children. Who cannot comprehend the dignity and blessedness of such worship? Who does not feel, that the man to whom God's parental character is a deep-felt reality, has in this conviction a fountain of strength, hope and purity springing up into everlasting life.

But to offer this true worship we must understand distinctly what we mean, when we call God the Father. The word has a deep and glorious import, and in as far as this is unknown, religion will want life and power. Is it understood? I am bound to say that there seems to me a want of purity, of spirituality in the conception of God's parental relation, even among those Christians who profess to make it the great foundation and object of their worship. Too many rest in vague conceptions of God as their Creator, who supplies their wants, and who desires their happiness, and they think, that, thus regarding him, they know the Father. Such imperfect views incline me to state at some length what I deem the truth on this point. No truth is so essential to Christian worship. No truth sheds such a flood of light on the whole subject of religion.

My friends you are to come here to worship the

Father. What does this term import. It does not mean merely that God is your Creator. He is indeed the Creator, and as such let him be adored. This is his sole prerogative. His and his only is the mysterious power, which filled the void space with a universe. His the Almighty voice, which called the things which were not, and they came forth. The universe is a perpetual answer to this creating Word. For this, worship God. In every thing hear an exhortation to adore. In the grandeur, beauty, order of nature, see a higher glory than its own, a mysterious force deeper than all its motions; and from its countless voices, from its mild and awful tones, gather the one great lesson which they conspire to teach, the majesty of their author.

But my friends God is more than creator. To create is not to be a Father in the highest sense of that term. He created the mountain, the plant, the insect, but we do not call him their Father. We do not call the artist the Father of the statue which he models, nor the mechanician the Father of the machine he contrives. It is the distinction of a Father, that he communicates an existence like his own. The Father gives being to the child, and the very idea of the child is, that he bears the image as well as receives existence from the power of the parent. God is the Father, because he brings into life minds, spirits, partaking of energies kindred to his own attributes. Accordingly the scripture teaches us, that God made man in his own image, after his own likeness. Here is the ground of his paternal relation to the human race, and hence he is called in an especial sense the Father of those who make it the labor of life to conform themselves more and more to their divine original. God is "the Father of spirits."

My friends we are not wholly matter, we are not wholly flesh. Were we so, we could not call God our Father. God is a spirit, says the text, and we are spirits also. This our consciousness teaches. We are conscious of a principle superior to the body which

comprehends and controls it. We are conscious of faculties higher than the senses. We do something more than receive impressions passively, unresistingly, like the brute, from the outward world. We analyze, compare, and combine anew the things which we see, subject the outward world to the inquisition of reason, create sciences, rise to general laws, and through these establish an empire over earth and sea. We penetrate beneath the surface which the senses report; search for the hidden causes, enquire for the ends or purposes, trace out the connections, dependencies and harmonies of nature; discover a sublime unity amidst its boundless variety, and order amidst its seeming confusion; rise to the idea of one all-comprehending and all-ordaining mind; and thus by thought make as it were a new universe radiant with wisdom, beneficence and beauty. We are not mere creatures of matter and sense. We conceive a higher good than comes from the senses. We possess, as a portion of our being, a law higher than appetite, nobler and more enduring than all the laws of matter, the Law of Duty. We discern, we approve, the Right, the Good, the Just, the Holy, and by this sense of rectitude are laid under obligations, which no power of the outward universe can dissolve. We have within us a higher force than all the forces of material nature, a power of will which can adhere to duty and to God in opposition to all the might of the elements, and all the malignity of earth or Hell. We have thoughts, ideas, which do not come from matter, the Ideas of the Infinite, the Everlasting, the Immutable, the Perfect. Living amidst the frail, the limited, the changing, we rise to the thought of Unbounded, Eternal, Almighty Goodness. Nor is this all. While matter obeys mechanical and irresistible laws, and is bound by an unrelaxing necessity to the same fixed, unvarying movements, we feel ourselves to be Free. We have power over ourselves, over thought and desire, power to conform ourselves to a law written on our hearts,

and power to resist this law. Man must never be confounded with the material, mechanical world around him. He is a spirit. He has capacities, thoughts, impulses, which assimilate him to God. His reason is a ray of the Infinite Reason; his conscience, an oracle of the Divinity, publishing the Everlasting Law of Rectitude. Therefore God is his Father. Therefore he is bound to his maker by a spiritual bond. This we must feel, or we know nothing of the parental relation of God to the human race.

God is the Father and as such let him be worshipped. He is the Father. By this I understand that he has given being not only to worlds of matter, but to a rational, moral, spiritual universe, and still more I understand, not only that he has created a spiritual family in Heaven and on earth, but that he manifests towards them the attributes and exerts on them the influences of a Father. Some of these attributes and influences I will suggest, that the parental character in which God is to be worshipped may be more distinctly apprehended and more deeply felt.

First then, in calling God the Father I understand that he loves his rational and moral offspring with unbounded affection. Love, is the fundamental attribute of a Father. How deep, strong, tender, enduring the attachment of a human parent! But this shadows forth feebly the Divine Parent. He loves us with an energy like that with which he upholds the universe. The human parent does not comprehend his child, cannot penetrate the mystery of the spiritual nature which lies hid beneath the infant form. It is the prerogative of God alone to understand the immortal mind to which he gives life. The narrowest human spirit can be comprehended in its depths and destiny by none but its maker, and is more precious in his sight than material worlds. Is he not peculiarly its father?

Again in calling God the Father, I understand that it is his chief purpose in creating and governing the

universe to educate, train, form, and enoble the rational and moral being to whom he has given birth. Education is the great work of a parent, and he who neglects it is unworthy the name. God gives birth to the mind, that it may grow and rise for ever, and its progress is the end of all his works. This outward universe, with its sun and stars, and mighty revolutions, is but a school in which the Father is training his children. God is ever present to the human mind to carry on its education, pouring in upon it instruction and incitement from the outward world, stirring up everlasting truths within itself, rousing it to activity by pleasure and pain, calling forth its affections by surrounding fellow-creatures, calling it to duty by placing it amidst various relations, awakening its sympathy by sights of sorrow, awakening its imagination by a world of beauty, and especially exposing it to suffering, hardship, and temptation, that by resistance it may grow strong, and by seeking help from above, it may bind itself closely to its Maker. Thus he is the Father. There are those who think, that God, if a parent, must make our enjoyment his supreme end. He has a higher end, our intellectual and moral education. Even the good human parent, desires the progress, the virtue of his child more than its enjoyment. God never manifests himself more as our father, than in appointing to us pains, conflicts, trials, by which we may rise to the heroism of virtue, may become strong to do, to dare, to suffer, to sacrifice all things at the call of truth and duty.

Again, in calling God a Father, I understand that he exercises authority over his rational offspring. Authority is the essential attribute of a father. A parent, worthy of that name, embodies and expresses both in commands and actions, the everlasting law of Duty. His highest function is to bring out in the minds of his children the idea of Right, and to open to them the perfection of their nature. It is too common a notion, that God as Father, must be more disposed to bless than to

command. His commands are among his chief blessings. He never speaks with more parental kindness than by that inward voice, which teaches duty and excites and cheers to its performance. Nothing is so strict, so inflexible in enjoining the right and the good, as perfect love. This can endure no moral stain in its object. The whole experience of life, rightly construed, is a revelation of God's parental authority and righteous retribution.

Again. When I call God the Father I understand that he communicates Himself, his own spirit, what is most glorious in his own nature to his rational offspring, a doctrine almost overwhelming by its grandeur, but yet true, and the very truth which shines most clearly from the christian scriptures. It belongs to a parent to breathe into the child whatever is best and loftiest in his own soul, and for this end a good father seeks every approach to the mind of the child. Such a father is God. He has created us not only to partake of his works, but to be "partakers of a divine nature," not only to receive his gifts but to receive Himself. As he is a pure spirit, he has an access to the minds of his children, not enjoyed by human parents. He pervades, penetrates our souls. All other beings, our nearest friends, are far from us, foreign to us, strangers, compared with God. Others hold intercourse with us through the body. He is in immediate contact with our souls. We do not discern him because he is too near, too inward, too deep to be recognized by our present imperfect consciousness. And he is thus near, not only to discern, but to act, to influence, to give his spirit, to communicate to us divinity. This is the great paternal gift of God. He has greater gifts than the world. He confers more than the property of the earth and heavens. The very attributes from which the earth and heavens sprung, these he imparts to his rational offspring. Even his disinterested, impartial, universal goodness, which diffuses beauty, life and happiness, even this excellence it is

his purpose to breathe into and cherish in the human soul. In regard to the spiritual influence, by which God brings the created spirit into conformity to his own, I would that I could speak worthily. It is gentle, that it may not interfere with our freedom. It sustains, mingles with, and moves all our faculties. It acts through nature, providence, revelation, society, and experience; and the scriptures, confirmed by reason and the testimonies of the wisest and best men, teach us, that it acts still more directly. God, being immediately present to the soul, holds immediate communion with it, in proportion as it prepares itself to receive and to use aright the heavenly inspiration. He opens the inward eye to himself, communicates secret monitions of duty, revives and freshens our convictions of truth, builds up our faith in human immortality, unseals the deep, unfathomed fountains of Love within us, instils strength, peace and comfort, and gives victory over pain, sin, and death.

This influence of God exerted on the soul to conform it to himself, to make it worthy of its divine parentage, this it is which most clearly manifests what is meant by his being our Father. We understand his parental relation to us, only as far as we comprehend this great purpose and exercise of his love. We must have faith in the human soul, as receptive of the divinity, as made for greatness, for spiritual elevation, for likeness to God, or God's character as a Father will be to us an unrevealed mystery. If we think, as so many seem to think, that God has made us only for low pleasures and attainments, that our nature is incapable of godlike virtues, that our prayers for the Divine Spirit are unheard, that celestial influences do not descend into the human soul, that God never breathes on it to lift it above its present weakness, to guide it to a more perfect existence, to unite it more intimately with himself, then we know but faintly the meaning of a Father in Heaven. The great revelation in Christianity of a Paternal Divinity is still to be made to us.

I might here pause in the attempt to give distinct conceptions of the Father whom we are to worship; but there are two views so suited to us, as sinful and mortal beings, that I cannot pass them over without brief notice. Let me add then, that in speaking of God as the Father, I understand, that he looks with overflowing compassion on such of his rational offspring as forsake him, as forsake the law of duty. It is the property of the human parent to follow with yearnings of tenderness an erring child; and in this he is a faint type of God, who sees his lost sons "a great way off," who to recover his human family spared not his beloved Son, who sends his regenerating spirit into the fallen soul, sends rebuke and shame and fear and sorrow, and awakens the dead in trespasses and sins to a higher life than that which the first birth conferred.

I also understand, in calling God the Father, that he destines his rational, moral creature to Immortality. How ardently does the human parent desire to prolong the life of his child. And how much more must he, who gave being to the spirit with its unbounded faculties, desire its endless being. God is our Father, for he has made us to bear the image of his own eternity as well as of his other attributes. Other things pass away, for they fulfil their end; but the soul, which never reaches its goal, whose development is never complete, is never to disappear from the universe. God created it to receive forever of his fulness. His fatherly love is not exhausted in what he now bestows. There *is* a higher life. Human perfection is not a dream. The brightest visions of genius fade before the realities of excellence and happiness to which good men are ordained. In that higher life, the parental character of God will break forth from the clouds which now obscure it. His bright image in his children will proclaim the Infinite Father.

I have thus, my friends, set before you the true object of Christian worship. You are here to worship God as your spiritual parent, as the Father of your spirits,

whose great purpose is your spiritual perfection, your participation of a divine nature. I hold this view of God to be the true, deep foundation of christian worship. On your reception of it depends the worth of the homage to be offered here. It is not enough to think of God as operating around and without you, as creating material worlds, as the former of your bodies, as ordaining the revolution of seasons for your animal wants. There is even danger in regarding God exclusively as the author of the outward universe. There is danger, lest you feel as if you were overlooked in this immensity, lest you shrink before these mighty masses of matter, lest you see in the unchangeable laws of nature a stern order, to which the human being is a victim, and which heeds not the puny individual in maintaining the general good. It is only by regarding God as more than Creator, as your spiritual Father, as having made you to partake of his spiritual attributes, as having given you a spiritual power worth more than the universe, it is only by regarding his intimacy with the soul, his paternal concern for it, his perpetual influence on it, it is only by these views that worship rises into filial confidence, hope, joy, and rapture, and puts forth a truly ennobling power. Worship has too often been abject, the offering of fear or selfishness. God's greatness, though a pledge of greatness to his children, and his omnipotence, though an assurance to us of mighty power in our conflict with evil, have generated self-contempt and discouraged access to him. My friends, come hither to worship God as your Spiritual Father. No other view can so touch and penetrate the soul, can place it so near its maker, can open before it such vast prospects, can awaken such transports of praise and gratitude, can bow the soul in such ingenuous sorrow for sin, can so fortify you for the conflict against evil. Ought we not to rejoice that this house is reared for the worship of the spiritual Father?

The exposition which I have given under this head

of the parental relation of God to the human race is one in which I take the deepest interest. I have felt, however, as I proceeded, that very possibly objections would spring up in the minds of some who hear me. There are not a few who are sceptical as to whatever supposes a higher condition of human nature than they now observe. Perhaps some here could they speak would say, "We do not see the marks of this fatherly interest of God in man of which you have spoken. We do not see in man the signs of a being, so beloved, so educated, as you have supposed. His weakness, sufferings and sins, are surely no proofs of his having been created to receive God's spirit, to partake of the divinity." On this point I have much to say, but my answer must be limited to a few words. I reply, that the love of an Infinite Father may be expected often to work in methods beyond the comprehension of our limited minds. An immortal being in his infancy cannot of course comprehend all the processes of his education, many of which look forward to ages too distant for the imagination to explore. I would add, that notwithstanding the darkness which hangs over human life on account of the greatness of our nature, we can yet see bright signatures of the parental concern of God, and see them in the very circumstances which at first create doubt. Because we suffer, it ought not to be inferred, that God is not a Father. Suffering, trial, exposure seem to be necessary elements in the education of a moral being. It is fit, that a being, whose happiness and dignity are to be found in vigorous action and in forming himself, should be born with undeveloped capacities, and be born into a world of mingled difficulties and aids. We do see, that energy of thought, will, affection, virtue, the energy which is our true life and joy, often springs from trial. We can see too, that it is well that society like the individual should begin in imperfection; because men in this way become to each other means of discipline, because joint sufferings and the necessity of joint efforts awaken

both the affections and the faculties, because occasion and incitement are thus given to generous sacrifices, to heroic struggles, to the most beautiful and stirring manifestations of philanthropy, patriotism, and devotion. Were I called on to prove God's spiritual parental interest in us, I would point to the trials, temptations, evils of life; for to these we owe the character of Christ, we owe the apostle and martyr, we owe the moral force and deep sympathy of private and domestic life, we owe the development of what is divine in human nature. Truly God is our Father, and as such to be worshipped.

Having thus set forth very imperfectly, but from a full heart, the excellence of the homage which is here to be rendered to God in his parental character, I ought now to proceed, according to the plan of this discourse, to show that we should enter this house with joy, because it is set apart to the worship of God in Spirit and in Truth, to an Inward not outward worship. In discussing this topic, I might enlarge on the vast and beneficent revolution which Jesus Christ wrought in religion, by teaching that God is a spirit, and to be spiritually adored. I might show how much he wrought for human elevation and happiness, when in pronouncing the text, he shook the ancient temples to their foundations, quenched the fire on the heathen and Jewish altars, wrested the instruments of sacrifice from the hand of the priest, abolished sanctity of place, and consecrated the human soul as the true house of God. But the nature, grandeur, benefits of this spiritual worship, are subjects too extensive for our present consideration. Instead of discussion, I can only use the words of exhortation. I can only say, that you, who are to assemble in this place, are peculiarly bound to inward worship, for to you especially Christianity is an inward system. Most other denominations expect salvation more or less from what Jesus does abroad, especially from his agency on the mind of God. You expect it from what he does within your own

minds. His great glory, according to your views, lies in his influence on the human soul, in the communication of his spirit to his followers. To you salvation, heaven, and hell have their seat in the soul. To you, Christianity is wholly a spiritual system. Come then to this place to worship with the soul, to elevate the spirit to God. Let not this house be desecrated by a religion of show. Let it not degenerate into a place of forms. Let not your pews be occupied by lifeless machines. Do not come here to take part in lethargic repetitions of sacred words. Do not come from a cold sense of duty, to quiet conscience with the thought of having paid a debt to God. Do not come to perform a present task to ensure a future heaven. Come to find heaven now, to anticipate the happiness of that better world by breathing its spirit, to bind your souls indissolubly to your maker.—Come to worship in spirit and in truth, that is, intelligently, rationally, with clear judgment, with just and honorable conceptions of the infinite Father, not prostrating your understandings, not renouncing the divine gift of reason, but offering an enlightened homage, such as is due to the Fountain of intelligence and truth.—Come to worship with the heart as well as intellect, with life, fervor, zeal. Sleep over your business if you will, but not over your religion.—Come to worship with strong conviction, with living faith in a higher presence than meets the eye, with a feeling of God's presence not only around you, but in the depths of your souls.—Come to worship with a filial spirit, not with fear, dread and gloom, not with sepulchral tones and desponding looks, but with humble, cheerful, boundless trust, with overflowing gratitude, with a love willing and earnest to do and to suffer whatever may approve your devotion to God.—Come to worship him with what he most delights in, with aspiration for spiritual light and life ; come to cherish and express desires for virtue, for purity, for power over temptation, stronger and more insatiable than spring up in your most eager pursuits of

business or pleasure; and welcome joyfully every holy impulse, every accession of strength to virtuous purposes, to the love of God and man. — In a word, come to offer a refined, generous worship, to offer a tribute worthy of Him who is the Perfection of truth, goodness, beauty, and blessedness. Adore him with the calmest reason, and the profoundest love, and strive to conform yourselves to what you adore.

I have now my friends set before you the worship to which this building is set apart, and which from its rational, filial, pure, and ennobling character, renders this solemnity a season for thankfulness and joy. I should not however be just to this occasion, or to the great purpose of this house, if I were to stop here. My remarks have hitherto been confined to the worship which is to be offered within these walls, to the influence to be exerted on you when assembled here. But has this house no higher end than to give an impulse to your minds for the very few hours which you are to spend beneath its roof? Then we have little reason to enter it with joy. The great end for which you are to worship here is, that you may worship every where. You are to feel God's presence here, that it may be felt wherever you go, and whatever you do. The very idea of spiritual homage is, that it takes possession of the soul, and becomes a part of our very being. The great design of this act of dedication is, that your houses, your places of business may be consecrated to God. This topic of omnipresent worship I cannot expand. One view of it, however, I must not omit. From the peculiar character of the worship to which this house is consecrated, you learn the *kind* of worship which you should carry from it into your common lives. It is not uncommon for the Christian teacher to say to his congregation, that when they leave the church, they go forth into a nobler temple, than one made with hands, into the temple of the Creation, and that they must go

forth to worship God in his works. The views given of the true worship in this discourse, will lead me to a somewhat different style of exposition. I will, indeed, say to you, go from this house to adore God as he is revealed in the boundless universe. This is one end of your worship here. But I would add, that a higher end is, that you should go forth to worship him as he is revealed in his rational and moral offspring, and to worship him by fulfilling, as you have power, his purposes in regard to these. My great aim in this discourse, has been to show that God is to be adored here as the Father of rational and moral beings, of yourselves and all mankind; and such a worship tends directly and is designed to lead us when we go hence to recognize God in our own nature, to see in men his children, to respect and serve them for their relationship to the Divinity, to see in them signatures of greatness amidst all their imperfection, and to love them with more than earthly love. We must not look round on the universe with awe, and on man with scorn, for man who can comprehend the universe and its laws "is greater than the universe, which cannot comprehend itself." God dwells in every human being more intimately than in the outward creation. The voice of God comes to us in the ocean, the thunder, the whirlwind; but how much more of God is there in his inward voice, in the intuitions of reason, in the rebukes of conscience, in the whispers of the Holy Spirit. I would have you see God in the awful mountain and the tranquil valley; but more, much more in the clear judgment, the moral energy, the disinterested purpose, the pious gratitude, the immortal hope of a good man. Go from this house to worship God by reverencing the human soul as his chosen sanctuary. Revere it in yourselves, revere it in others, and labor to carry it forward to perfection. Worship God within these walls as universally, impartially good to his human offspring; and go forth to breathe the same spirit. Go forth to respect the rights, and seek the

true, enduring welfare of all within your influence. Carry with you the conviction, that to trample on a human being, of whatever color, clime, rank, condition, is to trample on God's child ; that to degrade or corrupt a man, is to deface a holier temple than any material sanctuary. Mercy, Love, is more acceptable worship to God, than all sacrifices or outward offerings. The most celestial worship ever paid on earth was rendered by Christ, when he approached man, and the most sinful man, as a child of God, when he toiled and bled to awaken what was Divine in the human soul, to regenerate a fallen world. Be such the worship which you shall carry from this place. Go forth to do good with every power which God bestows, to make every place you enter happier by your presence, to espouse all human interests, to throw your whole weight into the scale of human freedom and improvement, to withstand all wrong, to uphold all right, and especially to give light, life, strength to the immortal soul. He who rears up one child in Christian virtue, or recovers one fellow creature to God, builds a temple more precious than Solomon's or St. Peter's, more enduring than earth or heaven.

I have now finished the general discussion which this occasion seemed to me to require, and I trust that a few remarks of a personal and local character will be received with indulgence. It is with no common emotion that I take part in the present solemnity. I stand now to teach, where in my childhood and youth I was a learner. The generation which I then knew has almost wholly disappeared. The venerable man, whose trembling voice I then heard in this place, has long since gone to his reward. My earliest friends, who watched over my childhood and led me by the hand to this place, have been taken. Still my emotions are not sad. I rejoice ; for whilst I see melancholy changes around me, and still more feel, that time, which has

bowed other frames, has touched my own, I see that the work of human improvement has gone on. I see that clearer and brighter truths, than were opened on my own youthful mind, are to be imparted to succeeding generations. Herein I do and will rejoice.

On looking back to my early years I can distinctly recollect unhappy influences exerted on my mind by the general tone of religion in this town. I can recollect, too, a corruption of morals among those of my own age, which made boyhood a critical, perilous season. Still I must bless God for the place of my nativity; for as my mind unfolded, I became more and more alive to the beautiful scenery which now attracts strangers to our island. My first liberty was used in roaming over the neighboring fields and shores; and amid this glorious nature, that love of liberty sprang up, which has gained strength within me to this hour. I early received impressions of the great and the beautiful, which I believe have had no small influence in determining my modes of thought and habits of life. In this town I pursued for a time my studies of theology. I had no professor or teacher to guide me, but I had two noble places of study. One was yonder beautiful edifice, now so frequented and so useful as a public library, then so deserted that I spent day after day and sometimes week after week amidst its dusty volumes, without interruption from a single visiter. The other place was yonder beach, the roar of which has so often mingled with the worship of this place, my daily resort, dear to me in the sunshine, still more attractive in the storm. Seldom do I visit it now without thinking of the work, which there, in the sight of that beauty, in the sound of those waves, was carried on in my soul. No spot on earth has helped to form me so much, as that beach. There I lifted up my voice in praise amidst the tempest. There, softened by beauty, I poured out my thanksgiving and contrite confessions. There, in reverential sympathy with the mighty power around me,

I became conscious of power within. There, struggling thoughts and emotions broke forth, as if moved to utterance by nature's eloquence of the winds and waves. There began a happiness surpassing all worldly pleasures, all gifts of fortune, the happiness of communing with the works of God. Pardon me this reference to myself. I believe that the worship, of which I have this day spoken, was aided in my own soul by the scenes in which my early life was passed. Amidst these scenes, and in speaking of this worship, allow me to thank God that this beautiful island was the place of my birth.

Leaving what is merely personal, I would express my joy, and it is most sincere, in the dedication of this house, regarded as a proof and a means of the diffusion of Christian truth. Some perhaps may think, that this joy is not a little heightened by seeing a church set apart to the particular sect to which I am said to belong. But I trust, that what you have this day heard will satisfy most if not all who hear, that it is not a sectarian exultation to which I am giving utterance. I indeed take pleasure in thinking, that the particular views which I have adopted of the disputed doctrines of religion will here be made known; but I rejoice much more in thinking, that this house is pledged to no peculiar doctrines, that it is not erected to bind my own or any man's opinions on this or on future times, that it is consecrated to free investigation of religious truth, to religious progress, to the right of private judgment, to protestant and christian liberty. Most earnestly do I pray that a purer theology, that diviner illuminations, that a truer worship than can now be found in our own or in any sect, may be the glory of this house. We who now consecrate it to God, believe in human progress. We do not say to the spirit of truth: "Thus far and no farther." We reprobate the exclusive, tyrannical spirit of the churches of this age, which denounce as an enemy to Christianity, who-

ever in the use of his intellectual liberty, and in the interpretation of God's word for himself, may differ from the traditions and creeds which have been received from fallible forefathers. We rear these walls not to a sect, but to religious, moral, intellectual, protestant, Christian liberty.

I rejoice that this temple of liberty is opened on this spot. I feel that this town has a right to an establishment, in which conscientious Christians may enquire and speak without dreading the thunders of excommunication, in which protestantism will not be dishonored by the usurpations of the Romish church. This island, like the state to which it belongs, was originally settled by men, who came hither for liberty of conscience, and in assertion of the right to interpret for themselves the word of God. Religious freedom was the very principle on which this town was founded, and I rejoice to know, that the spirit of religious freedom has never wanted champions here. I have recently read a very valuable discourse, which was delivered in this town about a century ago, and just a century after the cession of this island to our fathers by the Indians, and which breathes a liberality of thought and feeling, a reverence for the rights of the understanding and the conscience, very rare at that time in other parts of the country, and very far from being universal now. Its author, the Reverend Mr. Callender, was pastor of the first Baptist church in this place, the oldest of our churches, and it was dedicated to a descendant of the venerable Coddington, our first governor. The spirit of religious liberty, which pervades this discourse, has astonished as well as rejoiced me, and it should thrill the hearts of this people. Let me read a few sentences : —

"It must be a mean contracted way of thinking, to 'confine the favor of God, and the power of godliness 'to one set of speculative opinions, or any particular 'external forms of worship. How hard must it be to

'imagine, that all other Christians but ourselves, must be 'formal, and hypocritical, and destitute of the grace of 'God, because their education or capacity differs from 'ours, or that God has given them more or less light 'than to us; though we cannot deny, they give the 'proper evidence of their fearing God by their working 'righteousness, and show their love to him by keeping 'what they understand he has commanded; and though 'their faith in Christ Jesus purifies their hearts and 'works by love and overcomes the world. It would be 'hard to show, why liberty of conscience, mutual for-'bearance and good will, why brotherly kindness and 'charity is not as good a centre of unity as a constrain-'ed uniformity in external ceremonies or a forced sub-'scription to ambiguous articles. Experience has dearly 'convinced the world that unanimity in judgment and 'affection cannot be secured by penal laws. Who can 'tell, why the unity of spirit in the bonds of peace is 'not enough for Christians to aim at? And who can 'assign a reason why they may not love one another 'though abounding in their own several senses? And 'why if they live in peace, the God of love and peace 'may not be with them?

"There is no other bottom but this to rest upon, to 'leave others the liberty we should desire ourselves, 'the liberty wherewith Christ hath made them free."

Such was the liberal spirit expressed in this town a hundred years ago. I would it were more common in our own day.

Another noble friend of religious liberty threw a lustre on this island immediately before the revolution. I mean the Reverend Dr. Styles, pastor of the Second Congregational church, and afterwards President of Yale College. This country has not perhaps produced a more learned man. To enlarged acquaintance with physical science he added extensive researches into philology, history, and antiquities; nor did his indefatigable mind suffer any opportunity to escape him of adding to

his rich treasures of knowledge. His virtues were proportioned to his intellectual acquisition. I can well remember how his name was cherished among his parishioners, after years of separation. His visit to this place was to many a festival. When little more than a child, I was present at some of his private meetings with the more religious part of his former congregation; and I recollect how I was moved by the tears and expressive looks with which his affectionate exhortations were received. In his faith he was what was called a moderate Calvinist; but his heart was of no sect. He carried into his religion the spirit of liberty which then stirred the whole country. Intolerance, church-tyranny, in all its forms, he abhorred. He respected the right of private judgment, where others would have thought themselves authorised to restrain it. A young man to whom he had been as a father, one day communicated to him doubts concerning the trinity. He expressed his sorrow; but mildly, and with undiminished affection told him to go to the scriptures, and to seek his faith there and only there. His friendships were confined to no parties. He desired to heal the wounds of the divided church of Christ, not by a common creed, but by the spirit of love. He wished to break every yoke, civil and ecclesiastical, from men's necks. To the influence of this distinguished man in the circle in which I was brought up, I may owe in part the indignation which I feel towards every invasion of human rights. In my earliest years, I regarded no human being with equal reverence. I have his form before me at this moment almost as distinctly as if I had seen him yesterday, so strong is the impression made on the child through the moral affections.

Let me add one more example of the spirit of religious freedom on this island. You may be surprised, perhaps, when you hear me name in this connexion the venerable man, who once ministered in this place, the Reverend Dr. Hopkins. His name is indeed associated

with a stern and appalling theology, and it is true, that he wanted toleration towards those who rejected his views. Still in forming his religious opinions, he was superior to human authority; he broke away from human creeds; he interpreted God's word for himself; he revered reason, the oracle of God within him. His system, however fearful, was yet built on a generous foundation. He maintained that all holiness, all moral excellence, consists in benevolence, or disinterested devotion to the greatest good; that this is the character of God; that love is the only principle of the divine administration. He taught that sin was introduced into the creation, and is to be everlastingly punished, because evil is necessary to the highest good. To this government, in which the individual is surrendered to the well being of the whole, he required entire and cheerful submission. Other Calvinists were willing that their neighbors should be predestined to everlasting misery for the glory of God. This noble-minded man demanded a more generous and impartial virtue, and maintained that we should consent to our own perdition, should be willing ourselves to be condemned, if the greatest good of the universe, and the manifestation of the divine perfections should so require. True virtue, as he taught, was an entire surrender of personal interest to the benevolent purposes of God. Self-love he spared in none of its movements. He called us to seek our own happiness, as well as that of others, in a spirit of impartial benevolence; to do good to ourselves, not from self-preference, not from the impulse of personal desires, but in obedience to that sublime law, which requires us to promote the welfare of each and all within our influence. I need not be ashamed to confess the deep impression which this system made on my youthful mind. I am grateful to this stern teacher for turning my thoughts and heart to the claims and majesty of impartial, universal benevolence. From such a man, a tame acquiescence in the established theology was not to be expected.

He indeed accepted the doctrine of predestination in its severest form; but in so doing he imagined himself a disciple of reason as well as of revelation. He believed this doctrine to be sustained by profound metaphysical argumentation, and to rest on the only sound philosophy of the human mind, so that in receiving it, he did not abandon the ground of reason. In accordance with his free spirit of inquiry, we find him making not a few important modifications of Calvinism. The doctrine that we are liable to punishment for the sin of our first parent he wholly rejected; and not satisfied with denying the imputation of Adam's guilt to his posterity, he subverted what the old theology had set forth as the only foundation of divine acceptance, namely the imputation of Christ's righteousness or merits to the believer. The doctrine that Christ died for the elect only, found no mercy at his hands. He taught that Christ suffered equally for all mankind. The system of Dr. Hopkins was indeed an effort of reason to reconcile Calvinism with its essential truths. Accordingly his disciples were sometimes called, and willingly called, Rational Calvinists. The impression which he made was much greater than is now supposed. The churches of New-England received a decided impression from his views; and though his name, once given to his followers, is no longer borne, his influence is still felt. The conflict now going on in our country, for the purpose of mitigating the harsh features of Calvinism, is a stage of the revolutionary movement to which he more than any man gave impulse. *I* can certainly bear witness to the spirit of progress and free inquiry which possessed him. In my youth I preached in this house at the request of the venerable old man. As soon as the services were closed, he turned to me with an animated benignant smile, and using a quaintness of expression which I need not repeat, said to me, that theology was still imperfect, and that he hoped I should live to carry it towards perfection. Rare and most honorable liberality in the leader of a

sect! He wanted not to secure a follower, but to impel a young mind to higher truth. I feel, that ability has not been given me to accomplish this generous hope; but such quickening language from such lips, though it could not give strength, might kindle desire, and elevate exertion.— Thus the spirit of religious freedom has not been wanting to this island. May this spirit, unawed by human reproach, unfettered by human creeds, availing itself gratefully of human aids, and above all looking reverently to God for light, dwell in the hearts of those who are to minister, and of those who shall worship within these walls. May this spirit spread far and wide and redeem the Christian world from the usurpations of catholic and protestant infallibility, from uncharitableness, intolerance, persecution and every yoke which has crushed the human soul.

I have done with the personal and the local. In conclusion, let me revert for one moment to the great topic of this discourse My friends, the spiritual worship of which I have this day spoken, is something *real*. There *is* a worship in the spirit, a worship very different from standing in the church, or kneeling in the closet, a worship which cannot be confined to set phrases and asks not the clothing of outward forms, a thirst of the soul for its Creator, an inward voice, which our nearest neighbor cannot hear, but which pierces the skies. To the culture of this spiritual worship, we dedicate this house. My friends, rest not in offering breath, in moving the lips, in bending the knee to your Creator. There is another, a nearer, a happier intercourse with Heaven, a worship of love, sometimes too full and deep for utterance, a union of mind with him closer than all earthly friendships. This is the worship to which Christ calls. Christ came not to build churches, not to rear cathedrals with Gothic arches, or swelling domes, but to dedicate the human soul to God. When God "bows the heavens

and comes down," it is not that he may take up his abode beneath the vault of a metropolitan temple, it is not that he is drawn by majestic spires or by clouds of fragrance, but that he may visit and dwell in the humble, obedient, disinterested soul. This house is to moulder away. Temples hewn from the rock will crumble to dust, or melt in the last fire. But the inward temple will survive all outward change. When winds and oceans and suns shall have ceased to praise God, the human soul will praise him. It will receive more and more divine inspiration, of truth and love; will fill with its benevolent ministry wider and wider spheres; and will accomplish its destiny by a progress towards God as unlimited, as mysterious, as enduring as Eternity.

Note to Page 15.

I have not quoted the verses preceding those which I have extracted from the Epistle to the Philippians, which are often quoted in proof of Christ's supreme divinity, because it is acknowledged by learned men of all denominations, that our translation of the most important clause is incorrect, and a critical discussion of the subject would have been out of place. I think, however, that no man, unacquainted with the common theories, could read any translation and escape the impression, that Jesus Christ is a derived, dependent, subordinate being, and a distinct being from the Father. How plain is it, that in this passage Paul intends by the terms "God" and "the Father," not Jesus Christ but another being? How plain is it, that, in the passage chosen as the text for this discourse, our Saviour intended by these terms, not himself but another being? What other idea could his hearers receive? What decisive proofs are furnished by his constant habit of speaking of "the Father" and of "God," as another being, and of distinguishing himself from him?

Note to Page 38.

I understand, that the interest, expressed by me in the character of Dr. Hopkins, has surprised some of my townsmen of Newport, who knew him only by report, or who saw him in their youth. I do not wonder at this. He lived almost wholly in his study, and like very retired men, was the object of little sympathy. His appearance was that of a man who had nothing to do with the world. I can well recollect the impression which he made on me when a boy, as he rode on horseback in a plaid gown fastened by a girdle round his waist, and with a study cap on his head instead of his wig. His delivery in the pulpit was the worst I ever met with. Such tones never came from any human voice within my hearing. He was the very ideal of bad delivery. Then I must say, the matter was often as uninviting as the manner. Dr. Hopkins was distinguished by nothing more than by faithfulness to his principles. He carried them out to their full extent. Believing as he did in total depravity, believing that there was nothing good or generous in human nature to which he could make an appeal, believing that he could benefit men only by setting before them their utterly lost and helpless condition, he came to the point without any circumlocution, and dealt out terrors with an unsparing liberality. Add to all this that his manners had a bluntness, partly natural, partly the result of long seclusion in the country. We cannot wonder that such a

man should be set down as hard and severe. But he had a true benevolence, and what is more worthy of being noted, he was given to a facetious style of conversation. Two instances immediately occur to me which happened in my own circle. One day, he dined at my father's with a young minister who was willing to comply with the costume of the day, but whose modesty only allowed the ruffles to peep from his breast. The Dr. said with good humor, "I don't care for ruffles; but if I wore them, I'd wear them like a man." I recollect that on visiting him one day when he was about eighty years of age, I found his eyes much inflamed by reading and writing. I took the liberty to recommend abstinence from these occupations. He replied smilingly with an amusing story and then added "If my eyes wont study, no eyes for me." This facetiousness may seem to some who are unacquainted with the world not consistent with the great severity of his theology. But nothing is more common than this apparent self-contradiction. The ministers, who deal most in terrors, who preach doctrines which ought to make their flesh creep, and to turn their eyes into fountains of tears, are not generally distinguished by their spare forms or haggard countenances. They take the world as easily as people of a milder creed; and this does not show that they want sincerity or benevolence. It only shows how superficially men may believe in doctrines, which yet they would shudder to relinquish. It shows how little the import of language, which is thundered from the lips, is comprehended and felt. I should not set down as hard-hearted a man, whose appetite should be improved by preaching a sermon full of images and threatenings of "a bottomless hell." The best meals are sometimes made after such effusions. This is only an example of the numberless contradictions in human life. Men are every day saying and doing, from the power of education, habit, and imitation, what has no root whatever in their serious convictions. Dr. Hopkins, though his style of preaching and conversation did not always agree, was a sincere benevolent man. I remember hearing of his giving on a journey all he had to a poor woman. On another occasion he contributed to some religious object a hundred dollars, which he had received for the copy right of a book; and this he gave from his penury, for he received no fixed salary, and depended in a measure on the donations of friends for common comforts. When he first established himself in Newport, he was brought into contact with two great evils, the slave trade and slavery, in both of which a large part of the inhabitants were or had been engaged. "His spirit was stirred in him," and without "conferring with flesh or blood," without heeding the strong prejudices and passions enlisted on the side of these abuses, he bore his faithful testimony against them from the pulpit and the press. Still more, he labored for the education of the colored people, and had the happiness of seeing the fruits of his labors in the intelligence and exemplary piety of those who came under his influence. Much as he disapproved of the moderate theology of Dr. Styles, he cheerfully coöperated with him in this work. Their names were joined to a circular for obtaining funds to educate Africans as missionaries to their own country. These two eminent men who, as I think, held no ministerial intercourse, forgot their differences in their zeal for freedom and humanity.

Dr. Hopkins in conversing with me, on his past history, reverted more frequently to his religious controversies than to any other event of his life, and always spoke as a man conscious of having gained the victory; and in this, I doubt not, that he judged justly. He was true, as I have said, to his principles, and carried them out fearlessly to their consequences;

whilst his opponents wished to stop half way. Of course it was easy for a practised disputant to drive them from their position. They had indeed the advantage of common sense on their side, but this availed little at a time, when it was understood that common sense was to yield to the established creed. These controversies are most of them forgotten, but they were agitated with no small warmth. One of the most important, and which was confined to the Calvinists, turned on what were called the "Means of Grace." The question was, whether the unregenerate could do any thing for themselves, whether an unconverted man could, by prayer, by reading the scriptures, and by public worship, promote his own conversion, whether in a word, any means used by an unregenerate man would avail to that change of heart on which his future happiness depended. Dr. Hopkins, true to the fundamental principles of Calvinism, took the negative side of the question. He maintained, that man, being wholly depraved by nature, wholly averse to God and goodness, could do nothing but sin, before the mighty power of God had implanted a new principle of holiness within his heart; that of course, his prayers and efforts before conversion were sins and deserved the divine wrath; that his very struggles for pardon, and salvation, wanting as they did a holy motive, springing from the deep selfishness of an unrenewed soul, only increased his guilt and condemnation. The doctrine was indeed horrible, but a plain, necessary result of man's total corruption and impotence. I state this controversy that the reader may know the kind of topics, in which the zeal, and abilities of our fathers were employed. It also shews us, how extremes meet. Dr Hopkins contended that no means of religion or virtue could avail, unless used with a sincere love of religion and virtue. In this doctrine, all liberal Christians concur. In their hands, however, the doctrine wears an entirely different aspect, in consequence of their denial of total, original depravity, that terrible error, which drove Dr. Hopkins to conclusions equally shocking to the reason, to common sense, and to the best feelings of the heart.

The characteristic disposition of Dr. Hopkins to follow out his principles was remarkably illustrated in a manuscript of his which was never published, and which perhaps was suppressed by those who had the charge of his papers in consequence of its leaning towards some of the speculations of the infidel philosophy of the day in regard to Utility or the General Good. It fell into my hands after his death, and struck me so much that I think I can trust my recollections of it. It gave the author's ideas of Moral Good. He maintained that the object of "Moral Good," the object on which virtue is fixed, and the choice of which constitutes virtue, is "natural good," or the greatest possible amount of Enjoyment, not our own enjoyment only, but that of the whole system of being. He virtually, if not expressly set forth this "natural good," that is, happiness in the simple sense of enjoyment, as the ultimate good, and made moral good the means. I well recollect how, in starting from this principle he justified eternal punishment. He affirmed that sin or selfishness (synonymous words in his vocabulary) tended to counteract God's system which is framed for infinite happiness, or tended to produce infinite misery. He then insisted, that by subjecting the sinner to endless, that is, infinite misery, this tendency was made manifest; a correspondence was established between the sin and the punishment; and a barrier was erected against sin, which was demanded by the greatness of the good menaced by the wrong doer.

I have thrown together these recollections of a man, who has been crowded out of men's minds by the thronging events and interests of our time, but who must always fill an important place in our ecclesiastical history. He was a singularly blameless man, with the exception of intolerance towards those who differed from him. This he sometimes expressed in a manner which to those unacquainted with him, seemed a sign of any thing but benignity. In one point of view, I take pleasure in thinking of him. He was an illustration of the power of our spiritual nature. In narrow circumstances, with few outward indulgences, in great seclusion, he yet found much to enjoy. He lived in a world of thought, above all earthly passions. He represented to himself, as the result of the divine government, a boundless diffusion of felicity through the universe, and contrived to merge in this the horrors of his theological system. His doctrines indeed threw dark colors over the world around him; but he took refuge from the present state of things in the Millenium. The Millenium was his chosen ground. If any subject of thought possessed him above all others, I suppose it to have been this. The Millenium was more than a belief to him. It had the freshness of visible things. He was at home in it. His book on the subject has an air of reality, as if written from observation. He describes the habits and customs of the Millenium, as one familiar with them. He enjoyed this future glory of the church not a whit the less, because it was so much his own creation. The fundamental idea, the germ he found in the scriptures, but it expanded in and from his own mind. Whilst to the multitude he seemed a hard, dry theologian, feeding on the thorns of controversy, he was living in a region of imagination, feeding on visions of a holiness and a happiness, which are to make earth all but Heaven. It has been my privilege to meet with other examples of the same character, with men, who, amidst privation, under bodily infirmity, and with none of those materials of enjoyment which the multitude are striving for, live in a world of thought, and enjoy what affluence never dreamed of, men having nothing yet possessing all things; and the sight of such has done me more good, has spoken more to my head and heart, than many sermons and volumes. I have learned the sufficiency of the mind to itself, its independence on outward things.

I regret that I did not use my acquaintance with Dr. Hopkins to get the particulars of the habits and conversation of Edwards and Whitfield, whom he knew intimately. I value the hints which I get about distinguished men from their friends, much more than written accounts of them. Most biographies are of little worth. The true object of a biography, which is to give us an insight into men's characters, such as an intimate acquaintance with them would have furnished, is little comprehended. The sayings and actions of a man, which breathe most of what was individual in him, should be sought above all things by his historian; and yet most lives contain none or next to none of these. They are panegyrics, not lives. No department of literature is so false as biography. The object is, not to let down the hero; and consequently what is most human, most genuine, most characteristic in his history is excluded. Sometimes one anecdote will let us into the secret of a man's soul more than all the prominent events of his life. It is not impossible that some readers may object to some of my notices of the stern theologian, to whom this note refers, as too familiar. This seems to me their merit. They show that he was not a mere theologian, that he had the sympathies of a man.

A

SERMON,

PREACHED IN

THE SECOND UNITARIAN CHURCH, IN MERCER-STREET,

ON THE

MORAL IMPORTANCE OF CITIES,

AND THE

MORAL MEANS FOR THEIR REFORMATION,

PARTICULARLY ON

A MINISTRY FOR THE POOR

IN CITIES.

BY THE REV. ORVILLE DEWEY,

Pastor of said Church.

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SERMON.

"And the poor have the Gospel preached to them."—Matt. xi. 5.

This striking declaration of our Saviour has always been verified in the preaching of the Gospel. It has always been a preaching of glad tidings to the poor. But it is not till recently, and in our own country, that special attempts have been made in the form of "free churches," "city missions," and "a ministry for the poor" in cities, to fill up the appointed measure of Christian instruction.

It is the ministry for the poor in cities, to which I now wish particularly to draw your attention. And when I thus state the object, I suggest, perhaps, in the very name which this undertaking bears—"the ministry for the poor"—the greatest objection to it; viz., that it *is* specifically a ministry for the poor; that it singles out a particular class, whom it is the true policy of our political institutions, as well as of Christianity, not to separate from their more fortunate brethren, but to blend in the common mass of society, and to raise to its common privileges and duties. It is, probably, the best answer to this objection, that the institution of a ministry for the poor is expressly designed, and must have the effect, to raise them to intelligence, virtue, comfort, and respectability; and thus to diminish that particular class of the indigent for which it is exerting its power. I say, that particular class; for I think it ought constantly to be

kept in mind, that by the poor, we do not mean, nor does our text mean, to designate persons who have no property. It is not the bare condition of poverty, for which our Christian sympathies are demanded; a condition which, comparatively speaking, is scarcely a misfortune; a condition in which some of the loftiest individuals of every country are found; but it is the character of mind, the depression, the desperation, the vice and misery, which that condition too often brings with it. It is not the poor in fortune whom we are considering in this case, but the poor in mind, the broken in spirit, the bowed down in heart and hope. It is the cause of such that I would plead before you this morning, and particularly with reference to that remedial institution, which is commonly denominated the ministry for the poor, or the ministry at large, in cities.

With this view, I would direct your attention, in the first place, to *the moral importance of cities*.

This is a subject, I am inclined to think, which has never among us received any just consideration. And yet it seems to me not unworthy of notice that it is upon cities that our Saviour fixed his special attention, whether for encouragement or rebuke. "Oh! Jerusalem! Jerusalem!" he says, "how often would I have gathered thy children, even as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, and ye would not." And again, "Wo unto thee, Chorazin! wo unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works which were done in you, had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago, in sackcloth and ashes."

The commercial, the civil and military importance of cities has not failed to attract the public attention. They have been regarded, and very justly, as the cen-

tres of political influence, the dispensers of public wealth, and strong holds in war. The party leader has canvassed for them, the financier has cherished them, the military commander has built walls and battlements for their defence. Meanwhile, an enemy has always been found to intrench himself within them, more dangerous than a thousand beleaguering armies—I mean vice, dissipation, dissoluteness. Has the philanthropist given any just heed to this moral condition of cities? Have the children of light looked to these central points of influence as wisely as the children of this world—the politician, the tactitian, the financier? On the contrary, good men, I think, have been accustomed to feel as if it were the inevitable destiny and doom of cities to accumulate within themselves, fearful masses of irremediable wickedness and misery. Though cities are indeed the mighty centres of moral influence—the very posts where the great moral battle of the world is to be fought, yet the philanthropist and the reformer have passed them by in despair, have consented to give them up to the enemy, vainly thinking to hold the world against them.

Vainly thinking thus, I say; for I maintain that it is impossible to reform and purify the world, so long as cities are suffered to remain the strong and unbroken holds of corruption. It is not to be forgotten, indeed, that cities themselves embrace a considerable portion of mankind; so that if all the rest of the world were made pure, and a broad and separating wall were drawn around the vices and miseries of cities, the work would be but half done. But the material consideration is, that no such separating wall can be drawn around them As well might you cut off the heart from the arteries

in the human system; as well might you wall up the ocean, and forbid its winds and vapours to spread themselves over the land, as to build up any moral barrier against the infectious example of cities. Where power, wealth, splendor, fashion, refinement, and accomplishment are, there the eyes of every country must and will be directed for example. And let it be added, that in a country like this, where cheap newspapers are spreading every species of intelligence, and where, it would seem, that almost the entire population is travelling, every season, to and from the cities, the importance of their example is incalculably increased.

But let us contemplate this moral influence of cities a moment in detail. A man comes from a distant part of the country—a trader, perhaps,—to your city. It is impossible that he should not be much impressed with what he sees around him—business, life, fashion, equipage, all upon a scale so much more splendid and luxurious than that to which he has been accustomed. He is obviously placed in a state to be strongly influenced; a situation more favourable to that end is scarcely conceivable: and influenced too, not by a mere outward spectacle. It is not the brick and mortar, the splendid mansion or entertainment, the service of plate or the rich costume; but is the spirit of society living and breathing through these forms, that steals with a subtler influence into his mind. The public opinion—and I say it with emphasis—the public opinion that prevails in cities is, from their position, more pervading and powerful than any other public opinion in the world. If our visiter to the city finds those who live in the splendid mansions around him, living simply, temperately, virtuously; interested in the best welfare of

society, its education, morality, and religion, he is breathing an atmosphere, most healthful and happy for him; and he will carry back a report to his country home, full of encouragement to all good men there, and of rebuke to all bad men. Oh! what messages are *these*, to go from among us, to the whole wide land! May they be multiplied!

I thank God that there are such messages. But suppose that the visiter to our city finds much here, that is widely and unhappily different from that representation. Suppose that he is impressed with the covetousness, extravagance, and immorality of the people, rather than with the opposite qualities. Suppose that he finds here, not only thousands of houses of evil allurement—I speak not in random terms; three thousand drinking houses are but one item in the account—that he finds, I say, not only *some thousands of houses of evil allurement*, but that he falls in with some of those currents of evil conversation and practice which are ever flowing towards those reservoirs of iniquity. He is introduced, you perceive, both by the spectacle and the spirit of things around him, to new modes and new ideas of life. Instead of that regular and reasonable application to business, and that quiet, domestic fidelity and enjoyment, which mark out, as he had before thought, the only lawful plan in life, he finds those in the city throng—made up as it is of many moral classes—he finds those, and not a few, perhaps, who are pushing business to unscrupulous excess one part of the day, that they may urge pleasure to criminal excess another. He hears it insinuated too, on a basis indeed of truth, but with a large superstructure of exaggeration, that many around

him, holding a respectable rank in society, are accustomed to resort to houses of midnight dissoluteness, gambling and intemperance! He is shocked—he is almost shaken, perhaps, in some of his moral judgments. He departs from the scene, wondering, but not corrupted. He carries his wonder with him to his country retirement, and naturally gives it utterance. Many reports of this kind, carried by individuals, sanctioned by newspapers, and confirmed by the testimonies given in our courts of justice, spread at length an impression through the country, that the city is almost wholly given up to the idolatry of sense; and this impression powerfully tends to sap the very foundations of public morality. Bad and dissolute men are encouraged by it. They say to the advocates of strict virtue, "You see that we are not alone! These notions," say they, "of strictness and self-restraint are all the fruit of country simplicity and ignorance." But great as the injury is in this view, it is not so great as the injury to and through the individual whose case I am considering. He comes again to the great city-mart; he falls again into society like that which he had seen before—he hears again that loose and reckless conversation, whose breath, more fatally than any other influence, dissolves the bands of virtue; he hears, and the more he hears, the less he is shocked; use breeds familiarity, familiarity, indifference; indifference leaves the soul unguarded—leaves it to be carried away by any casual whim, temporary excitement, or deep-seated passion—yes, carried away to the dens of evil indulgence: and now it may be, that he who, five years ago, came to the city with none but honest intents, and looked upon many things around him with no feelings

but of surprise and displeasure—now, I say, he comes, perhaps, full as much for unlawful pleasure as for lawful business: yes, he has fallen into those very habits which, five years ago, filled him with amazement and horror. Nor is this all; nor even the worst. He carries the infection of example with him. Corrupted in the city, he becomes a centre and source of corruption in the country. He opens a fountain in the midst of some pure community, whose poisonous waters flow —underground, through many a hidden channel—yet not so deep, but that they pollute the very soil of society where he lives, blasting many a verdant spot, and fair flower, and shapely young tree, that shall spring up there for a century to come.

Thus does a city, if corrupt, inevitably become a source of corruption to the country. But there is another process by which it does this work, which it is still more affecting to contemplate. There are not only streams flowing out of the city; but others which flow into it. Yes, many a pure stream from the country, many a fresh mountain stream, finds its way to the city, only to fall into some of its many reservoirs of pollution.

Of how many a young man's career is this figure but too exact a description! How many youth are there—alas! and must we say of both sexes?—who came from their native hills, pure as the streams that gush forth at their side, and have found in our city, allurement, enticement, pollution, poverty, disease, and premature death. Look at that young man, if indeed vice and misery have left him yet young; look at him as he stands in the early morning, perhaps, at the entrance of some porter-house or grog-shop, pale, irresolute,

destitute, friendless, not knowing where to go, or what to do; fix your eye, ay, and a compassionate eye, upon him for one moment, and I will tell you his history. A few years only have passed over him, since he was the cherished member of a happy country-home. It was at that period that his own inclination, or family straits, led him to seek his fortunes abroad in the world. What a moment is that, when the first great tie of nature is broken—the tie to home! The long pent-up and quiet tenderness of family affection swells in the eye of the mother, and trembles at her heart, as she busies herself with the little preparations necessary for the departure of her son—her charge, till now, from infancy. At length the day comes for him to bid adieu to the scenes of his early life. Amidst the blessings and prayers of kindred, with many precious words spoken to him, he turns away, himself moved to tears perhaps, as he catches the last glance of the holy roof of his childhood. He comes to the great city; and for a time, probably, all is well with him. Home is dear at his heart, and the words of parental caution and of sisterly love are still in his ears; and the new scenes seem strange, and almost sad to him. But, left alone in the city throng, he must seek companions. And here, alas! is his first great peril. Could he have been acquainted with but two or three virtuous and agreeable families, with whom to pass his leisure hours, all might still have been well. But left to chance for his associates, chance is but too likely to provide him with associates that will tempt him to go astray. Their apparently honest wonder at his country simplicity, their ridicule of his fears, their jeers at his doubts and scruples, ere long wear off the first freshness of virtue.

He consents, for experiment's sake, it may be, to take one step with his evil advisers. That step sets the seal of doom upon his whole after career. Now, and from hence forth, every step is downward—downward—downward —till, on earth, there is no lower point to reach. And what though for a while he maintain some outward decency? What though he dress well and live luxuriously, and amass wealth to pamper his vices. It is but a cloth of gold spread over the fatal gangrene, that is eating into his vitals, and his very heart! But, often, instead of that cloth of gold, are the rags of beggary, or the garb of the convict. Vice is expensive and wasteful. It wants means at the same time that it is losing credit. It must, without a rare fortune, descend to beggary or crime. How often does it find both mingled in its bitter cup! How many are there in this city who have descended from the high places of honour and hope, to a degradation of which once they never dreamed as possible! Alas! how sad is the contrast between what that man is, and what he once was! But a little time ago, and he knew gentle nurture, and the music of kind words, and the holy serenity of nature, and quiet rural labour; the peace and plenty of a country-home were around him; and a mother's gentle tone, and a sister's kind voice, were in his ears; and words of sweet and solemn prayer rose each morning and evening, perhaps, beneath the venerable roof where he dwelt; and now—in the prison or the poor-house, or in some dwelling more desolate, pent up with stifling filth and squalid wretchedness, amidst oaths, and blows, and blasphemies, he is pursuing his dark and desperate way to a grave, that already yawns to receive him! And when he is bu-

ried—"his pale form shall *not* be laid with many tears" beneath the green fresh sod of his native fields; but he shall be hurried and huddled into some charnel-house, unwept, unhonoured, unblessed, even there, where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest!"

I have thus, at length, been led, in contemplating the moral importance of cities, to one small portion of that large class of persons, to whose care I wish to direct your attention:—to those unhappy youth, who have brought hither many high hopes, but to bury them in city dissoluteness, and in a city grave. Yet I have but touched the mighty evil which we are to consider. I have lifted but one fold of the dark veil which covers ten thousand families in this great commercial metropolis. If I could take you one walk with me, beneath those overshadowing tents of poverty, vice, and misery; if I could show you how thousands and tens of thousands are living in the very midst of us, though seldom in our sight; if I could open to you all their miserable abodes—from the damp cellar, to the desolate garret—those gloomy tenements, without furniture, without food, without clothing, without one relic of earthly comfort of any sort; if you could see the besotted father, the haggard-looking mother, the loathsome features of sickness and heart-sinking wretchedness, that would glare upon you from many a dismal [illegible]ess and untended cot; if you could hear the sighs of distress, the mutterings of anger, the sound of [illegible] and curses, that measure out the hours of every day you live, and startle the ear of every midnight when you sleep, and which nothing but a strong police [illegible] hold in check; and oh! more than all—

could you behold poor, pale, forlorn, innocent childhood in those scenes, shivering under reckless threats and blows, more even than from cold and nakedness; children—ah! sacred nurture of parental care, in which yours are reared up—children, unlike yours, trained to vice and beggary by the very first accents of lawful command that they ever hear; trained to falsehood and sin before they ever knew the voice of truth and purity; offered up in all their trusting simplicity, a spectacle (God pity it!) to make a heart of adamant bleed—offered up, helpless, innocent victims, upon the altar of their parents' dissoluteness and misery; yes, my friends, if you could see and know all this, you would feel that something must be done in a case so awful and appalling. Not more certainly would you arouse yourselves, when fire and pestilence were spreading around you, than you would, if you felt it, at the tremendous progress of pauperism, crime, and misery, that is laying waste many parts of your city.

While I speak, that work of ruin is going on—for never is its progress more active and fearful than on the Sabbath day—yes, that work is going on, all around us—to-day—now—even in this still and solemn hour! Listen! Do you not hear a sound from that realm of disorder and wo? Or was it only some rude brawler, that has broken forth from his province—as it were a voice permitted by Providence to fall upon the stillness of your Sabbath hours, to startle and arouse you to the knowledge of things that you never see. Alas! you hear not the full sound of that tumult, which, if collected together at any one point, would spread itself through your whole city—you hear it not—and why? Because it is pent up in the close and suffo-

cating atmosphere of drinking houses; because it dies away in brawls beneath the domestic roof; because it steals down into obscure lanes and alleys; because it sends forth its stifled and neglected groan from beds of sickness and pain; because the cry of weak and wailing infancy comes not into the multitude and throng of men! When shall it find a hearing in the breast of human pity? When shall it rise to the ear of heaven, and bring down to the agony of its prayer, an answer? "How long, oh! Lord—how long?"

I know very well what the indolent, or at least the despairing, view of this case is; how common it is to say, and to say with mingled apathy and sadness, "Ah! heaven—what a terrible thing it is; that cities *must ever* collect within them these mighty masses of desperate vice and suffering!"—but I confess that I have come to a different feeling; and that is, that something must be done—*done!* We have despaired long enough—ay, and perchance, sighed and prayed; and it has availed nothing. Now the time has come, and the age has come, nay, and the country has come into being, in which we must do something! I will take no denial; or rather should I say, that circumstances will take none. To every denial I say, or rather do events say, "*nay, but we must!*" A hundred times, a thousand times, have I been aroused from the apathy of despair on this subject, by those admonitory words, as if they were spoken to me in the vacant air, syllabled by the voice of pressing events, "*nay, but we must!*" For I feel that more than peril—that perdition is in our country's path, if we do not.

I pray you, brethren, to understand what I say, and

why I say it. I do not say precisely that a ministry for the poor is the only thing that can save our city, or our country. It is too much the fashion, no doubt, to urge each particular benevolent project among us as the only means of national salvation. It were wiser to append this solemn condition to the injunction of our entire social duty. And this is mainly my intent in what I now say. But I will venture to say somewhat more specifically, that this is a country in which *the higher classes must take an interest in the lower, or it cannot sustain its peculiar political institutions;* and that this interest must be taken, where it is chiefly called for, where its principal and proper field is—*in cities!*

And consider, I pray you, with reference to the bearing of this observation upon the political prospects of the country, that our cities are not long to be limited to the number of half a dozen, or ten. There are to be congregated masses of men all around us. Crowded manufactories, and flourishing cities are rising in every part of the land. In a hundred points with which you are well acquainted in the map of the country, property has already taken a value that is based upon this presumptive, and though, perhaps, exaggerated, yet in the main, probably, correct calculation.

Now what, with reference to the country, are these masses of dense population to be? You need not be told that they are to be its rulers. These masses are the mighty weights in the political machinery, that are to urge every thing onward in a prosperous career, or to hurl every thing to destruction. If, of this crowded population of our manufactories, villages, and cities, one third or one fourth part is to be—I do not say poor

—but neglected, scorned, corrupt, depressed, and desperate, who is willing to take the risk and the peril of such a coming day? The lower classes are every day rising in power, and they feel it. The rise of wages every day shows it. Every election shows it. They are not situated like the same classes in the old world, and they cannot be safely treated in the same way. The rich among us may sit apart in their palaces now, and not know that class; they may refuse to mingle with it, either in the duties of citizenship at the polls, or in the offices of philanthropy at its own miserable homes; but they must know that class yet! Better that they should know it now, in the only way that is safe—in kindness and brotherly love.

I speak not for the intimidation of the rich, any more than of the poor. Evil for both would be any contact but in mutual good will. Let the rich and the favoured then nobly stretch out the hand to their poorer brethren. Better is it for their property, their comfort, their social honour and happiness, that they should; better for public security, and universal improvement. Let the impartial institutions under which we live, teach us the lessons of philanthropy and Christianity! Let a true respect, and a kindly and humane regard for each other, take place of ignorance, and dislike, and distrust, and contempt. Away with this absurd opprobrium cast upon poverty! this more absurd notion, that it is a certain fineness of apparel, or a certain sphere of employment, or a certain number of feet square for habitation, that makes the man, or makes the man respectable! Away with this detestable insolence of mere condition, which permits one human being to stride loftily by another human being, on mere poor virtue and right of

his being an idler, or of his bearing the name of gentleman! Some of the noblest men in your city, in your country, in the world, are poor men—ay, and men engaged in the humblest toils. I have seen the stamp of honesty and manliness and dignity, on brows that are soiled with the sweat and dust of street labour; and I never saw upon any brows, the more legible inscription of sacred and beautiful humanity. Yes, there are men, who, for their families, are humbly and nobly, and with many disinterested sacrifices, toiling every day in these streets, who have more dignity, more gracefulness, more refinement of character, than some who walk these same streets in pride, and are clothed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day. I love those men. I like their faces—the open and manly brow, the clear and untroubled eye. I like their very faces; they are more beautiful, they are far finer subjects for the pencil, than countenances pinched with covetous anxieties, or dressed up with smiles of hollow courtesy; how much more than those which are swelled out with self-importance, or bloated with luxurious excess!

Let not this be taken for fine, or perhaps fantastic, sentiment. At any rate, I mean it not for such. It is the real tendency of all true civilization and Christianity, to raise the mass of mankind to respectability and honour. To this tendency, in America we must yield. It is our only safety. The necessity may never have existed before; but it exists now—and here. We may not resist, we may not neglect, we may not defer, the duty that it imposes upon us.

But how is this duty to the poor, and I mean now the vicious poor—to be discharged? I answer, by

taking a proper social and moral interest in their welfare.

It is not by almsgiving, that the depressed and indigent class of the poor is to be raised. This only perpetuates the evil which it professes to relieve. So far from raising the character of the poor, it breaks the very spring of that energy by which they must rise. It diminishes that self-respect which we wish to increase. Judicious *loans* to the poor may be most timely and useful; and relief should be administered to the *sick*. But so long as there is a nerve or a muscle in the human system that can work, and the possessor of it is put upon the pauper list, he is, by the very laws of human nature, inevitably degraded. Upon the deserving poor, the gifts of respect and affection may exert a kindly influence; but the gifts of mere pity, divested of respect, scar and blast even the callous heart of shameless indolence and vice. They find, indeed, one relic of human emotion, one angry feeling of wounded self-respect, in the abandoned mind, and they are fast killing that with kindness.

I altogether distrust, therefore, that system of indiscriminate and annual charity among us, which every winter pours out its flood, only to leave all more waste and desolate than it was before. Nay, I am tempted to say, that this promiscuous almsgiving is an interference with the system of Providence. For what does Providence say to a man who is suffering in winter from his indolence, or improvidence, or wasteful vice, in summer? What is the language to him of nakedness, and cold feet, and a cold hearth? "Fool!" it says, "that hadst not the industry of the ant, or the foresight of the bee. *They* are provided for, now; and

why art not *thou?* Because thou wouldst not work; or because thou wouldst waste. Take the lesson, then, that thy shivering limbs are preaching thee, for it comes very near thee. Take the lesson that is written on thy bare walls, and wretched straw pallet, and chill hearthstone. Be wise, another time; and thou wilt be provided for, by the only hands that ought to provide for thee—thine own!" "Nay," says a mistimed human interference, "but this is too hard. We will make a contribution; we will fill a treasury, and give them relief." And the consequence is, that these persons, instead of taking the lesson of a wise and truly kind Providence, escape it entirely. Suppose that we all could be dealt with in this way, and what would become of society? Could all the dissolute escape disease and shame, and all the ambitious and proud and envious, escape disappointment and chagrin, and every negligent and wicked man, in fine, be freed from the proper consequences of his folly and sin, what would become of society? I say that its very bands would be dissolved, and the system of a moral, providential government would be at an end. But that government is too strong to be ultimately resisted, and too strict to be evaded; and we see, in the constantly growing evils of pauperism, the folly of our mistaken and blind interference. Let the poor know, that except in cases of unavoidable calamity or prostrating sickness, they shall not be helped, and I believe that it would soon work a favourable change in their condition. Let the thousands that are now given in indiscriminate charity be appropriated to judicious moral instruction, and the effect could not fail to be thorough and permanent, and immense.

In fine, let every Congregation among us support a minister at large; and I am certain that a measure so comprehensive, would soon put a new face upon our cities. This is the proposition, my brethren, which I lay before you this day, and I leave it to your prayerful consideration.

Not long since, I addressed you on the duty which is incumbent on us all, on every individual of the more prosperous classes, to visit the poor and neglected. I believe that the suggestions then made, commended themselves to your feelings and consciences. Some of you, I know, undertook the task. But you found it more difficult than you expected. You felt that you needed a training for the purpose; and I believe that you have reluctantly intermitted your exertions. I cannot altogether relinquish that object; it is the point to which society ought ultimately to come. But, perhaps, it is true, that "a ministry at large" must prepare the way for it.

At any rate, I say, if you will not, or cannot, go yourselves to visit the poor, then send some minister of your beneficence and sympathy among them. And think not to send an inferior or ordinary man to them. I know of no ministerial function in the world that requires more delicacy, more discrimination, and judgment, and varied talent, than this. Send, therefore, such a one among your poor and neglected brethren. He will be a messenger of mercy to them. He will be their adviser and friend. They want advice, they want friendship, far more than they want money. The voice of friendship from the classes above them, they have seldom heard. It fills their hearts with wonder, and their eyes with tears, to hear

it. I speak of facts. There are records of that blessed ministry which would make you weep with joy, if you could read them; gratitude beaming from many a lately sad and despairing brow, because the vicious husband, or father, or son, is restored to his suffering family; light exchanged for darkness in many a poor dwelling; comfort for miserable destitution; purity for pollution; peace for distraction; men and women that lately were raging like demons, cursing man and God, now sitting in peace and in their right mind—sitting together a happy family, and blessing, as more than light and life, the visitation of that beneficent ministry. Send that visitation, my brethren, to the poor; and "the blessing of many ready to perish shall come upon you."

Once more, I say, send that visitation to the poor, and send it in good hope and confidence. It is not necessary that the world should be given up to sin and misery. It is not necessary that cities or countries should grow dissolute as they grow wealthy and populous. There is power enough in society, were it but exerted, to save it from its worst vices and sufferings. Oh! would men but understand that great mystery of Christianity, too seldom solved by experience, that the offices of philanthropy are the most blessed and sublime privileges of our being; that it is not what we do for ourselves, but what we do for others, that makes our glory and happiness!—would men but do each other good as they have done each other evil!—and instead of kingdoms and armies banded together for strife and slaughter, would that the associated power of the human race were put forth to heal the wounds and woes of life! Come that day, looked after and

longed for through ages—seen dimly through the tears of faith and prayer—seen clearly and brightly only in the vision of prophecy—the day of the second coming of Christ; the reign for a thousand years, of truth and mercy on earth! Come that day, when "the rich and the poor shall meet together," and God shall be acknowledged as "the Maker of them all!" Come the day, when cities shall be purged from their iniquities, and nations shall dwell in peace and happiness!

Brethren, are not some harbingers of that coming day—some stars in the east, shining before the pathway of nations? In that great school of virtue and knowledge which has been opened on earth for six thousand years, hath not something been already learned? Is not the world growing wiser, and will it not yet become too wise to bear the unnecessary miseries of war, and oppression, and vice? Hath not the nation come into being *on these very shores*, which shall fulfil some of the hopes of long-suffering humanity? Are not ours the communities—are not ours the cities, that shall perform this glorious work? Alas! that it should be a question, when it is in our own power to make it a sublime certainty. Men of our cities and of our communities! to you I put that question. Young men and old men! matrons and maidens! I put the question to you. Young men! whose virtues or vices are rolling the mighty burden of consequences on future times—men of prosperous fortune and abounding wealth! to whom God has intrusted the most glorious stewardship ever committed to mortals—and ye of the softer sex! to whom modern philanthropy hath opened a sphere of exertion, fair as your noblest sentiments and most beautiful virtues could

desire—I put the question to you; I put it to you all. And remember, that futurity—yes, the future welfare or wo of your children, shall answer it, in joy and gladness, or shall answer it in tears and blood!

NOTE.

The preceding Discourse was delivered on Sunday, the 5th of June; and the congregation was invited to remain after service, to deliberate on the proposition contained in it. The meeting being organized by the appointment of a chairman and secretary, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved,—That the Second Congregational Unitarian Church, worshipping in Mercer street, will support a "minister at large."

Resolved,—That a subscription for the support of a "minister at large," be opened forthwith; and that a committee, consisting of five persons, with the pastor, be appointed, for the purpose of soliciting further subscriptions, and of carrying that object into effect with all convenient despatch.

The committee consists of Messrs. Pell, Beals, Felt, Higginson, Emerson, Dewey.

Resolved,—That Rev. Mr. Dewey be requested to furnish a copy of his Discourse delivered this morning, for the press; and that the above committee of five be authorized to wait upon him with this request.

In pursuance of the second resolution, a subscription was immediately opened, and $2310 per annum were subscribed by the persons present; since which the sum has been increased to $2850.

A

DISCOURSE AT THE FUNERAL

OF THE

REV. JOHN PRINCE, L.L.D.

Senior Pastor of the First Church in Salem,

ON THE NINTH OF JUNE, 1836,

BY

CHARLES W. UPHAM,

SURVIVING PASTOR.

SALEM:
Gazette Press.——No. 191 Essex Street,
1836.

DISCOURSE.

TEXT—Zechariah 1, 5.—"*Your Fathers, where are they? and the Prophets, do they live forever?*"

It might be supposed that these questions would continually occur to the minds of men. The disappearance from the scene of our predecessors in life is a process perpetually passing before our eyes, and cannot be noticed without a deep and solemn impression.

It is, however, one of the most remarkable facts in human nature that this process does not more frequently attract and engross our attention, that the operations of the great destroyer are so unheeded by those among whom he is carrying on his ceaseless work of extermination. If superior spirits, who never having been clothed with our natures know not, from experience, their infirmities, are permitted to look down upon the scenes of earth and time, it must fill them with surprise to witness the apparent unconcern, the blind indifference, the absorbing engagedness, of men in the vanishing objects of this life, their gaiety of spirits, and their frivolity of thought, while death is continually striding among them, cutting them down at every corner, thinning their numbers, breaking up their enterprises, blasting their schemes, robbing them of their treasures, and tearing them from the midst of their enjoyments.

It is only when some particular concurrence of influences forces the thought upon our minds, that we realize the rapidity and constancy with which the shadows on the surface of life, and among them our own shadows, are gliding over the field of vision, and vanishing, one after another, from the scene forever.

At first thought, it may occur to us, that a suitable conviction of the brief and transient period of human life, would have been

more deeply and effectually impressed upon us, had a different arrangement from the established one been made. If, for instance, the dread decree were to go forth once in every twenty five years, if at the expiration of such intervals of time, an entire generation, one third of the whole human race, were, in a moment, to be removed from the earth, we may well suppose that, as that moment was brought nigh at hand, the whole world would experience a sufficiently solemn sense of the transitoriness of life and the awful certainty of death. The globe would be shrouded in dismay and gloom—there would be "a loud lament" along all its shores, on all its islands, in all its cities, and over all its fields. The whole encompassing atmosphere would resound with the groans of the dying, and the voice of sorrow would be borne on every breeze. The mourners would go about the streets. The forgotten grave yards would again be sought out, and their dark chambers thrown open to the light of day. The imagination is exhausted in its attempts to delineate the picture which, in such an order of things, would be presented at the funeral of a generation.

Let it not, however, be thought, that a more effectual sense of the mortality of man would thus be kept alive in the world. A moment's reflection will convince us that the actual order of Providence is infinitely better adapted to promote the ends of a wise moral government. During the intermediate periods, while all mankind were assured of a reprieve from death, it is easy to conjecture the disastrous effects which would ensue upon their character and condition. Those who remained alive after the destroying angel had passed over, free from apprehension, released from restraint, would instantly sink into security, and rush into licentiousness. Crime would be let loose. Passion would rage without check, and the whole world would exhibit a scene of depravity and wickedness such as has never yet been known under the government of God as administered upon the present plan of his Providence. That plan is perfect, and if its designs are not fully answered, it is altogether owing to negligence and want of co-operation on our part. And if, in point of fact, we pass through life insensible, for the greater part of

the time, that we are thus passing, if our fathers disappear before us and we heed it not, if, while the past is widening and the future growing narrower, we look neither before nor after, it is not the fault of the system of Providence, but of ourselves alone.

If we will but apply our minds to the circumstances that surround us, and to the events that befall us, and seriously exercise our faculties in meditating upon them, we shall find means and opportunities enough of rescuing ourselves from insensibility to the solemn realities of life and death. He who opens his ear to hear the voice of God will hear it, and hearing, will heed its awful admonitions. That voice speaks in all places and seasons, and the great lesson it inculcates is a true sense of the condition of the life of man, as a brief, rapidly vanishing, and in view of the results that are to ensue, most momentous period of existence. But in the ordinary course of life, it requires an effort of the mind thus to hear the voice of God. We must close the avenues through which the world addresses, and, if not resisted, will surely engage and absorb our thoughts and affections. It is an effort which we must habitually make if we would assert the dignity of our nature, and rescue ourselves from the illusions of earth and vanities of time.

There are, however, seasons and events, which relieve us of the necessity of making this effort, when, borne in upon by outward circumstances, the mind is compelled to recognise the solemn truths that relate to its condition and destination ; when the operation of the law of death, and the passage of generations to the tomb, become distinctly visible. Such is our case at present.

We have met to discharge the last offices of respect and affection to the mortal remains of a venerable representative of a departed generation. For years he moved among us, almost a solitary monument of a race whose forms had vanished from the scene. The aged servant of God is now to be borne to his rest. For nearly sixty years he has ministered at this altar. Not one of the numerous society that acted in his settlement, and scarcely an individual who witnessed his induction to the

sacred office, can be found to participate in his solemn obsequies.* They have passed, before him, through the dark valley. As we bend over these time-hallowed remains, and reflect that when the grave now waiting to receive them closes its portals, the living bond that connected us with the preceding generation will be broken, we shall then feel the import of the question in the text, " Your Fathers, where are they ?"

But we must not surrender these sacred relics to the tomb without pausing to contemplate, for a brief interval, the character of the spirit that animated them. And here I am brought to the discharge of a duty to which I feel myself all incompetent. That character was so striking, so peculiar, so interesting, and so benignantly compounded, that, even if I could place myself in the attitude of an indifferent observer, I should be oppressed with a sense of inability to delineate it, in all its delicate outlines and distinguishing features. Situated as I am, myself a mourner over the loss of one with whom for many years I have enjoyed an intimacy of the tenderest and most delightful communion, how can I find words to express the sentiments that fill my heart ! But when I consider that it was my privilege to be the object of his most affectionate friendship, I cannot hesitate to meet the struggle, to which that friendship, as well as my official position, calls me. Trying as it is to my feelings, I cannot allow myself to shrink from the opportunity of bearing my testimony to his virtues and excellencies, and to the claims of his memory upon the love and honor of men.

Dr. Prince was a very remarkable instance of the favorable condition of society in this country, which permits and encourages those who have a zeal for knowledge and improvement to raise themselves from the common walks of life, to eminence and distinction.

He was born in Boston on the 22d of July, 1751. His parents resided in the north part of the city, and were worthy and excellent members of the religious society now under the

* I have been able to find but two persons now alive, who remember to have been present at Dr. Prince's ordination; they were both quite young at the time.

pastoral care of Rev. Dr. Parkman. They were of Puritan descent, and, as was the case with all who worthily claimed that name, were careful to give their son a good education, and to impress upon his mind a reverent sense of religious truth and duty. His father being a mechanic the son naturally was intended and directed by him to similar pursuits. He was early bound out as an apprentice to a pewterer and tinman, and continued industriously and faithfully to labor in his calling until his indentures had expired.

But his genius, from the beginning, had indicated a propensity to a different mode of life. From a child his chief enjoyments were found in books. He was wont to retire from the sports of boyhood. There was no play for him to be compared with the delight of reading. During the hours of leisure in the period of his apprenticeship, he sought no other recreation than in the acquisition of knowledge.

It followed of course that, upon becoming free, he abandoned his trade and devoted himself to study. In a very short time he was prepared to enter college, and received his bachelor's degree at Cambridge in 1776, at the age of twenty-five. After leaving college he was engaged for some time in the instruction of a school. He pursued the study of divinity under the direction of the Rev. Samuel Williams, of Bradford in this county, a clergyman highly distinguished for talents and attainments, afterwards Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Harvard University. He was ordained over this church on the 10th of November, 1779, Mr. Williams preaching the sermon, Mr. Diman of the East Church delivering the charge, and the late Dr. Barnard of the North Church giving the Right Hand of Fellowship. On the 8th of December, 1824, a colleague was settled with his concurrence. He died on the 7th of June, 1836, having nearly completed his 85th year. His ministry lasted 57 years and 7 months.*

* Dr. Prince was, in early life, of an apparently infirm constitution. His parents were apprehensive that they might not be able to rear him. At the time of his ordination his health was very delicate. One of the members of the society, before the vote inviting him to settle was put,

In sketching the character of Dr. Prince I shall consider him as a Philosopher, a Divine, and a Christian.

The basis of his philosophical attainments was laid in the thirst for knowledge already alluded to. This trait was early developed, and continued to be his most marked characteristic until the very hand of death was upon him. It was exercised in almost every possible direction, and as his memory was wonderfully capacious and retentive, the result was that he accumulated and had at command as large an amount of knowledge, as can easily be found in the possession of any one mind. Without taking into the account what he derived from books, and few men have ever read more, his eyes and his ears were always open and his hands were always busy. No idle moment ever passed over him. He noticed every occurrence, and explored every object within the reach of his curious observation. When a mere boy he was intent to learn all that was going on in the great world around him ; and this appetite for knowledge enabled him to lay up a body of reminiscences, drawn from his early youth and from every period of his life, which made him, in his old age, a truly instructive companion. He was an attentive and inquisitive spectator of the opening scenes of the revolutionary drama in Boston, from the massacre through all the intermediate events, including the destruction of the tea, to the Battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill. He was equally well stored with facts in reference to men and things during all the subsequent period of his life ; and what he knew he related, in a style of narrative, such as those who enjoyed his acquaintance, can scarcely expect ever to find equalled.

observed in the parish meeting that he concurred with all the rest of the society in admiring Mr. Prince very much, as a preacher and as a man, but that he doubted about the expediency of settling a minister, whose complaints were so alarming that the society would in all probability very soon be called to bury him. Dr. Orne rose in reply, and admitted that Mr. Prince was in feeble health, but stated that he did not apprehend his condition to be so immediately alarming as the other gentleman supposed, and concluded by saying that Mr. Prince might get over his infirmities, and live to bury them all. He did live to bury them all.

In this connection it is necessary to remark, as it was indeed a most distinguishing trait in the character of Dr. Prince, and one worthy of imitation by all men, and especially by clergymen, that vigorous, unremitted, and universal as was his thirst for knowledge, it was invariably kept within the bounds of prudence, propriety, and good feeling. Probably no man ever lived more free from the charge of being a prier into other persons' affairs, or a tattler of their failings. He did not appear to have a sense to discern the private frailties or follies of men. His lips were never known to circulate scandal or gossip. During his long ministry I do not believe that he has ever been even suspected of widening a breach by tale-bearing, of raising a laugh at another's expense, or of uttering a syllable to the disparagement of a single member of the community. All the notices he took, and all the circumstances he related in which other men were concerned, were only such as could be made to point a general moral, and illustrate a principle of human nature without affecting any individual injuriously. What I have now said will commend itself to his friends as a true and accurate feature of his character, and it strikingly illustrates his judgment and prudence, the integrity of his mind, the tenderness of his feelings, and his strong sense of justice towards all men.

His passion for knowledge, receiving a particularly strong bias from the manual occupation to which he served an apprenticeship, inclined him, with peculiar interest, to the pursuit and cultivation of the several branches of experimental natural philosophy. On the 10th of November, 1783, just four years from the day of his ordination, when 32 years of age, he communicated to the scientific world, his improved construction of the Air Pump. His letter, giving the first account of it, addressed to President Willard, of Harvard College, may be seen in the first volume of the Memoirs of the American Academy. The present generation can form no conception of the interest awakened by this admirable invention, not only in this country, but throughout Europe. His name was at once enrolled among the benefactors and ornaments of modern science, and on that roll it will remain inscribed until science itself shall be no more.

The philosophical journals of the day emulated each other in praising the scientific research and the profoundness of reasoning displayed in the construction. The American philosopher was allowed to have surpassed all former attempts in the same department. His name is recorded, by an eminent writer, in connection with that of the famous Boyle, among "those who have improved the instruments of science and of whose labors we are now reaping the benefit."* The machine is still called, by way of distinction, "the American Air Pump," and its figure was selected to represent a constellation in the heavens, and imprinted upon celestial globes.

His reputation was thus established among the first philosophers and mechanicians of his age. He received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from the very respectable College at Providence, and was admitted to the several learned and philosophical societies of the country.

It would not be expected of me to enumerate in detail the various improvements made by Dr. Prince in philosophical instruments. He introduced some of great importance into the microscope, and contrived an alteration in the kaleidoscope, by which a world of wonders, the brilliancy and glory of which transcends all that the eye of man ever contemplated, or his imagination conceived, was revealed to view, as existing in the darkest and roughest metals and rocks beneath our feet. His last work of the kind was a stand for a telescope. This was a great desideratum in science. As telescopes must be so made as to revolve in every direction, horizontally and perpendicularly, it had always before been supposed necessary to support them on a point, upon which it was found impossible to prevent a greater or less vibration, thus introducing uncertainty, to some extent, into the observations of astronomers. Dr. Prince contrived a stand, on which the telescope rests in a solid bed,

* Lectures on Natural and Experimental Philosophy, by George Adams — London, 1799, vol. 1, p. 44 – 54. Ree's Cyclopædia, Art. Air Pump. Analytical Review, July, 1789. Nicholson's Journal, vol. 1, p. 119. The best account of the American Air Pump is to be found in Dobson's Supplement to the Encyclopædia Brittannica, Art. Pneumatics.

with perfect firmness, and at the same time is moveable in every direction and by the slightest touch of the finger. The following is the conclusion of the description given by him of this ingenious structure, as published by the American Academy "I made the brass work myself, and finished it on my birth day,—80 years old."

It is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to do justice to Dr. Prince's claims upon the gratitude of the scientific world. His modesty and indifference to fame were so real and sincere that it never occurred to him to take pains to appropriate to himself the improvements and discoveries he had made.

Fortunately for the cause of science, his whole philosophical and literary correspondence has been preserved. All his own letters, and many of them are very elaborate and minute, containing full discussions, and, frequently, drawings executed by the pen, were carefully copied out into manuscript volumes. These manuscript volumes are the monuments of his genius, and the only record of his contributions to the cause of science. It was his custom, when he had made an improvement in the construction and use of a philosophical instrument, instead of publishing it to the world, to communicate a full description of it, by private letter, to the principal instrument makers in London. During his whole life, down to March 19th, 1836, the date of his last letter to Samuel Jones, of London, he has, in this manner, been promoting the interests of science, while his agency, to a very great extent, has been unknown to the public.

A long letter, occupying ten closely written pages, is found under the date of Nov. 3d, 1792, addressed to George Adams, of London, and containing a full description of an improved construction of the Lucernal microscope. On the 3d of July, 1795, he wrote another letter to Mr. Adams, describing still further improvements in the same instrument. Without making any public acknowledgment of his obligations to Dr. Prince, Mr. Adams proceeded to construct Lucernal microscopes upon the plan suggested by him. Shortly after the death of Mr. Adams, which occured in the latter part of 1795, an article appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine, signed by John Hill, a distinguished cul-

tivator of science, in which the importance of these improvements was shown at large, and illustrated by a plate. The writer stated that he had procured his instrument from Mr. Adams a short time before his death, and that Adams intimated to him, at the time, that he had been indebted for some important suggestions in its construction, to "a clergyman." The purpose of Mr. Hill's communication seemed to be, in part to make known the improvement, and in part to draw out the clergyman who had invented it. Dr. Prince's attention was directed to Mr. Hill's publication by his London correspondent, but I do not find that he answered the enquiry, at the time, or took any steps to secure the credit, with the readers of the Gentleman's Magazine, of the beautiful and truly ingenious construction which had attracted so much curiosity and admiration. He, probably, preferred to let the subject drop, rather than keep it before the public to the disadvantage of the memory of his friend.*

After the death of Mr. Adams, his successor in business, Mr. Wm. Jones, sought Dr. Prince's correspondence in language of which the following is a specimen, extracted from a letter, dated London, Feb. 18, 1797:

"A correspondence with you, sir, will be as flattering to me as it is desirable. I have long heard of your knowledge and expertness in science, and shall be happy to receive any communications that have resulted from your study and experience."

In a letter, dated July 3, 1797, Mr. Jones repeats his solicitations, as follows: "Your celebrity as a philosopher is not a little known in this country. Mr. Jefferson, many years ago, mentioned your name to me, and showed me the description of your air pump. A correspondence with you respecting science and instruments, will be highly gratifying to me, and what small leisure an unremitting attention to business will permit, I shall be happy to snatch occasionally for your information."

* Gentleman's Magazine, vol. 66, 2d part, 1796, pp. 897, 1080. When Mr. Dobson, of Philadelphia, published the Supplement to the Encyclopædia Brittannica, Dr. Prince caused Mr. Hill's description to be reprinted in it, under the article Optics.

The correspondence, thus commenced with this enlightened and philosophical mechanician, was continued with him, and after his death, with his brother, without intermission, to the close of Dr. Prince's life, and became the foundation of a sincere and most interesting friendship. It is indeed delightful to witness the genial influence of scientific pursuits upon the affections, binding together the hearts of those between whose persons an ocean had always rolled.

The letters of Messrs. William and Samuel Jones are full of expressions of admiration and gratitude towards Dr. Prince. In one of them, dated March 3, 1798, Mr. Jones says, "It is to you that the Air Pump and Lucernal owe their present state of perfection and improvement." In another, dated September 29, 1798, he says, "In all respects I think you have made the Lucernal as complete and as simple as it can be made." Under the date of March 4, 1798, Mr. Jones acknowledges the adoption of Dr. Prince's "very useful and ingenious emendations" in the construction of the "astronomical lanthern machinery."

Thus a constant intercommunication of friendly offices was kept up for nearly forty years. The correspondence is creditable to the Messrs Jones in every point of view. On the part of Dr. Prince, it contains a body of instruction such as can no where else be found, and would be regarded as an invaluable directory, by all whose business or whose pleasure it is to make use of the instruments of science.

Dr. Prince was eminently learned in almost every department of Natural Philosophy. And what he knew it was his great delight to communicate. His visiters were introduced, through his admirable apparatus and specimens, to all the wonders of Astronomy, Optics, Pneumatics, Botany, Mineralogy, Chemistry, and Entomology. Indeed there is nothing beautiful, brilliant, dazzling, or rich, in any department of the outward world, and which the ingenuity and skill of man has yet been able to explore, which he did not spread out before them. And all was illustrated, explained, and set forth, with a facility, a clearness, a sprightliness of manner, which never failed to charm the admiring listener. As an experimental lecturer and operator, in his

own parlor and surrounded by his private friends, he was never surpassed by any public professor of science. The delightful amenity and simplicity of his manners and spirit were in admirable harmony with the genius of science itself, and he never explored the glorious mysteries and glittering recesses of nature, without discerning, and causing all others to discern and adore, traces of the power and wisdom of its author. Wherever he walked with science there he walked with God. Whenever he led another into the hidden halls of nature's temple, he taught him to pay glad and admiring homage to the enshrined divinity.

Dr. Prince brought his scientific skill and learning to contribute to the diffusion of useful instruction and refined entertainment in a great variety of ingenious methods. He was as much interested in man, as in nature. His knowledge of the history and usages of nations was very extensive. All the arts of civilized and social life had engaged his study. In architecture, painting, and the fine arts generally, his taste was highly cultivated. His collection of engravings and specimens was very extensive and curious, By means of optical instruments he was enabled to make a most satisfactory display of all these treasures of knowledge. In the course of a winter's evening, his delighted visiter, sitting all the while quietly in his chair, was enabled to inspect the temples and the structures of ancient and of modern Rome, to explore the ruins of the old world, to traverse the streets of London, Paris, St. Petersburgh, to visit the villas of Italy, and noblemen's seats in England, to watch the successive aspects of an eruption of Ætna or Vesuvius, and literally to survey the whole earth and the glories of it.

Thus did our venerable philosopher make science contribute to his own happiness and improvement, and to the happiness and improvement of his friends and acquaintances.

The character and reputation of Dr. Prince as a Divine, were injuriously affected by his very great eminence as a Philosopher. The world is reluctant to believe that a single mind can fully master more than one department of knowledge ; and if a person has vindicated a title to be placed in the front rank in any branch of attainment foreign to his professional pursuit, it has been inferred that he could not possibly be equally distinguished in that profes-

sion. This is, in general, a safe mode of reasoning; but we know that there are cases in which it is not applicable.

Dr. Prince was a very learned theologian. Those of my brethren who have had much intercourse with him will justify this declaration. In all the facts, illustrations and reasonings that constitute the science of natural theology, his philosophical attainments gave him preeminence. He was also thoroughly versed in revealed religion. His views of the interpretation and general criticism of the scriptures were wise and comprehensive. Few divines have ever been so conversant with the history of opinions in the church. His acquaintance with the literature of theology was extraordinarily minute and exact. With the character, bearing, and general contents of every work of note, in our language, or in the latin tongue, he was familiar. Having for more than half a century corresponded with the principal London booksellers and been in the constant receipt of their catalogues,* he had enjoyed great facilities for the accumulation of a theological library, and was possessed of a most valuable, rare, and extensive collection of standard works It is defective only in the modern publications which have issued from Germany. Dr. Prince had no book in his library which he had not read, and whatever he read he always remembered.

Although he was justly numbered among the liberal clergymen of the present day, his preaching, in reference to the doctrines inculcated, has I am inclined to think been but little, if at all, affected by any of the controversies of the last half century. His theological sentiments were always substantially the same,

* Dr. Prince was consulted by colleges, academies, and lyceums, in all parts of America, with reference to the collection of philosophical apparatus and libraries, and for nearly half a century has been employed to select and import books and instruments for public institutions and for literary and scientific individuals. His agency in thus providing and diffusing the means of knowledge has been extensively serviceable to the country. Within the few last years of his life he has procured philosophical instruments for colleges and academies in several States of the Union, from Vermont to Tennessee. At some of our public institutions the most beautifully constructed instruments may be found, the work of his own hands.

and would probably be found to harmonize very nearly with the views in which serious and candid christians of both parties, if they could get rid of the disturbing influence of names and phrases and sectarian lines of division, would discover themselves to be united. His preaching was rational, catholic, philosophical, and liberal, and although not calculated to be popular at the present day, was duly estimated and admired by our predecessors. His appearance in the pulpit was venerable and impressive in the highest degree, and the tones of his voice were truly noble and melodious. His figure was tall, and although very much bent by age, remarkably graceful and dignified. His dress was perfectly conformed to the fashion of the old school, and a full head of hair, perfectly whitened by time, was gathered in curls above his shoulders, so as to resemble the wigs worn by our ancestors, for which it was often mistaken. He preached his last sermon not seven weeks ago, in the afternoon of the 17th of April ; and the image of his hoary locks and benevolent countenance will not soon grow dim on the memories of those who have seen him in this desk.

Dr. Prince's published sermons bear strong marks of his excellent abilities and learning. His discourse on the death of his early friend and beloved associate, Dr. Barnard, is an admirable production, and in some passages exhibits an almost unrivalled tenderness of sensibility and beauty of expression. The following sentence is particularly interesting on the present occasion. " The Lord has taken away my friend, my brother, my companion and fellow-laborer in his vineyard. But he is gone to his heavenly father ; and can I complain ? I may weep for myself, but I cannot for him. I have followed him through many of the walks of life, and I must follow him through death. I ask your prayers that I may be prepared for it." He has followed him through death. Let us rejoice in the hope that the friends are again united to part no more.*

* Dr. Prince's sermon on the death of Dr. Barnard was preached in October, 1814. The following circumstances had made such an impression on his mind that he thought proper, in publishing the

Great as was his taste for human science and philosophy, I speak with full conviction drawn from a daily intimacy of many years, when I say that theology was the subject upon which he most loved to meditate, theological works were most frequently in his hands, and, as he advanced towards the end of life, I doubt not that among his most delightful anticipations of the heavenly state, was the disclosure there to be made, of all those truths, relating to eternity, the soul, and its author, about which his thoughts had been so habitually exercised.

It remains for me to speak of Dr. Prince as a christian. He was indeed a christian, for he had the spirit of Christ, which is a spirit of gentleness, tenderness and love. He loved God most devoutly; and he so loved man, that he seemed not to know how to cherish any other affection towards him. I believe him to have been incapable of hatred or enmity; and, as he was an enemy to no one, so I believe that he had not an enemy in the world. It appears that his benignant disposition was an object of particular remark at a very early period of his life. Mr. Barnard, in giving the Right Hand of Fellowship at his ordination, congratulated the people, in the plain simplicity of the times, that they had obtained for their pastor "a person of Mr. Prince's fine temper, and respectable abilities."

sermon, to record them in a note to the clause, quoted above, "I have followed him through many of the walks of life." The note is here subjoined.

"It is a singular concurrence in our walks of life, and one that has some effect upon the social feelings, that we were educated at the same university, and after we graduated kept the same schools in the same town; studied divinity with the same clergyman; settled in the ministry in the same town; the same person preached our ordination sermons; and we received honorary degrees from the same university."

It is a singular continuation of this series of concurrences, that, without any knowledge of the fact, on my part, at the time of the funeral of Dr. Prince, the same text was selected, from which the late Dr. Wadsworth, of Danvers, preached Dr. Barnard's funeral sermon. It is still more singular, and as affecting as it is singular, that, owing to some error at the time, Dr. Prince's remains were carried down into the wrong tomb, and laid by the side of Dr. Barnard's. He followed him, literally, from the cradle to the grave.

The circumstances connected with the history of Dr. Prince's improvements on the Lucernal microscope, have been mentioned in another part of this discourse. The fact that Mr. George Adams neglected to make him known as the author of those improvements was freely remarked upon by others. One of his philosophical correspondents, in a letter dated London, March 3d, 1798, thus alludes to the subject: "I am rather surprised that the late Mr. Adams appears not to have made known the person to whom he was under so many and repeated obligations." But while such remarks fell from others, they were never known to pass the lips of Dr. Prince. The feelings they express were not permitted to enter his breast. It was a beautiful and most noble trait in his character, and one which was impressed upon the notice of every observer, that he was incapable of jealousy and suspicion. So far from allowing himself to harbor unkind feelings towards Mr. Adams, or to indulge the idea that he had treated him with injustice, he rejoiced in his reputation, delighted to promote his prosperity, and when he heard of his death was most deeply and tenderly affected. The following extract from a letter addressed to Mrs. Adams on the occasion, will sufficiently show how superior he was to every feeling of jealousy or resentment. It is, indeed, expressive of the most affectionate friendship, and of the sincerest sympathy. The extract is particularly interesting, as it presents those elevated and devout associations which were always connected, in his mind, with his favorite philosophical pursuits. While we listen to the words of comfort and hope which he addressed to a mourner, in circumstances similar to our own, let us bear in mind that, if his voice could now reach us, it would be heard uttering the same consoling and delightful sentiments. Though dead, he thus speaks to us.

"SALEM, JANUARY 25th, 1796.

"*Dear Madam,*

"It is with sincere sorrow and regret that I hear of the death of Mr. Adams, and I heartily sympathize with you on that mournful event, an event which must have deeply wounded

you, who was so intimately and tenderly connected with him. I ranked myself among his friends, and was gratified by the tokens which he gave me of his friendship, which I endeavoured to return, by promoting his interest and reputation here among my friends in the line of his profession.

" But madam, though we lament his death, and the loss of his usefulness to society, yet it is a consolation that he has fallen in so good a cause : in promoting a knowledge of the works of nature among men, and leading their minds through these footsteps up to their Divine Author : in making the best and noblest use of Philosophy, that of expanding the idea of the Supreme Being in the minds of men, and impressing them with proper sentiments of piety towards him. This is the noblest pursuit of man here, and in this our friend hath spent himself: can we doubt that he is now reaping his reward in a superior state of knowledge and happiness, where the works of God can be more extensively contemplated ; where the hidden things of nature which here perplex the philosopher, are more opened to the intelligent mind ; and where God himself, the great, wise, and good author of the universe, gives a fuller display of his perfections, to make those who love him supremely happy.

" This, I doubt not, is the case with our departed friend, as I may judge from what I knew of his character, and the spirit of piety which he has discovered in his lectures, the last of his works. To have put a finishing hand to these, and sent them forth into the world, previous to his death, must have given him great satisfaction, as he has left behind him the teachings of a philosopher, to instruct men in the noblest pursuits, and enable them to derive from these the most rational pleasures, in the contemplation of God as seen in his works. If this laborious task has been one means of shortening his days, we have to lament an effect which has produced a loss to us, though a gain to him. And it affords no small degree of satisfaction to me, that though dead, he yet speaketh in those writings, in the language of a religious philosopher, who I must think, is the noblest of mankind. And in my imagination I conceive him participating in those sublime pleasures of heavenly devotion, to

which he looked forward with such pious affection in some parts of his works. It is our part to follow him in death, as we cannot (if our selfishness would wish it) recal him to this imperfect life. Let us derive consolation from the hope of meeting him in a more perfect state — one better adapted to religious and philosophical improvement — the happiness of which will more than compensate us for all the troubles and disappointments of this life."

The christian piety of Dr. Prince was put to the severest test. Life had for him its full share of troubles, and the disease of which he finally died subjected him to the most excruciating sufferings, but no one ever heard a murmur or a complaint pass his lips. Neither the spirit of resignation nor the spirit of faith deserted him for a moment. The gospel shed its sweetest and divinest radiance upon his bed of suffering and death, and we may humbly hope that his spirit has been received to its rest and welcomed to the rewards of benevolence, integrity and truth.

And now, before I close the delineation, let me present to your view the philosopher, the divine, and the christian, as these titles all became combined in his character in the evening of his days.

Old age, to those who reach it, is a sure test of character. To the man whose passions have been his masters, and whose mind has not been furnished to endure its trials, old age is but one protracted season of weariness, wretchedness, and woe. But to the true christian, and the real philosopher, it is, notwithstanding its infirmities, a most precious period. It affords an opportunity of rest and repose ; the labors of life accomplished, the mind can calmly and quietly look back over the past, and if the past has been void of offence and usefully spent, it can look forward and upward with peace, hope and joy. "Oh happy old age! he is unworthy to reach thee, who fears thee, he is unworthy to have reached thee, who complains of thee."*

* "O Felix Ætas! Indignus est ad te pervenire, qui te metuit. Indignus pervenisse, qui te accusat!" — *Petrarch.*

The last years of the life of our venerable friend realized the brightest picture of a happy old age. By the kindness of his people he was released from labor and care, — a long respite was given him, after the day of toil was over, and before the summons came to depart. In the pursuits of philosophy and religion ; in the peaceful and cherished society of a kindred spirit ; in the company of his friends ; in the exercise of amiable affections towards man, and of admiring adoration towards God, the glories of whose creation he was continually exploring ; and in the enjoyment of enough of this world's goods to meet his wants, he quietly descended the lengthened vale of years. He had his trials, and at times they were severe indeed, but his patience and faith were sufficient to sustain him while they lasted, and when they had passed away, the very memory of them seemed to be obliterated by the pleasant engagements which, in cheerful conversation, in instructive books, in philosophical experiments, and in the employments of his workshop, were ever at hand. His faculties of body and mind remained sound and bright to the end, " his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated ;" and at last he came to his " grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn comes in the season thereof." In contemplating such an old age, we cannot but adopt the sentiment, although the conceit may be regarded as somewhat extravagant, which a quaint writer expressed on a similar occasion — " What a lovely spectacle ! the angels of heaven fly to the windows of heaven to look upon such a spectacle."

To the widow and family of the deceased it is not necessary for me to speak. They know that they have my sympathy and my prayers.

Be not unmindful of the mercy which permitted the life of your beloved and revered friend and father to be so long preserved to you. While you cherish the recollection of those benignant virtues which shone in his daily walk and conversation, let not his wise and pious instructions be forgotten or disregarded. Secure for yourselves the faith that was found sufficient for him, and then you may reasonably indulge the hope of a joyful meeting and everlasting reunion with him in the heavenly state.

The members of this church and society cannot fail to be deeply affected by the event which has called us together.

Your friend, the friend of your fathers, he who, in innocence of life, in simplicity and sincerity of heart, and in the spirit of christian love, has ministered at this our altar for more than half a century, and for two generations, will no more be seen within these walls. If the great congregation who here welcomed him to be their spiritual leader and guide, and who have passed before him from time into eternity, are allowed to look down upon the transactions of earth, how deeply must they be interested in this scene! In paying honor to the memory of him, we pay it to them.

Your venerable pastor is, I am sure, held by you, as he deserved to be, in tender and respectful remembrance. Whatever differences, in the course of his protracted ministry, may have occurred among his people, they always regarded him with tenderness, and he loved them all with sincerity. No unkind sentiment was ever uttered by him in reference to any one of them, and if not uttered it was not felt, for there was no guile or deceitfulness in him.

You have generously and faithfully sustained him to the last. You did not cast him off in his old age. For nearly twenty years you adhered to him, although from sickness and infirmity his usefulness was much impaired; and for twelve years you have released him from labors which he could no longer endure, and at the same time have continued to him an unabated support. Often, in the confidence of our intercourse, he has expressed to me his profound and lively gratitude. In his name then, in the name of my brethren, for we also may live to be old and worn out and infirm, in the name of all the churches and of the community at large, I thank you for your unwavering, delicate, and generous fidelity to this aged servant of God.

In taking this course you have perpetuated the good name which your society had established nearly one hundred and thirty years ago.

John Higginson was settled over the First Church in Salem, in 1660, and died, at the great age of 93, in 1708, after a min-

istry of 48 years. Dr. Cotton Mather preached his funeral sermon, which was published.* It seems from the following extract, that old Mr. Higginson had become impaired in his faculties for some time before his death.

"Though his head were eminently (as the old man's head has been sometimes called) the House of Wisdom; yet for divers months at last, there were times in which the door was a little shut, and the curtains drawn over the windows."

In another part of the discourse, Dr. Mather holds the following language, in reference to the kindness of the society to their aged pastor. "That Flock has honored itself more than a little, even in the eyes of all the churches throughout the country, by the honorable treatment, which this their aged Pastor found when an emerited old age was for divers years upon him. They would not forget his merits; but continued their support unto him with a gratitude and generosity that must never be forgotten. Christ will remember it, and his churches also will retain the remembrance of it. The eldest sister of all the churches in the Massachusetts colony, (and a mother in our Israel) has given an example to them all. And verily, wheresoever this poor sermon shall be read, there shall this also, which this exemplary people have done, be told for a memorial of them. When he that had been the (*Bozinah*, as the Jewish phrase for such an one used to be) *candle* of the place where he lived, was going out, and for divers years together was flashing in the socket, yet was he not treated as a *lamp despised* among them."

Such was the attestation uttered by Dr. Mather to the generosity and fidelity of your distant predecessors in this church. But a better and more decisive attestation has been uttered for you than for them.

*The following is the title of Mather's Discourse. "Nunc Dimittis briefly descanted on. The happy dismission of the holy believer, from the work of earth to the joy of heaven; considered in a funeral sermon, for that venerable and memorable servant of Christ, Mr. John Higginson, the aged pastor of the church in Salem; [with memoirs of his life,] who on 9*d.* 10*m.* 1708, in the ninety third year of his age, went from the earthly Salem to the heavenly."

Your late venerable pastor has himself attested to your goodness and faithfulness to him. On his death bed he bore a testimony in your favor which will not and cannot ever be forgotten by you or your successors. He has bequeathed a munificent donation of nearly 450 invaluable books, selected with the greatest care, and constituting a theological library, such as few clergymen possess, for the perpetual use of your ministers.*

But the benefaction, noble as it is, will not, I am sure, in your estimation, be compared in value with the circumstances under which it was made. The will, providing for the donation, was executed several years ago. In the forenoon of last Saturday, the 4th of June, Dr. Prince requested the catalogue, containing the titles of the books bequeathed to you, to be produced. He then dictated the words I am about to read, which, by his direction, in my presence, were written on the catalogue, over his signature. Before reading the words I would remark that, although able at the time to converse on other topics, so deep were his feelings on this subject, he made several attempts before his voice could find utterance. I would also remark that it was the last time he was able to converse with me. They were the last words he spoke in my hearing.

"Sensible of the kindness of my people through my long ministry and life, I bequeath these books as a lasting memorial of my affectionate gratitude."

In this voice of gratitude, reaching you as it were from the very coffin before you, and in the approving reflections of your own minds, you are more than rewarded for the burdens you have borne. May other societies, witnessing the satisfaction and prosperity which are secured to you now that the sacrifices to duty have all been completed, imitate your example, and be just and generous to those who have spent, or are spending, the vigor of life in their service.

*The Library, thus bequeathed by Dr. Prince, is exclusively for the use of the ministers of the First Church in Salem. Another Library, for the use of the congregation, consisting of more than 500 volumes, has been collected within the last few years.

During Dr. Prince's last illness, he awoke from one of the few quiet slumbers vouchsafed to his suffering frame, and told the watcher by his bedside, that he had had a most delightful dream. "I dreamed," said he, "that I was in the New Jerusalem, and my church with me."

Such was the blissful vision that passed before the spirit of our dying pastor. Let it be our aim and our prayer that it may be realized; and that we may all meet our father in the city of God, eternal in the heavens.

To the inhabitants of this community at large, I have time and strength but for a single suggestion. The aged form which you have so often seen passing through your streets, and which is now laid for its long rest in that narrow abode, is the last of a circle of sages who for several years spread a commingled illumination upon our place of residence. Holyoke, Treadwell, Oliver, and Prince. They were all scholars, philosophers, and devoted students of the word, as well as of the works, of God. But they are all gone. Your Fathers, where are they? and the Prophets, do they live forever? *

When we think of the extraordinary attainments, in human

* Edward Augustus Holyoke, M.D., LL.D., A.A.S., received his Bachelor's degree at Cambridge, in 1746, and died March 31, 1829, having reached the great age of 100 years and 8 months. John Dexter Treadwell, M.D., A.A.S. received his Bachelor's degree at Cambridge, in 1788, and died June 6, 1833, aged 65 years. Benjamin Lynde Oliver, M.D., A.A.S., died May 14, 1835, aged 75 years. Dr. Holyoke was at one time President of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and was not only the Patriarch of his profession, but in all respects worthy of the titles of Sage, Philosopher, and Christian. Dr. Treadwell was preeminent in the science and erudition of his profession, thoroughly read in the ethical and mental philosophy of the ancients, as well as of the moderns, and particularly learned in all the branches of knowledge connected with the philology and criticism of the Old and New Testaments. Dr. Oliver was also, in addition to his attainments in medical science, which were very extensive, a learned theologian, and was distinguished for his acquirements in several branches of natural philosophy, particularly in optics. In his manners and feelings he was a beautiful exemplification of the character of a christian gentleman and scholar.

and divine knowledge, of these our late honored and venerated fellow-citizens — when, moreover, we call to mind the characters of others, among the living, whose names belong to us, and who are now adorning the highest walks of classical learning, physical science, and jurisprudence, we are compelled to believe that, heretofore, the tone of our community, and the spirit of the place, have been peculiarly promotive of intellectual and moral culture and elevation. Is that tone preserved? Does that spirit still live? Are literature and science objects of pursuit among us as they were among our predecessors?

The generations which have passed, and that now passing, from the stage of life, have made up their jewels, which are indeed precious and beautiful to behold. Shall we, and our successors, produce the like? God grant that we may! God grant that, while the Fathers and the Prophets disappear, wisdom, and the love of it, may not die also; but that as their lights sink below the horizon, still brighter stars may rise, and shed upon us the radiance of learning, philosophy, and truth!

APPENDIX.

The following extract is from a sermon preached in the First Church in Salem, by the Rev. Dr. Parkman of Boston, on the afternoon of the Sunday immediately following the death of Dr. Prince. Having in illustration of the text exhibited some of the traits in the character of the '*excellent of the earth*,' and the good influences they exert in their lives; having adverted also to the duty and privilege of honoring such in their deaths, it was added:

"And such, Christian friends, was the character, and such, I believe, was the influence of the life of your late venerable Pastor. I doubt not of meeting a ready response in the hearts of this people, when I say, that with this chosen company of the faithful and excellent, in whom we may delight, we gratefully number him, who, having so long instructed you from this desk, has now at length been gathered to his fathers, and made one, as we trust, with the great family of God in heaven.

After the just and affectionate tribute, which has already been offered from this place by his colleague, it were superfluous in me to add any feeble testimony within my ability to the long established, and, I hesitate not to say, universally acknowledged worth of your venerable pastor. Even had my opportunities allowed me the privilege of a more intimate friendship, you, Christian brethren of this ancient flock, who have sat under his teachings, and have witnessed around your fire-sides and in your social walks, the purity, kindness, and benevolence of his life—who have yourselves been witnesses how he walked so as to please God—have no need to be informed by me of his intellectual or moral worth; of his full and active mind, his sound learning and various knowledge; his richly stored and faithful memory, from whose accuracy you had seldom to appeal; his conscientious improvement of time and talents; his *indefatigable*

and effectual industry, continued long beyond the period, when nature invites or permits repose; exercised not upon trifles, but objects worthy of his zeal, and producing beneficial results, even fruits that abide;—his unquenchable zeal moreover, for the promotion of whatever, within or without the walk of his own profession, might advance human improvement or happiness. How ardent was his devotion, how many and useful also his personal contributions to the cause of rational religion, of good learning, and especially of physical science! For he delighted himself in the works of God; and by his studies and illustrations of these, it was his chosen employment to benefit his fellow men.

I might speak—what your hearts I am certain will cordially attest—of the *kindness and benevolence of his spirit*, not quenched or discouraged by the experience or infirmities of old age, disposing him always, and to the last, to acts of friendship and substantial goodness; combined with singular freedom from malice and distrust; with willingness to be pleased, slowness to take offence, and something like eagerness to forgive. Nor, may I omit what even my imperfect opportunities have not failed to impress,—and what you, my friends of this society, have continually witnessed—the edifying spectacle of colleague-pastors united as father and son in mutual confidence and affection; where filial respect has been repaid by paternal love, and the labors, influence, and reputation of the younger, have been invariably sustained by the friendship, counsel, and hearty satisfaction of the elder. This is a spectacle rare as it is attractive; and when you consider the undeniable difficulty and delicacy as well as sacredness of this relation, while such an union reflects a mutual honor, you must have regarded it as no ordinary indication of that generosity of soul, which none that knew Dr. Prince could fail to recognise among the traits of his character.

Nor shall any of us soon forget, since they were the indications of the same benevolence, his venerable form and aspect; the benignity of his countenance; his dignified, but gentle manners of the ancient school, expressing by an exterior politeness, the good-will he felt; conciliating the confidence of the young, so that while they 'waited for his wisdom,' they were not afraid to utter their own. Nor may I wholly omit among these familiar recollections, his ancient costume, retained to his death amidst all the changes of the times, the graceful and appropriate ornament of his old age, connecting for us of a younger generation the days that have been with the days that are; and preserving for us, as it were, a living portrait of the fathers.

But needless, my brethren, as must be such memorials from me, you will permit me to say, that the church in the neighbor-

ing city, with which it is my happiness to be connected, mingles her respectful sympathies with yours, under the bereavement to which you are called, as she recognizes in your late Pastor one of her eldest and most honored sons. The birth place of Dr. Prince, in the north part of Boston, and all the associations, which he so fondly cherished of his early days, connected him intimately with our ancient church, of whose ministers, as he witnessed their succession, and of many too of its elder worshippers, he retained through life a very lively remembrance. From the hands of its then youthful but afterwards distinguished Pastor, Dr. Andrew Eliot, were poured upon his infant head the waters of baptism. During the same ministry, while yet in the first year of his academic course, (1772) he was admitted into the number of its communicants; and at the death of the elder Dr. Eliot, in 1779, Mr. Prince, having just then completed his preparation for the Ministry, was invited to officiate as a candidate for the then vacant pulpit; and there were those in that congregation, who having been witnesses of his childhood and youth, were anxious to appropriate his services as their minister. But his friend, the younger Eliot, my learned and lamented predecessor, was also desired of many. And Mr. Prince, with that decision and generosity of friendship, which, as we have already seen was among the ripened fruits of his old age, was the ornament of his youth, refused even the appearance of competition with the son of his late Pastor; and shortly after, receiving a cordial invitation from this First Church of Salem, he was dismissed at his own request from the North Church in Boston in October, 1779; and, before the close of another month, these two friends, Dr. John Eliot and your late Pastor, assisted, the former as a delegate, the latter as a minister, at each other's ordination, and their friendship was interrupted only by death.

In the prosperity of his native church, in the history and vicissitudes of its families, among whom were the friends and companions of his youth, Dr. Prince retained, and frequently expressed, a truly fraternal interest. Especially was he disposed to sympathize with those who in the expressive language of the ancient book, had "waxen poor;' whose growing infirmities were aggravated by diminished resources, and who needed in their decline the charity they were once perhaps glad to bestow. Of the welfare of such he was accustomed to inquire; and there are left not a few among us, who remember him in return with the most respectful and affectionate regards.

There is solemn instruction, which God's Providence designs in the departures from among us, one after another, of these our venerated friends and guides. 'The glory of the children is the

fathers.' They have shown to us the beauty, the security, the *practicableness* of virtue; they have accomplished their warfare; and 'now they are crowned and receive palms.' We should bless God that their light was continued so long. Yet when we remember all the good influences they have exerted; how pleasant to us was their friendship, how persuasive their wisdom, how encouraging their example, it seems to us when they die, though it be amidst the infirmities of old age, 'as when a standard bearer fainteth.' It becomes us to listen to their voice of monition made eloquent in death. They teach us that the glory of man is as the grass that withereth. They tell us, who are not yet old, that the interval that separates meridian strength from trembling age, nay, the infant of an hour from him that is of an hundred years, is as nothing before the eternity of God; that the longest term ever permitted to man on earth is, when it is once passed, as a watch in the night. For pass but a little season, and both shall lie down together. They admonish us, with the solemnity of eternity. Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches, but let him that glorieth, glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth the Lord. For this, says the Savior, is life eternal, to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent."

The following extract is from a letter addressed to John Prince, Esq., on the death of his father. The writer is one of the first men in the country, and has had the very best opportunities of knowing Dr. Prince, being at one time a resident in his family, and having been, for many years, a member of his parish. The delineation it presents is so just and beautiful, that the liberty is taken of recording it in connection with the interesting tribute of the Rev. Dr. Parkman.

"*My Dear Sir,*

"I most truly sympathize with you and your mother and brothers in this afflicting, and I presume, unexpected event. You have lost a friend, companion and counsellor, that has been by your side for good from your earliest years, and although he has been long spared to you, I fear the blow was nothing the

lighter when it came. A retrospect of his life, however, will always be an unfailing source of consolation.

" Although our intercourse has been less, comparatively very little, since my removal from Salem, I feel that by his death I have lost a near, and one of my earliest and most faithful friends. Our acquaintance commenced nearly half a century ago, and it has been productive of nothing but pleasure and instruction to me. Few such friends remain to me. The world will not be so sensible of its loss as it would have been if he had been taken away twenty years sooner. His removal has been gradual, and the present generation know little of him, but by reputation and history. The chasm has been imperceptibly filling up.

I have always thought your father's genius the most universal of any I have known. He was a poet and philosopher, as well as a learned divine, — had a taste for, and successfully cultivated, general literature and the fine arts, and, as is well known, was eminent in every branch of the sciences. His taste was good in every thing. Indeed this was a leading trait. But it was not these alone — it was his high moral and social principles, his liberal views in religion, unpretending piety, quick sensibility, sincerity and singleheartedness, his benevolence, candour, and ever cheerful spirit in prosperity and adversity, that peculiarly endeared him to his acquaintance, and enabled him to perform so acceptably and usefully, the difficult duties of his office, to two generations of parishioners. His breast was always open, and every one might see that in his heart there was no guile, no evil passion. If ancestral pride were ever excusable, it would be, my friend, in claiming descent from such a parent. Absence from Boston, to my regret, prevented me from paying my last respects to the remains of my friend."

A

SERMON,

PREACHED AT THE RE-OPENING AND DEDICATION

OF THE

CHURCH

OF THE

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL PARISH IN MILTON,

DECEMBER 9, 1835.

BY BENJAMIN HUNTOON,
Pastor of said Parish.

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1836.

SERMON.

"For ye were sometime darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord. Walk as children of light."—EPHESIANS v : 8.

THE opening of a new place, for the worship of God, and the services and ordinances of Christianity, is an event of solemn interest and cheering hope to all the disciples and followers of Jesus Christ. It is a fresh token to them of the strong hold which religion maintains in the hearts of men. They look upon the numerous churches, which are rising up, in the cities and villages of the Redeemer's kingdom, as so many ensigns of his triumph over the vanquished powers of darkness; and as so many beacon-lights elevated upon the mountain of the Lord, for warning, direction and encouragement to the soldiers of the Cross. These walls, that encircle us, which now resound, for the first time, with the voice of praise and supplication, bear renewed testimony to the influence of religious sentiment, the strength of pious feeling, and the prevalence of Christian faith. They have been reared, and now dedicated to God, as a Sanctuary of Devotion, where, in the spirit of that liberty, with which Christ has made his followers free, we may worship God according to the dictates of conscience, and the sacred and inalienable rights of private judgment. We have now entered within them to rejoice in God, and to render him unfeigned thanks for the success that has attended our enterprize, and for the accomplishment of our labors in the completion of this neat and commodious place of social public worship,—upon the spot hallowed by the piety of our ancestors,—and *within* a frame-work of their architectural skill, united effort, and Christian munificence. And we would entreat you, my Christian friends, who have come hither to rejoice with us, that you unite your candid sympathies, fervent prayers, and devout praises with ours, in consecrating this our religious

home, to the high and holy purposes for which it is intended; and earnestly beseech God, in the name of Jesus Christ, to accept this offering at our hands, and here record his name, and here reveal his mercy, from generation to generation—forever.

In discharging the duty devolving on me, upon this interesting occasion, I presume it will not be deemed necessary for me to assume the oft-brandished weapons of theological controversy. I would indulge the hope, that we have ALL assembled here, in the bonds of Christian love, to dedicate this place to God; to consecrate this room, these walls, these seats, and this altar, to the promotion of profound piety, personal holiness, fervent charity, and good will among men. I would that the *first fruits* presented at this new shrine, should come freely from all our hearts; that they should be the peace-offering of love to God, and love to men. I would that for "one hour" at least, the parti-colored flags of differing sects, may be rolled up, and laid aside, and the great spotless banner of Christian love wave over this Temple; and that the recommencement of public worship in this house of God, may be "a communion of saints," a "unity of the Spirit," and a "bond of fellowship," in the household of believers. With this wish, I would, without further introduction, invite your candid attention to some remarks upon the exhortation in the text, "For ye were sometime darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord: walk as children of light."

This injunction of apostolic authority, is given upon the known and acknowledged principle, that duty is always in proportion to talents, privileges, and advantages. That peculiar favor, instruction, light, demand peculiar virtue, purity, and elevation of character. That obligations to superior and distinguished excellence result from the transcendent excellency of the dispensation which God has given us by his Son Jesus Christ: that of those to whom much is given much will be required. This is a reasonable and just requisition. It is founded upon the element of all human responsibility. It is built upon the very constitution of our natures. We are the creatures of God—his subjects—his children. He demands of us no unreasonable services. He loads us with no insupportable burthens. He requires of us no impossibilities. He apportions our duty to our capacity to un-

derstand, and our ability to perform it. If he demands of us a glorious and exemplary virtue, he opens the way to its attainment, pours his light upon it, and invites us to walk in it, and promises us the support of his arm, and the enlightening beams of his truth, to direct and invigorate our progress. By the gift of Jesus Christ, God has conferred the greatest favor upon our world. This distinguished favor, this inestimable gift, this wonderful manifestation of grace, has laid us under new and peculiar responsibilities to press forward with untiring ardor and constancy in the race of holiness and perfection. Jesus Christ is styled the Sun of Righteousness, and the Light of the world, and his followers children of the day, and of the light, and are commanded to have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness. In which expressions, light is taken for knowledge and holiness; and darkness for ignorance and sin. In this sense are we to understand the apostle in our text, "Ye were sometime darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord; walk as children of light." Which is equivalent to another declaration of the same apostle, where compressing, as it were, the essence of religion into a single sentence, he declares, "The grace of God, which bringeth salvation, hath appeared to all men; teaching us that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world; seeking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ, who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." It is in this sense, that Christianity utters its righteous, reasonable claims to its votaries, to live "above the world,"—to have their "conversation in heaven,"—"to seek the kingdom of God" in the first place,—"to adorn the doctrineof our Saviour in all things,"—to have our "light so shine before men, that they, seeing our good works, may glorify our Father who is in heaven." Innumerable are the passages in the New Testament, which speaks this language, and force this conviction on our minds, however unwilling we are to receive it, however slow we are to apprehend it, in all its strictness to our hearts and lives,—that the design of Christianity is, to produce in all its professors the practice of holiness, the

love of goodness, and to aid their proficiency in every moral virtue, in every spiritual excellence of which their natures are susceptible. There is no good, in character, in attainment, which it does not inculcate. There is no evil, of heart or of life, which it does not condemn. The distinction it requires, is a glorious distinction of character, an ardor in the pursuit of holiness, which knows no bounds, which admits of nó mediocrity, which aspires "to be holy as God is holy," and which seeks for the high rewards of heaven, by reaching, in this state of trial, the best and most exalted character of the heavenly inhabitants. The change it produces is a change of heart, from the love of sin to a love of righteousness. The repentance it requires, is a change of mind, a revolution in the interests, desires, and purposes, so entire and so practical as "to bring forth fruits meet for repentance,"—a reformation from stupidity, indifference, and irreligion, to a life of activity, earnestness, and supreme devotion to God, to duty and to heaven. The new birth it promises, is an emancipation from the slavery of the senses, a deliverance from the bondage of the mere animal, outward, corporeal nature, to a life of the spiritual, inward, immortal nature,—to a consciousness, a manifestation, a regeneration of the soul, by which all its energies are awakened to its own development, expansion, purity, progress, and everlasting happiness. This is called a "new creation," a "new heart," a "new life;" so that Jesus Christ assures his disciples, that, if their righteousness does not exceed the righteousness—the formal, ceremonial righteousness—of the scribes and pharisees, they can have no admission to his kingdom, no claim to his inheritance of light and immortality. That religion which produces no renovation of the heart, which allows the sensual affections supreme control, which quenches no inordinate passion, bridles no licentious appetite, which restrains in no degree the earthliness of the mind, has no claim to the venerable name of Christianity. Such was not the religion of Jesus Christ, such was not the religion of the apostles, such is not that religion which teaches us to yield all our members as instruments of righteousness to do the will of God.

But not to dwell longer on the general claims of Christianity to a high and noble distinction of moral character, I would direct

your attention to some specific reasons, which should induce us to obey the injunction of the text, "Walk as children of light."

First, Christianity demands this, because it pours a flood of light upon the path of human duty, and reveals, in the plainest manner, our relation to God, and the moral obligations we are under to love, to reverence and obey him. On this great subject, Christianity is full and explicit. It teaches us how to approach our Maker. It does not leave us to infer the existence, and spell out the perfections of God by the dim lamp of nature, or to receive our impressions of his adorable Majesty from the voice, echoed from the magnificent apartments of his creation. That voice, awful as the voice of many waters, was inarticulate, and indistinct in its multitudinous utterance. It came not on the soul as the thrilling accents of a single, supreme, personal Divinity, and it left its auditors to search for the object of their adoration in the outward manifestations of his power, and to worship, if not the sun, and the host of heaven, "the unknown God." Christianity, "the light in the Lord," has removed this veil from the temple of the Most High, and has "brought us nigh to God," and explained to us every thing we are capable of knowing of this infinite, eternal, invisible, and incomprehensible Being. "No man hath seen God at any time, the only begotten Son, who dwelleth in the bosom of the Father, he hath revealed him." He has taught us our relation to this great and glorious Being, as his creatures, his subjects, and his children. This includes every obligation of profound reverence, sincere obedience and filial love. He has assured us, that God does regard us from the height of his throne, even in the heaven of heavens; that he looks down upon us, in the humble temples of our earthly worship, with paternal interest and kindness, and that the pure and holy heart is an incense acceptable and well-pleasing in his sight. If, therefore, blessed with this revelation of God, in his adorable perfections, in the strength of his divine wisdom and goodness—as our Creator, Governor, and Father, we neglect to glorify him as God;—if we refuse to honor him with unhesitating trust, as the Sovereign of the universe, to love him with child-like confidence as the best of Fathers; if we fail in any

branch of that duty which we owe him, we prove ourselves unworthy the light of Christianity, and insensible to the most powerful object of love and imitation that can be presented to our minds; we deface the very image of our Maker, in the very presence of the glorious Original. If we do not appreciate this knowledge, if we do not admit its lofty, divine, purifying influences to our hearts and lives, we do not walk as children of light. If we do not rise to a degree of piety and holiness in proportion to the moral representations, the spiritual manifestations of God in the revelation of his Son, we throw off its very first application to our minds, and show ourselves unworthy of the high vocation to which we are called. If we blot out this light of the soul, this adaptation of Christianity to the wants of our spiritual natures, by our earthliness and sin, we must walk in darkness, and the most fearful destruction hangs over our chosen and voluntary path of transgression. "If the light within thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!"

Again: We are required "to walk as children of light," because our duty, not only as it respects God, but in all the wide extent and variety of its relations, is plainly and distinctly delineated in the gospel of Jesus Christ. Upon this boundless field of obligations, this delicate structure of relative, social, public duties, Christianity sheds its blessed light, to guide, to sanctify, and to enforce, with the sanctions of infinite authority. In its beneficent inspection, and guardian care, it extends its life-giving influence through all the intricate windings and conflicting interests of life. In its grandest feature—its sublime simplicity—in its *great* commandment, "*Love*, fulfilling the whole Law," it adapts itself to all the diversities of human station, condition and circumstance; to all the forms, combinations and elements of social organization. With this exponent, its plain broad principles of moral duty apply, with equal facility, to all the varying states of human existence, and to all the different stages of human improvement. They embrace every class of obligations that constitute the sum of human responsibilities, both with respect to the life that now is, and that which is to come. They are an eternal summary of social morality. And they are revealed with all the clearness of noon-day. We need but open our eyes to

see them. No learned reasonings, no difficult speculations, are required to understand them. We have not the excuse of the heathen world, which by too much subtlety bewildered itself, and not only doubted of the obligation of many particular virtues, but whether there were any moral obligations at all. They groped in darkness, "but we are in the light of the Lord." The gospel is the immediate light of heaven, shining from the throne of God. It pours its celestial radiance upon our heads, relieves us from all difficulties, and dissipates every shadow from the straight and narrow path of duty, interest, and eternal life. In every page of it we hear the voice of God proclaiming, "This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, or to the left." Every excuse of ignorance, every palliation of blindness is taken away. The way is plain, the duty is obvious. The commandment is not hidden nor far off. "It is not in heaven, that thou shouldest say, Who shall go up for us to heaven to bring it unto us, that we may hear it and do it; neither is it beyond the sea, that thou shouldest say, Who shall go over the sea for us, and bring it unto us, that we may hear it and do it; but the word is nigh thee, in thy mouth and in thy heart, that thou mayest hear it, and do it." The just and tremendous sentence of our Lord hangs over us in all its startling reality; "He that knoweth his Master's will and doeth it not, shall be beaten with many stripes." "Cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness, there shall be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth."

Again, We should "walk as children of light," because Christianity opens to us the way of pardon and reconciliation with God. The revelation of the grace of God, by Jesus Christ, and the assurance of his readiness to accept and forgive the repentant and returning sinner, are the most important disclosures ever made to our fallen, sinful race. We are all sinners. This is a fact too obvious to be questioned. The pledge, therefore, of Divine pardon and forgiveness, on the condition of "repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ," gives to the Gospel, its highest value, its chief glory, its inestimable preciousness. On this display of the divine benignity, rests that great system of hope and consolation, which Christian-

ity has reared up for sinful man. This discovers to the trembling penitent the wing of eternal mercy, and invites him to take shelter under it, as the only, all-sufficient sanctuary of pardon and salvation. It is this manifestation of God's love, and mercy by Jesus Christ, which adapts itself to the one, great, overwhelming want of man. Oppressed with a sense of sin he needs something to lean upon for support. To find a remedy for the stings of a guilty conscience has been the great problem, which has exercised his ingenuity in all ages. The great masters of antiquity sought to solve it by philosophy ; and they brought to the task a maturity and perfection of judgment, and a strength of resolution inspired by the greatness of the subject ; and they poured upon their labor a blaze of intellect, which none can hope to surpass, and few to equal ; yet they ended in conjecture merely. The nations of the earth sought relief in idolatry. They arrayed some object with imaginary powers to sustain and save them, and they endeavored to propitiate it by human victims and bloody sacrifices. We ourselves seek the same thing—relief from self-reproaches—in ten thousand objects which constantly elude our search, and disappoint our hopes ; but, like the dove flying to and fro, over the desolation of the troubled waters of the flood, we find no repose, no security, no comfort, till we seek it in the true ark of salvation, the Gospel, the glad-tidings of the free, unpurchased grace of God. Lost in the mazes of sin, far from our Father's house, perishing with hunger, Jesus, the Saviour, meets us, offers himself as a guide to bring us back from all our wanderings, and promises us, on our return to obedience, a cordial acceptance, and a joyous welcome in the paternal and everlasting mercy of our Father in heaven. This assurance of the paternal clemency, and willingness of our Heavenly Father to forgive sin, is given by Jesus Christ, with such clearness and simplicity, that those of the weakest capacities, even children, may comprehend it. The method of human pardon, therefore, instead of remaining a subject of fruitless speculation, a difficult problem for the examination of reason, becomes in the teaching of Jesus, an animating and efficient truth, exerting a practical influence upon the heart and life. It removes those frightful images, under which both Jews and Gentiles contem-

plated the Deity, and substitutes a child-like confidence, a heart-felt love, a filial obedience, instead of that slavish mortification, and the service extorted by fear, which had usually been thought necessary for appeasing God's wrath, and obtaining his favor. This light, which Jesus pours upon the throne and altar of God, removes the shadows, sacrifices and victims, from the temple of the Most High; and invites the "true worshippers, to worship the Father in spirit and in truth." It encourages the sin-burthened penitent, to apply to God, directly, as a condescending and affectionate Father, in whom he shall find all the relentings of parental tenderness, and all the yearnings of parental compassion and forgiveness. This disclosure of Jesus, speaks to us in every page of the New Testament. It addresses us in language of winning candor, melting tenderness, and undying love. "It is the voice of Infinite Compassion, uttered in our lowly habitations. It is everlasting mercy stretching out its arms, to the guilty. It is Almighty goodness, taking part with all that is good in us, against all that is evil. It speaks to us in every thing lowly and every thing lofty. It speaks to us in every whispered accent of human affection; and in every revelation that is sounded out from the 'new heavens and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.' It speaks to us from this lowly seat at which we bow down in prayer—from this humble shrine, veiled with the shadows of mortal infirmity. It speaks to us from the depths of eternity—from the centre of infinity—from the heart of the universe—from the bosom of God,—and it sends forth its voice—of pity more than human—of energy more than mortal—from the silent summit of Calvary"—It says,—and I trace an accent of tenderness and entreaty in every word,—"Walk as children of light."—"Cast off the works of darkness,—"put on the armor of light,"—"for ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear, but ye have received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba,—Father." Who would not listen to this voice of boundless mercy, of infinite generosity, and omnipotent love?—"Hear it, thou sacred conscience! and give not way to evil;—touch no bribe; touch no dishonest gain; touch not the sparkling cup of unlawful pleasure. Hear it, ye better affections! dear and holy! and turn not your purity to

pollution ; your sweetness to bitterness ; and your hope to shame. Hear it, poor, wearied, broken, prostrate, human nature ! and rise to penitence, to sanctity, to glory, to heaven. Hear this voice of God's Son, and rise to life, to holiness, to immortality—arise at this voice,—for the universe is exhausted of all its revelations—infinity, omnipotence, boundless love have lavished their uttermost resources in this one provision, this one call, this one 'Gospel of the grace of God, by Jesus Christ our Lord.'"

Again, Christianity presents the strongest motives, that can possibly be addressed to human nature, or to human interests, to induce its votaries to "walk as children of light." "Godliness has the promise of the life that now is, as well as that which is to come." Jesus, the light and Saviour of the world, while he reminded his followers of the retributions of a future state, did not seek to render them insensible to the happiness of the present life, or negligent and indifferent as to its attainment. He assured them, that God would never fail to supply their temporal wants, so long as they were actuated by a living zeal in the discharge of their duty ; and that the courage and manly firmness with which they adhered to the good cause, in which they were engaged, and defended it, would often prove the means of their preservation and deliverance. He promised them—in the satisfaction of a virtuous course of conduct ; in the blessings to be diffused throughout society, by a spirit of active, magnanimous, brotherly love ; in the superiority and strength, which union and integrity should give them over their vicious cotemporaries, already weakened by discord ; and in all the good effects naturally resulting from the extension of his religion—that they should "inherit the earth ;" and in the new order of things receive back again, an hundred-fold in return for all they had lost by contending in the cause of truth and righteousness. Christianity does not require its votary to become a gloomy, self-tormentor, an enemy to cheerfulness, a contemner of the pleasures and enjoyments presented in the kingdom of nature. That careful abstemiousness, that affected severity of countenance or manners, which leads a person ever to afflict himself, and suppress the innocent instincts implanted by God himself, is directly opposed to the child-like confidence,and firm disposition of mind,

with which a father must be honored, who has scattered over the earth such a profusion of every thing that is good, beautiful, lovely, and calculated to impart rational pleasure and enjoyment. It by no means contemns the innocent gratification of life, and in the use of that commandment, which enjoins mutual love and good will, it employs the best possible means for opposing the extravagant opinion, so perceptibly at war with the whole construction of human nature—that the holiness of religion demands a strength and equanimity, which is incapable of being moved by advantage, or softened by sympathy, and with a like indifference to pleasure and pain, to interest or reward. It lays no intolerant restraint upon the generous emotions of human nature, but, inspiring its possessor with confidence, gratitude, sympathy and hope, it fills the heart with a sincerity, warmth and zeal, which call all its powers into operation and impart to them such an impulse, as they must ever have in limited beings like ourselves, in order to be wrought up to the performance of the high and sublime virtues of self-denial and benevolence. If, therefore, we could draw a veil over the future, and extinguish the hopes of another life; if we could blot out from the mind the ineffable glories of the heavenly world; there is no system of morals, no teachings of philosophy, which could be compared with Christianity in securing, and extending the safe, the honorable, and solid interests of the present world. There is no private relation; no intercourse of man with man; no form of society,—of domestic,—of friendly,—or political arrangement, which can go to a richer source of instruction and guidance, than the principles and examples of the New Testament. The strictest adherence to them would not detract one single ingredient of happiness, within the reach of man, while it would assuredly exterminate many of the bitterest grievances of human life. Christianity regards man in all his relations and duties, and endeavors to strengthen him to their faithful and constant performance. It quickens his powers, ennobles his dispositions and feelings, moderates his selfish passions and inclinations, and suffers him to act only as a dutiful, rational, useful and conscientious being. It labors to fill him with a warm spirit of activity in favor of every thing true, just, and salutary, which is neither terrified

at difficulties nor wearied with hardships. By such dispositions, feelings and moral habits, it transfuses the most blessed influence through all the tender relations of domestic life. It cements the tie of family obligation into a bond of kindness, into the noblest and tenderest friendship, into the purest and most enduring affection. In this way it seeks to convert the humble dwelling of the Christian into a temple of religion, where every inhabitant is to be ennobled, improved, and consecrated to the service of God, and the happiness of man. That Christianity does not produce this end in greater perfection, is not because it is not fitted to human nature and to human life; for, so far as it does operate, this happy result is produced; and its adaptation to advance human happiness is evinced by many lovely exhibitions of Christian character, and by the vast influence, which such characters have in meliorating the evils, and healing the moral disorders of the world. The fairest portions of the globe, where the relations and claims of the different classes are so disposed of, as to be most consistent with the rights and the privileges of each individual; where harmony and peace, honesty and diligence, confidence and faithfulness, give stability to wholesome laws; where rulers and citizens, animated by the spirit of Christian philanthropy, co-operate to support those institutions which secure the welfare of the whole community; in short, where human happiness is enjoyed in its purest form, and science and civilization have flourished in youthful bloom and most lasting prosperity, are those, which have been rescued from the dominion of ignorance and barbarism and tyranny, by the mild and heavenly influence of the Gospel. The possession of this glorious system, of individual, of domestic, and public morality, is a *trust*, that demands the strictest fidelity in its improvement and occupation. It is a talent for which we must give an account. It is a light from the Lord, shining upon our way, that we may read by it the lesson of our own personal duty, and Christian obligation to "walk as children of light."

But again; the highest motives, which Christianity presents to awaken our ardor to prove ourselves "children of light," are not confined to temporal interests, and earthly hopes. It addresses itself to the noblest, the immortal part of man. Jesus

Christ spoke with greater energy, confidence, and assurance of the immortality and boundless duration of the soul, than any one had ever done before him. On this subject, so dear to man, "He spake as never man spake." He every where intimated, that he himself stood in a close and perpetual connection with a higher world, an invisible order of things; that to him death was but a return to this better, this more exalted sphere; and that his followers were destined to a like glorious inheritance. He spoke of it, as a citizen of this kingdom of immortality, and one acquainted with it from actual experience. His discourses always breathed the spirit and power of a better world, excited deep feelings in all who approached him, and filled them with overpowering convictions of a never ending state of existence. In the light of Christianity, therefore, man looks within, and beholds the image of God enstamped upon his soul; and although the bright signatures and glorious lineaments are defaced, they are not obliterated. There are the capacities of an intellectual, a moral, and a spiritual being, which bear resemblance and imply affinity to God—and claim relationship with all spiritual existences. These capacities have no assignable limit to their improvement. Occupying the most elevated eminence to which science can transport us, the soul contemplates a boundless prospect of inquiry and investigation, the full knowledge of which it can never hope to attain while confined to the narrow limitations of earth and time. In its spiritual vision, it beholds an unbounded, and richly diversified scene of objects, operations, changes, and revolutions, beyond this blue horizon, that bounds our mortal sight;—catches an occasional glimpse of subjects, which are shrouded in obscurity;—stretches forward with eagerness to grasp at new discoveries;—descries some openings which direct its lofty aspirations into the regions of infinity and immortality. It is still restless, and unsatisfied. One accession stimulates the thirst for another and higher. It perceives all present knowledge imperfect and glimmering. Its brightest discoveries, its clearest illuminations seem but a few dim tapers amid the surrounding gloom of night. It is conscious, that its present faculties are too weak and limited in their development, and that it must be exalted to a station of higher perception, before it can

attain a knowledge of the magnificent objects, which lie hid in the unexplored regions of immensity. Its present views and earthly prospects are confined within a circle of a few miles; and all beyond in the universal system, which extends over the immeasurable tracts of infinite space, is darkness and uncertainty. Can it be, that this soul, furnished with powers capable of traversing the realm of creation,—of opening new prospects into the unbounded regions of truth;—fired with ardent desires after knowledge;—panting after new and clearer conceptions of the grandeur of the works and glories of the Divinity, should be extinguished, at the very moment when its desires are most ardent, and when the scenes of immensity and eternity seem just opening to its view! No;—Christianity declares in an audible voice, by the teachings of Jesus, and gives a living demonstration in his resurrection, that these capacities of the soul have no conceivable connection with perishable matter. The voice, uttered from the sepulchre, "he is not here, but he is risen," "seek not the living among the dead," uniting with the voice of all God's works, proclaims to us this great truth, "that nothing was created in vain," much less these glorious distinctions of mind, these emanations from God, these attributes of a spiritual being. Here, we are taught, with a clearness too manifest to be resisted, that the true end of existence must consist in the development, and full exercise of these spiritual faculties; and that this present life is but a state of discipline and probation for a higher and a better. Christianity in its sublimest teachings, in its most triumphant examples, in its most glorious of miracles, utters this truth. The body must bow to the soul,—matter to spirit,—earth to Heaven,—and time to eternity. It addresses us as spiritual, and immortal beings, whose great concern is to "lay up treasures in Heaven;" to be conformed to the image of God, and the temper and holiness of Heaven, that we may be qualified to participate in its blessedness. To aspire to this exalted character is "to walk as children of light." He lives below his dignity and his immortal destination, who is supremely attached to the pleasures, the possessions and hopes of this world. He fails of the satisfaction of a rational and immortal being who seeks his highest enjoyment in the perishable forms of matter and

of earth. God never intended that the mind should be made happy by these, however rich, however extensive. The world invites to pleasure and to joy; but the pleasure and the joy change with the progress of man, and nothing remains as to the last result but the form of the mind, and its proper preparation for a state of existence to be accommodated to the character and the dispositions it has acquired. In comparison with this moral preparation, this spiritual culture, all is oblivion, satiety or disgust. Such is the inevitable consequence of every plan, which regulates not the enjoyments of the present life in conformity to the hopes and promises of another. The fashions of the world pass away. Riches take to themselves wings, and are not slow in the use of them; or we on spirit-wings are carried from them, where they cannot benefit us. Let us then walk as children of light and as heirs of immortality. Let us not be turned aside into the ways of darkness, by the opposition of wayward, interested, worldly men; theirs it is to look to their own conduct, and to await the just judgment of God;—ours it is to do what we acknowledge to be our duty, and leave the decision to Him who judgeth righteously, who knoweth them that are his—and to them who seek, by patient continuance in well-doing, glory, honor and immortality, will render eternal life.

Such are some of the sublime and glorious motives presented by Christianity, to stimulate, to urge, and oblige us to seek the attainment of a distinguished, exalted, Christian character. When we look at the high calling of God in Christ Jesus,—the purity and holiness demanded in the gospel,—the all-perfect example furnished for imitation in its divine Author,—and consider the high and commanding motives by which we are constrained to live above the world, and to lay the foundations of our happiness above the delusive, unsubstantial, transient pleasures and joys of earth,—who can resist the conviction that Christianity is but partially understood, and but very imperfectly complied with, even by its professed friends and much-applauding admirers? That its disclosures of "light and immortality" are but feebly apprehended; that its blessings, numerous as they are; that its hopes, exalted as they are; and that its motives, combining all the interests of time and eternity, still fail to raise us to the true

character which can entitle us to the name of "children of light." And if we do claim that appellation, how just is the declaration, that "The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light!" In the great mass around us, how low is the standard of piety; what absolute depravity and willing subjection to the maxims and customs of a degenerate world! How few examples do we meet of that sanctifying, transforming devotion, which raises the soul to God, and enstamps his image on the heart and the life! O how few instances, how rare exhibitions of that exalted Christian character to which the gospel designs and labors to raise her votaries! But let not Christianity be reproached with the deficiences and vices of those who have abused it, and who, though they have assumed its name, have never breathed its spirit; who have rested in a servile dependence on the form, exterior, profession of religion; who have only partially understood the gospel, and have so mixed it with other principles and dogmas, that its soul-inspiring, its life-giving influence has been lost; or where some allowed practice of transgression, some habitual sin, deadens all its energy, and strikes with a killing blast its fairest, opening, ripening fruits of holiness and love. If I read aright the New Testament, its great design, its ultimate intention, is to quicken and transform all its possessors, and invigorate them with new moral life, by imparting to them a new spirit, a new heart, full of true love to God and man. Love is the wonder-working power of the gospel. It makes him who receives it as the guiding, controlling principle of his feelings and actions, as it were, another being. It gives his faculties a lively and harmonious play, and puts every spring of existence in motion. Under its influence his spirit takes a higher flight, and explores a wider field of beneficence, and he finds himself prepared to perform labors and overcome difficulties, from which he would otherwise have shrunk as impossible. "Love is the fulfilling of the law," the end of the commandment, the sum of duty, the essence of devotion; the spirit and the life of God in the soul of man. "God is love;" and "he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." Such is the epitome, the characteristic abridgement of Christianity, as drawn by the disciple whom Jesus loved. It is this spirit which must reign in

the "children of light," and awaken, animate and direct them in their "walk" towards heaven. It is this celestial principle, this all-conquering power, which will remove every obstacle, and all aversion to the performance of the most difficult duties, and lead the Christian, with willingness and hearty acquiescence, to bring the sacrifices which he owes to religion, as gifts, and joyfully deposit them on her altar. It will produce in him an inspiration in favor of whatever is good, without fanaticism, an exaltation of soul without mysticism, and a benevolent warmth of heart without extravagance. It is this cementing, all-embracing energy of the gospel, which is destined to bring together the different sects and denominations of Christians, so long and so unhappily estranged from each other, reconcile them together, and transform them into one firmly united and happy family, "walking as children of light," seeking each other's good, and rejoicing in each other's prosperity and happiness. But "O Lord, how long!"—How long ere Christians shall apprehend, in all its length and breadth, in all its combining authority, the "NEW COMMANDMENT" of their blessed Master, "that ye love one another, even as I have loved you." Many a massy pile of false doctrine, many a ponderous structure of heretical opinion, remains to be removed, before theology and religion can be re-constructed on the broad foundation which Christ has laid for universal love. Yet, on this principle alone, carried out into all its bearings and applications, can we arrive at the full manifestation of the light and spirit of Jesus Christ. It is by the means of this gentlest, holiest, firmest bond of union which the human heart is capable of appreciating, that the family of man, in all its scattered habitations, is to be formed into one fraternity, devoted to the service of God, and led on to the attainment of every possible degree of perfection. Without charity, as well as holiness, no man shall see the Lord. All pretensions to religion without this, in apostolic estimation, is useless and vain. Nothing but the glorious distinction of Christian charity can qualify us for the joys of heaven. I mean not to assert, that this quality in the Christian is to be alone, and unaccompanied by the other requisite virtues and graces demanded in the gospel. The sanctifying and elevating power of Christianity must reign over our hearts and lives, or we are not trans-

lated from darkness into the light and liberty of the children of God. The religion of Jesus Christ is satisfied with no partial efforts, no ordinary sacrifices, no common virtues, no inferior attainments. It seeks to enthrone itself in the heart, and extend its sway over every region of the affections, appetites and passions. It must possess and animate the entire man—not in a mysterious, but in a plain, practical operation. In the life, it is obedience; in the affections, it is charity;—in the conversation, it is modesty, calmness, gentleness, candor, courtesy and affability;—in the transactions of business, it is honesty, uprightness, integrity and generosity.—It is the regulation of our desires;—the government of our passions,—the harmonious union of whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report, virtuous and praiseworthy.—It is a partaking of the "divine nature," a conformity to the image of God's Son, a putting on of the Lord Jesus Christ; or, in the still more expressive language of the apostle, it is "Christ formed in us, the hope of glory."

Again: We should "walk as children of light," because the gospel affords us the aid of its institutions and ordinances. The path of light is an upward path. The way of holiness is a strait, narrow and arduous way. The Christian who endeavors to conform to the pattern of his heavenly Master, will have many obstacles to encounter, many trials to endure, many enemies to overcome. To asssist us in all conflicts with earth and sin, God, in the gospel of his Son, has provided us with weapons of defence and means of preservation. Among these are the outward observances of Christianity, its visible institutions. To be adapted to the nature of man, while a resident on earth, religion requires to be provided with a body, a physical and sensible form. Without this, it would not be capable of acting in a human world; it would cease to be a system for human nature. It might do for angels, but not for men. To accomplish its purposes of *human* impression, instruction and salvation, it must have an external form, organs, visible and material consistence. These are sensible lights, encouragements and supports given us by the Founder of our faith, to guide, quicken and aid us to "walk as children of light." Those who leave these, and fancy they can pursue their spiritual interests better without them, are

in the high road to mysticism, if not to an intellectual fanaticism. If thoughtful, solitary, contemplative minds can do without them, the great, active class, the mass of mankind, are and must be influenced by an appeal to the senses. Human nature, in a human world, demands this exciting, palpable, tangible operation.

Our merciful Father in heaven sees us in danger of being carried away by the cares and engagements, the interests and anxieties of the world; of being withdrawn from our spiritual progress, by the incessant current of earthly feelings and secular pursuits, and he gives us a day of rest, a *Sabbath* for the soul, a holy respite from the engrossing thoughts and perplexing toils of life. Without this periodical and frequently recurring repose, man's spirit would faint within him, and his strength fail in his worldly conflict. He might sink into an unbroken dream of earthliness, were no light of the Sabbath to dawn upon his dwelling in this world, and bring him tidings of a world to come. He might wrap himself up in a garment of selfishness and misanthropy, did not every Sabbath remind him of his neighbor, and admonish him of his alliances with humanity. He might "live without God in the world," did not the week begin with the acknowledgment of *Him* who made the world, rules it by his providence, blesses it by his grace, and promises, by his Son, immortality to its inhabitants. He who values these favors for himself, and has any fellow-feeling for his brethren on earth, will welcome the returning Sabbath, and rejoice in its blessed ministrations of light, comfort and hope, to an ignorant, suffering, guilty world. The associations of that day, which raises a weekly recurring monument to the divine Origin of Christianity, by celebrating the resurrection of Christ, afford food for *faith* and *hope* and *charity*. These, clustering around every scene in the eventful history of the Saviour, and centering in his triumphant victory over the powers of darkness and death, do much of that day's holy work upon the hearts of the "children of light," urge them to rise superior to slavish ceremony and superstitious observance, to quit the broad path of worldliness, stupidity, and irreligion, and hallow the Sabbath, which "was made for man,"

for man's benefit, instruction, elevation and happiness, both here and hereafter.

The institution of *public worship*, too, exerts a like salutary influence upon man in his individual and social relations. The sanctuary of God unfolds a door for the weary traveller to enter in and refresh himself, after the weekly labors of his earthly pilgrimage. It opens a *home* for the sons and daughters of the Almighty to meet together, after their weekly separations, and leads them to feel towards one another as children of one family, members of one household, standing on a level, in the care and presence, the friendship and protection, the love and mercy of an impartial Judge, and a heavenly Father, all ignorant and needing instruction, all suffering and needing comfort, all sinful and needing forgiveness, and all bound by the same obligations, cheered by the same promises, and animated by the same hopes. Here they find the promise of their heavenly Father verified. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk, 'as children of light,' and not faint." God will vouchsafe his Spirit to co-operate with every good resolution, with every virtuous exertion, to persevere in the attainment of Christian holiness. He promises to draw nigh to those who draw nigh to him. He will enter in and dwell in every heart that is opened to receive him. His grace will be sufficient for it, and by the sincere and faithful services of his earthly temple, will qualify it for a diviner service in that building of God, that temple not made with hands, eternal and in the heavens.

Our merciful Father sees us in danger of being drawn out of our way by the enticing dainties, the alluring entertainments, of this false and flattering world, and he spreads before us the *table* of *communion*, that by faith we may eat of the bread of life, and partake, in hope, of the cup of salvation, and call on the name of the Lord. At the feast of salvation, Jesus has furnished provision for piety, for confidence, for trust in God, rich, inexhaustible, immortal, that our souls may be refreshed, our spirits invigorated, our hearts fired with new ardor, to "walk as children of light" along the brighter path of the just, unto perfect day.

Such, my Christian friends, are the commanding instructions, the lofty motives, and the generous invitations which address themselves to us, urging the claim of Christianity, and all its institutions and ordinances, upon our deepest attention and most faithful observance. In their illustrations of personal duty, of individual holiness, in their ministrations to piety and virtue, in their protection and guardianship to the happiness, order, peace and well-being of society, they bear as clearly the impress of a law, the binding force of duty, and the authoritative command of obligation to our support and reverence, as if it were uttered by the voice of God in the winds, or inscribed in glittering letters upon every sunbeam. Remember, then, and never let its truth fade from your minds, that whenever you assemble within these walls, which are now set apart to the worship of God, and the service of Christianity, you are giving essential aid to the cause of truth and human happiness;—and whenever, by neglect or contempt, or absence, you think merely to testify your indifference or weariness to so common a subject, or the dullness of the preacher, or your disgust to long sermons, or, in fine, your love of a Sabbath day's repose; when, by any excuse that would not detain you from your worldly business or pleasure, your places here are vacant, you in fact do all which you can do to destroy the influence of the gospel in the world—which, if all should follow your example, would soon eradicate its very existence from earth. And remember too, that to give countenance, by your support and example, to the salutary instructions and positive institutions of the gospel, is not the only or the chief business for which you are to enter upon this consecrated ground. You are to enter this house of God, if you enter it with the disposition which he approves and will bless, to "seek for the fruit of the Spirit," for the celestial energies of the truth, in a renewed heart and a holy life. Beware of sacrificing the substance of religion to its mere forms, or its temper and spirit to any set of opinions. These, however precise, however correct, are not to be confounded with the dispositions of the heart, or the habits of the life, consecrated with sincerity, zeal and intenseness to God, to duty and to holiness. Here, in this asylum of devotion, let the rivalry of ambition, the competitions of wealth, the animosities

ERRATA. Page 9, line 7 from top, omit "and."
Page 14, line 3 from bottom, for emotions, read emotion.
Page 15, line 14 from bottom, for "was," read ever.

SERMON.

Matthew VII. 28, 29.

And it came to pass when Jesus had ended these sayings, that the people were astonished at his doctrine. For he taught as one having authority, and not as the scribes.

What *was* it that made this impression upon the Jews, when they listened to our Saviour? What, in fact, was the impression which they felt? Was it of any thing mysterious or supernatural about him? Was it any thing in his manner, any thing in his tone or gesture, any singularity of appearance or of action that was so impressive? The text informs us, that "the people were astonished at his doctrine." And although by his doctrine some commentators understand, and rightly, I think, his mode of teaching, I do not suppose, that by this phrase they mean his mere manner, but rather, the kind of truths he insisted upon. He taught not as the Scribes, who were accustomed to engage in endless disquisitions on the most puerile and trifling questions. On the contrary, Jesus taught plain, practical, solemn truths. He taught a doctrine that carried the weight of moral authority with it. What was the doctrine then? Was it some imposing form of oriental mysticism? Was it the secret of the Essenes? Was it the mystery of his miraculous power? Was it his coming agony? Most interesting, affecting would this have been; but was it this? Was it a touching and solemn foreshowing of the dark

fate that awaited him—of his own blessed patience therein, of his glorious humiliation, his victorious sacrifice, his life-giving death? Or, if none of these were his theme, then was it some new and before unheard of truth, at which the people were astonished? On the contrary, the solemn and soul-amazing doctrine which so moved the people, was the simple doctrine of the Sermon on the Mount. It is at the close of this sermon, that we find recorded the testimony of the text. It was the advantage of poverty and of depression in this world; it was the blessedness of a meek temper, and of aspirations after spiritual excellence, and of pity and purity and gentleness, and even of persecution for righteousness sake; it was the sin of angry passions, and unchaste thoughts, and profane words; it was forgiveness of enemies, and unostentatious alms-giving, and simplicity in prayer, and candor, and heavenly mindedness, and trust in God—it was all this that he taught, when the people were astonished at his doctrine. And all this was nothing new, nor mysterious, nor mystical, nor curious, nor admirable, nor eloquent, in the ordinary sense of those words—it was only simple truth.

But what was it in this truth, then, that made it so impressive, so much more impressive, than it is from the lips of other teachers? This question presses us to some more specific view—it obliges us to point out some particular trait of the preaching of Jesus. If its remarkable power did not lie in the bare circumstance that it was true, if ordinary truths had this power in his hands, and if there was nothing extraordinary in his manner, then what *was* it in his preaching that made it so powerful? I answer, it was that which will make all preaching powerful in proportion as it approaches the same point—that however, in which no preacher ever came near the great Master—it was the declaring not of truth merely, not of truth as it is in the abstract, or in books; but it was a declaring of the *truth of things*

as it is in the human heart. It was a penetrating insight into human nature. It was a preaching to experience. It was the preaching of him who "knew what was in man."

This is the grand moral peculiarity in the preaching of our Saviour that I shall first attempt to illustrate: after which I shall inquire how far his example is to be considered as a model for our imitation.

Our Saviour spoke to the age in which he lived—to its maxims, philosophy and spirit. He spoke to the very communities in which he taught—to the precise moral questions and difficulties that engaged their attention. He spoke to the very individual that approached him—and to his inmost experience. "Come, see a man," said the woman of Samaria, "who told me all that ever I did." In other respects his manner varied. He sometimes used great tenderness, and at other times great severity. He exhorted, encouraged, upbraided, warned, as the occasion required; but he always spoke directly to the case before him.—Truth in his hands was never, for one moment, an abstraction.

To prepare the way, however, for some illustration of this great moral trait, I may state two or three things in a negative form.

One is, that our Saviour never delivered any collection of wise sayings, that is, of apothegms and rules, which are general and abstract; which are as applicable to one time, or to one person, as another. No discourse of his probably bears so much of this aspect as the Sermon on the Mount; and yet we shall soon see, I think, on referring to it again, that it is no less specific and pertinent than the rest of his teachings. In this respect our Saviour departed from all the sages of antiquity. It has been said, and perhaps it is true, that all, or nearly all, the precepts of Jesus may be found in Plato, and Seneca, and Confucius. The separate precepts may be found; and all carefully set down in order,

in the philosopher's thesis, or in the moralist's code; but where will truth ever be found, in such living intimacy with the human heart.

It is also worthy of notice, that our Saviour, in his teachings, never delivered any system of doctrines. He very clearly taught doctrines, it is true; but he never taught them in a systematic form. He never made a creed. It may be said, that he left the materials out of which creeds may be formed. However true this may be, yet it is certain that he never saw fit to draw out the articles of such an instrument. He never set the example, of what the world has shown itself ready enough to do, without an example. He drew up no summary of his doctrines. He did not make that appeal to the pride of reason, nor to the love of disputation. He did not appeal to the power of cavilling, but to the power of conscience.

I am not objecting to summaries of doctrine, provided they are rightly used and regarded. As designed to aid the studious, and to lay open the philosophy of doctrines, they are useful, and always will be. But I think, the experience of the world cannot much longer fail to teach it, that of all things designed to be bonds of union, creeds are the most ill-advised—being as they ever have been, and yet are, challenges to controversy, and trials of ingenuity in evasion; the very watchwords to strife, the very barriers, around which the theological war has always raged the fiercest.—No form of words ever did or ever can secure unanimity of *explanation*, even with those who profess to receive them, and therefore no form of words ever can be a real bond of union. More wisely did our great Master establish the union of his disciples in the bond of the spirit, the bond of mutual love and forbearance. And I thank heaven, that bond still holds, unbroken by all the dissensions of the Christian world; that there are men, and they, I trust, not a few,

who, though separated by the widest supposed differences of speculative faith, still respect, and admire, and love one another. If I could not feel, and delight to feel these sentiments towards real Christians of every name, I should stand in painful doubt of my own discipleship to the great Master.

But to return: as our Saviour did not deliver any collection of wise sayings, nor draw up any formal summary of doctrines, so neither did he attempt to fix in any one exact form of definition, the varying modes and ways of christian experience. He did not describe any precise order of mental exercises in religion as the only right one, nor demand an accordance of the affections with any precise formula of faith, and I must be allowed to say, that, if any such order and accordance be requisite, if no man can be a Christian who does not pass through a certain prescribed process of conviction and conversion, of despair and hope, of distress and relief; or, if no man can be a Christian, who has not "certain views," as they are called, who does not "see the doctrines" in a certain light; it is most extraordinary and unaccountable that not a trace of this specific plan appears in the preaching of Christ. For, I affirm that it is just as impossible to find any such plan, any such definite frame work of experience in the teachings of Christ, as it is to find it in the teachings of Confucius or of Cicero. I deny not that such may be the religious experience of thousands, and that it may be an honest and sound experience, but I deny that it is, by way of eminence, *Christian* experience.

For if—and I now return to the main position—if there was any thing distinctive and remarkable, in the preaching of Jesus, it was just the easy and natural adaptation of every principle of spiritual truth to the case and exigency of every individual whom he addressed. Inquirers of every character approach him continually. Where is the one formula of expression with which he replies to all? Where is the one

plan of experience which he lays down for all? Do you continually hear from his lips, the words, conviction, conversion, the new birth, the grace of God, important as they all are. No. It is sometimes, faith, that he requires; sometimes, repentance. Then again, it is charitableness or candor; then, alms-giving; then honesty, meekness, patience, humility, forgiveness of injuries, fidelity to relatives; every virtue in fine, every grace, that belongs to goodness and piety. All is natural, simple, unforced. The *style* is as natural, it has as little that is technical in it as *you* would use, if you were talking and expostulating with one of your children about any fault or vice into which he had fallen.

But let us refer again to the Sermon on the Mount. It was this, as I have already said, that called forth the demonstration of feeling recorded in the text. Was it enough, so to move the people, to inculcate the virtues of meekness, spiritual mindedness, forgiveness, purity of heart, religious veneration, candor and love; and to inculcate these things in the general and in the abstract? Was this the character of the Sermon on the Mount? Was it a mere collection of wise sayings? On the contrary, at every step, it fastens upon reality, fact, circumstance—upon the very thoughts and questions and prejudices of the persons who were to be taught. In the first place, our Saviour addressed a company of men, his disciples and others, who looked for their Messiah as a temporal king, who expected that he would deliver them from the Roman yoke, conquer the surrounding nations, and reinstate the Jewish people in all and more than all the possessions and splendors of their ancient monarchy. In the next place, he addressed a company who were accustomed to all those evasions of the moral law, which had been brought in by tradition, and which were daily multiplied by Jewish doctors and scribes. Let these things be borne in mind, and we shall see how far from being

abstract, how pertinent, indeed, and pointed, is every word he utters. Blessed, he says, are the poor in spirit,—which, whether it means the literally "poor who repine not," or those who are conscious of their moral poverty, is mainly to the same purpose—blessed are the poor in spirit, rather than the children of pride, or of abundance and luxury. Blessed are they that mourn, and rather than they who whose days are given to mirth and gaiety. Blessed are the meek, and not the arrogant and exacting. Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, and not the worldly-minded, who are hungering and thirsting after worldly advancement. Blessed are the merciful: I call you not to take vengeance on your oppressors. Blessed are the pure in heart: I spread before you no prospect of sensual indulgences. Blessed are the peace-makers: I summon you to no field of battle. Blessed are the persecuted, the reviled, the rejected for my sake: I tell you, my disciples, that ye shall have bonds instead of thrones, injury and oppression, instead of conquest and glory. And then he exhorts them to steadfastness and fidelity, and to an open and bold profession of his name, telling them that they are the salt of the earth, and the light of the world.

He next applies himself to the popular misconceptions of the moral law. The people had been taught that inward offences were of small account, provided the outward act were restrained; and that almost all virtue consisted in obedience to the ceremonial law. Ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not commit adultery: ye have heard that in these cases abstinence from the outward act is sufficient; but I say unto you, that he who hath an angry feeling, or an unchaste design, is guilty, and is in danger of the judgment. Again, he taught the duties of alms-giving, and prayer, and fasting; but how did he teach them? In alms-giving let not thy left

hand know what thy right hand doeth. When thou prayest, enter into thy closet. When thou fastest, anoint thy head and wash thy face ; be not of a sad countenance. What pointed precepts were these to a people who were accustomed to the most ostentatious charities, who were wont to pray, standing at the corners of the streets, and who, when they fasted, disfigured their faces, that they might appear unto men to fast! And again, judge not that ye be not judged. What a cutting precept was that to the most censorious and bigoted of all mankind.

Nay, and this kind of teaching imposes the necessity for the most careful and considerate interpretation of it. The New Testament is not a book of maxims, nor a book of doctrines, nor a book of laws ; that is to say, it is neither of these *in its form;* but it is in form, a book of conversations. It has, indeed, the weight of maxims, and the authority of doctrines, and the force of laws, but it has, I repeat, the form of neither. It is a book of conversations, and popular addresses. It bears, every where, a character of colloquial freedom. Its instructions are so specific, they so constantly relate to peculiar and individual cases, and this makes it necessary so frequently to modify, to limit or to enlarge the application of what is said, that the interpreter who overlooks this trait is certain to err in his exposition. If our Saviour's mode of teaching had been sufficiently regarded, if he had been regarded, not as a propounder of tenets, but as one simply and solemnly talking with the heart, he would not be thought to have lent his sanction to such a variety of sects and to such a variety of opinions, as have sprung up in the christian world. How many things are to be modified, even in that discourse which we have been considering—commonly regarded as the most elaborate of his discourses. Poverty, and sorrow, and persecution are not, abstractly desirable things. They are not things to rejoice at, surely,

for their own sake. Yet there may be a state of mind to which these things may be well addressed. And there may be a state of society, in which persecution is better than praise and honor. So a joyous countenance is not abstractly, the most proper for a day of fasting; but it was proper to be recommended in the circumstances. And so also, to take no thought for our life, what we shall eat, nor for our body, what we shall put on, cannot be expedient or right for the mass of mankind. But it was expedient for those disciples, who were set apart and devoted to a peculiar office, inconsistent with the business of life—to an office requiring celibacy, and incompatible with the care of families.

Indeed, almost the entire Gospels might be quoted to show that our Saviour always addressed himself directly to the case before him; and that this was the secret of his power, as a teacher. I am aware that I can do nothing more in this discourse, than to draw your attention to this peculiarity of his recorded instructions. With this view, having considered the most remarkable of his discourses—recommended to our attention also, by its having been immediately connected with the declaration of the text—let me now refer to one of his conversations—if not the most remarkable, at least, more remarked upon than any other. And I choose the passage the rather because in it our Saviour is commonly considered as having spoken very technically, and as having adopted language peculiarly proper for general use and universal application.

A man comes to Jesus by night, a distinguished man, a ruler of the Jews, who though convinced of the truth, is not yet prepared to compromise his reputation by an open avowal of his convictions. He comes to Jesus by night, and he says, Master, we know that thou art a teacher come from God, for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him. Our Saviour, who "*knew what*

was in man,"—and this, we may observe, is the striking declaration which precedes the whole account—our Saviour answers, not so much to what Nicodemus had said, as to his state of mind,—and he says, except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God. Nicodemus carps at the phrase "born again," though he very well understands it. He knows very well that according to the usage of Jewish language, it refers to an open—to a cordial indeed—but especially to an open profession of the new religion.—Proselytes to Judaism, he knows, were constantly and familiarly described as "born again." So highly did the Jews conceive of the distinction and advantage of belonging to their spiritual community, that they habitually denominated proselytes "new creatures." Jesus speaks again, and what does he say? Does he simply and emphatically repeat what he had already said, as if it were some great and remarkable canon-law of the new kingdom, and as if he was now, for the first time announcing the spiritual part of this requisition? On the contrary, he had announced that a thousand times before! He never spoke to a bad man, of of whom he did not virtually require a conversion. No, he speaks again, only to touch again the point of the noble but irresolute and time-serving inquirer's deficiency. "Except a man be born of *water*"—be baptized into an open profession of his faith—"except a man be born of *water*, and of the spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God."—Have you ever thought it strange, my friends,—for I confess that I once did—that the spiritual teacher should lay such stress on a mere form? This is the explanation: that regardless, as it were of every thing else, regardless of all system, regardless almost of his own great claims, and of the congruities of his own public character as a spiritual teacher, he always fixed his eye upon one point, he always spoke to one point, and that was the point on which the inquirer's

improvement depended. The great obstacle in the way of Nicodemus, was his worldly pride, ambition—subserviency to the world; and our Saviour lays the stress precisely there; he tells the Jewish ruler, that if he would be a Christian, he must throw away these vain compromises with the world, and be an open, bold, and decided professor of Christianity. Religion to him, was to be a victory over worldly fears and compliances.

How different is this from our modern teaching, when neither speaker, nor hearer oftentimes, is satisfied with a sermon, unless it contains what is called "the whole counsel" —unless the sermon be a kind of epitome of divinity—or at any rate unless the sermon preach Christ; which means not as it anciently did, preaching Christianity, but preaching some peculiar views of the person or sufferings of Christ. I fear, that some of our modern hearers who turn contemptuously away from many sermons, saying there is nothing of Christ in them, would have found the preaching of the Master to have been scarcely satisfactory. "What," they would say, had they overheard the conversation with Nicodemus—"tell an anxious inquirer about the great salvation, that he must make a profession of religion; lay all the stress upon that? Not a word about sin; not a word about the atonement; not a word about faith, nor repentance?"— How many modern divines would be alarmed for their reputation, if they could be proved to have been, in this respect, very close imitators of Christ—if they could be convicted of having preached discourse after discourse, to some simple point of every day morality, without having said a word about what are called "the great doctrines." No wonder that our modern preaching is dull, when we are occupied with this eternal generalizing: when we preach from books of Essays or from some Body of Divinity, and not from the book and body of our own experience; when we

set forth, not the living truth that is within us, but some dead truth that is without us; when our aim is not so much to touch the heart, as to touch, adroitly, and with anatomical skill, the skeleton of a creed!—as if the art of the preacher were the art of the necromancer, or the dialectic of the sophist! And how would Jesus have lost all his power and charm, as a teacher—how, indeed, could we have believed in him, if he had come forward on all occasions with his formula of doctrine, or his shibboleth of faith!

Instead of this, Jesus evermore speaks to the heart, and to the very heart before him, and not another. Not one technical form of truth, but the whole world, the whole universe of truth is before him, and he wields all its powers and commands all its resources freely, and freely applies them to the regeneration of men around him. He speaks, not so much as the champion of truth, as its master. He is not so much an innovator, as a reformer. The founder of a new religion, he forgets not the old, the eternal truths, that have been taught in former days, that have dwelt forever in the bosom of human experience, but labors to start them into life and action.

Well is it said, that "never man spake as this man;" there *never* was such a teacher. I am not surprised that "the people were astonished at his doctrine." I follow him, with a kind of wonder in my own heart, at every word he utters. There is a piercing discrimination, and at the same time, an awful reality and sobriety in his instructions, that make me feel as if the words he uttered, had reverberated in the secret places of my own soul; as if they were tones from the innermost sanctuary of consciousness.

My feeling is, that the teachings of our Saviour were not ordinarily accompanied with any strong emotions. Their leading characteristic seems to me to have been a calm and penetrating insight into the human heart. "He knew what

was in man." He looked, beneath the surface, into the very heart. The power of his preaching was not so much the power of emotion, as the power of simple, practical, pertinent truth. We follow him through his life and teachings, with the feeling that he is solving just such questions of duty and cases of conscience, as are wont to rise in our own hearts. They are every where filled with those natural and touching incidents, those affecting interviews, that sober and quiet talking of heart with heart, that make us feel that it is all real and true—that such events and conversations must have happened. It is as if a parent sat down by his erring child, and said, "my child! you know that these things are true." That parent might not make any great demonstration of feeling, perhaps; he would be too intent and serious, it may be, to give way to a flood of emotion; he might not weep. Neither did Jesus; for of this extraordinary being it is but once recorded that he wept. But he spoke with a power of truth, that went far beyond the contagious power of sympathy. And if I were called upon to mention what is to me the most touching trait in the preaching of Jesus, I should say, it is that sobriety, that self-restraint; that heart, fired with zeal, yet filled with patience; that heart filled with the most exquisite tenderness, yet was calm and subdued. The majesty of the Gospel, indeed, is its truth; but that truth comes more powerfully to the heart, when veiled beneath those softened and touching features of sweet serenity and tenderness, than if it flashed out from the splendors of Sinai.

But I must not farther enlarge at present, on these views of the preaching of Jesus—hints though they have been. I beseech you to read the New Testament with this intent—to feel the pertinency and heart-penetrating power of our Saviour's instruction. I would that I could persuade the skeptic, so to read the New Testament, for once. And I

feel morally sure, that he could not do this, and remain an unbeliever. He might have his difficulties about the miracles; but he could not doubt in his conscience, whether this was a teacher to be reverenced, to be loved, to be obeyed. And would not this settle the whole question. For the narrative, before us, is either truth or fiction. The question is between these. And I say, *if* it is fiction, it is the most extraordinary, nay, and I must say, the most incredible of fictions. It is, on this supposition, infinitely more extraordinary, as a work of genius, than any such work, that the world ever saw. For this narrative, let it be remembered, was written in part by a Jewish publican, and, in part, by fishermen from the lake of Galilee!

I have thus spoken of the preaching of our Saviour, and have endeavored to show, that its grand peculiarity is a deep and penetrating discrimination of the truth of things as they are in the human heart. The question now arises, and it is most important, and most pertinent to the present occasion, whether the example of our Saviour's preaching is imitable, and whether its results are attainable by us.

There are circumstances, doubtless, of unapproachable peculiarity in the preaching of our Saviour. His divine commission and his immaculate purity authorized him to speak with a tone of absolute infallibility and lofty rebuke, which would not become his imperfect and erring ministers. It would not be enough to say, in defence of a similar manner on our part, that so Christ preached. That which in him was authority and rebuke, may become, in our hands, arrogance and railing. We may not speak to erring men, as if we were not also liable to err. We may not speak to sinful men, we may not say to them, "sinner! sinner!" in a stern tone, as if we forgot that we also are sinners.— This pulpit, raised and railed around, for the convenience of speaking, should never make us forget that we stand,

weak and erring brethren, amidst brethren erring and weak; to sympathize with them, to sorrow with them, to seek with them after truth, purity and happiness, to respond to the sighs of poor, struggling humanity around us, to feel upon our cheek the breath of infant prayers, to bear up the burthen of common want and guilt and grief, to the throne of grace. Nor indeed did our Master forget all this, save in the two respects beforementioned, that he was faultless and infallible.

But while there are respects in which we may not dare to imitate Jesus as a preacher, there are respects in which the mission of Christ and his ministers is common. Their mission to the human heart is common. And it is precisely in that trait of his instruction, which embodied its chief power, that the imitation of him is open to us.

Not, of course, that we can expect to equal him. Never man spake as he spake, and I think man never will. But if his power as a preacher, lay in his simple, faithful, close reasonings with the heart, then may we not study him—and may we not *strive* to imitate him? This specific qualification presupposed, this habit of penetrating into the deepest motives and interests of human nature; and I say that truth in our hands, would never be powerless nor uninteresting. With this deep experience of the truth in our own minds, though possessed neither of genius, nor learning, nor elegance, nor fluency, we should preach in demonstration of the spirit and with power. For, the human heart is still the same, its wants and sorrows and sins are still the same, and he who truly speaks to these, will not speak in vain.

I assert, then, that there are truths in religion that would move all hearts, ay, and the bad as well as the good, if we only clearly saw and clearly presented them. Man, however irreligious, is still a rational being—as much so, as when Jesus spoke to him, with his words of astonishing power. That is to say, man is a being who is and must be affected by motives. And the centre and circumference, the strength

and expansion of all rational motives, is TRUTH. It was the specific character of the preaching of Jesus, that it made men perceive the truth. And it is, in fact, a want of the perception of truth, that lies at the foundation of all religious indifference. Not of all wickedness—I do not say that; but of all indifference. The truth, however clearly perceived, might not move a man to be good; it might move him only to the hatred of it; but, I say, that the truth, if clearly perceived, would *move him;* and that he can no more help experiencing this effect, than he can help his being a rational creature. Such, my brethren, are the solemn attributes of human nature. Such is the strong moral necessity, that is impressed upon it by the hand of God. It was in the strength of that moral necessity that the preaching of Jesus was powerful. And weak as I am, or as you are, in the comparison, yet there never was an audience of human beings which I should not boldly confront—no, nor ever could be, though it were gathered from the regions of perdition—which I should not boldly confront, in this simple assurance, that if I could tell them the truth, in clear and exact application to their moral condition, they would be moved in the very deepest springs of their nature. The great Teacher never addressed a dull assembly. No soul ever slept under his piercing instructions. If his hearers were not made better by his teachings, yet they felt those teachings, though they were delivered with the utmost calmness and sobriety. Those hearers were moved, if not converted; they gnashed on him with their teeth, for his fidelity to the truth. They, at length, put him to death, because he told them the truth.

But what is this all-powerful truth, some one may say? Ah! my brethren, that is precisely what we do not yet understand. There are deeper things in the human heart, there are deeper things in human life, than we are wont to suppose. There are feelings of the heart that do not lie on

the surface of human actions; feelings that are shut up by many in close reserve; feelings that are never uttered, though they spring up within at the call of many occasions—though they often swell the heart and fill the eye in secret, yet never uttered; there are feelings of want, and fear, and anxiety, and despondency, and sorrow, and unworthiness, and guilt; emotions, not the offspring of worldly conditions, not creatures of earth, not bound to the clods of earth, not bound up in the senses, but all spiritual, vast, solemn; there are such things—there is a world of such things in the dark and brooding chaos of human experience—oh! blindness of a dull and sensual generation! when shall we find it—when shall we understand that world within, and address ourselves to it, even as the master of science applies himself to scan the secrets of nature?

I do not think, my friends, that any thing is, in its truest and most intimate character, what it is in its first and most obvious aspects. I do not think that any thing in the world is superficial. Labor is not *mere* labor, and business is not mere business, and life is not mere life; there are deeper springs in them all than are wont to appear. I know that some will tell you, and some who may seem to be very sagacious, but I must think, very cynical observers, that there *is* no depth of sentiment, no far-reaching thought, among the mass of mankind; that they are all slaves of toil, or creatures of mere condition. But I cannot believe so. I distrust these observers, because they seem to me, most unreasonable and arrogant observers. The denouncers of their kind, whether philosophical or sentimental, consider *themselves* doubtless as exceptions to their sweeping censure; every tone of their scorn and satire shows that; and, I say, that this very assumption is enough to refute the cruel judgment they pronounce. *True* philosophy sees deeper things; true poetry sees deeper things; and why shall not

true religion see deeper things, than lie upon the surface? The most ordinary and obvious things in life bear other characters than that of being ordinary and obvious. When I hear of such things as *preying* dulness, *joyless* indulgence, *sickening* mirth, and *sad* laughter—what! I say, is this, dulness alone? Is this, indulgence alone? Is this, mirth, is this laughter alone? No, there are revealed to me other things—a nature which sin cannot satisfy, which pleasure cannot satisfy; a want which the world cannot satisfy; and the trouble—I have seen it in the averted eye, I have seen it in the quivering lip—the trouble of a guilty conscience. Ah! frail, erring, sinning, but also, sensitive, suffering, wrestling human nature! What evidence of the mighty power of God in thee—of that power that set in the dark foundations of the earth its unchangeable laws—what evidence of the mighty power of God in thee, when deep embosomed amidst sins, and follies, and vanities; when amidst all that can derange and pervert, and overburthen and crush the mighty *moral* law of God in thee, still that uncontrolable energy stirs, and struggles, and heaves in the dark places of the soul, even as the earthquake heaves, and shakes the great world. Fear not, my Brethren in the sacred office! fear not, my young friend, now to be set apart to this office! —fear not to meet this human nature, though its bosom were mailed over with a thousand folds and fastenings of sin and scorn and presumption. Truth is mighty, not in some vague and general sense, but it is mighty with the human heart, and will prevail. Tell me not, thou who art devoted, this day, to a good and glorious work! tell me not of thy youthful and modest fear. Speak but some simple word, unfolded from the deep bosom of thine own experience, and God will open the way for it to some other experience, deep and dear as thine own.

Pardon me, my brethren in office, that I should speak to

you, to whom it is meet that I should listen. Let me take you to witness rather. Do we not know, with such meditations on life, as we are wont to engage in, that there are deeper things in life, than those which lie, in the sight of all men, upon its surface?

Both the virtues and vices of life lie deeper; and let me add, that the description of virtues and vices constitutes a part of the truth that we are to preach.

The multitude passes before us, and there may be little in the countenance or manner, or even in the ordinary course of visible actions, morally to distinguish one individual from another. With the exception of notorious instances, the routine of business is the same with all; the same civilities of society are paid by all; and all perhaps bestow the same charities; all, in fine, are decent and decorous; amiable in appearance, correct in deportment.

But beneath this exterior of life, how much is passing in the breast of a good man, which the world never sees! How many silent prayers for heavenly aid, how many secret ejaculations of thanksgiving, how many swelling emotions pour their full tide through the hidden channels of the soul, when he stands amidst the mercies of life and the fair visions of nature, how many blessings, breathed, but not uttered, upon the lovely, the excellent and wise; what strugglings too, against evil thoughts, what earnest moral reasonings, what deep humiliations, "what carefulness, yea, what indignation, yea, what fear, yea, what vehement desire, yea, what revenge!" All these things belong to "the hidden man of the heart;" the world knows not of them.

So it is with the bad man. The *bad* man—where is he? You mark him not in the ordinary paths of life, Look at that man, whom you know to be a bad man. His garb is like that of other men. His demeanor is decorous. He is conversing; but there is nothing extraordinary in his manner,

or speech, or in the expressions of his countenance—nothing to show the demon that he is. His cheek, perhaps, is fair; his brow is open; his eye is clear and calm. "Nay, but stop!" you say, "I saw a glance of the eye then, as if it were of a wild animal looking out from its dark cavern!"—Nay, *I* saw it not. Well, it is past. All is smooth, again; all is bland and amiable; and yet that man, perhaps, is meditating fraud, revenge, seduction, or even murder!

And therefore, I cannot altogether agree with that popular maxim, that says, we are to judge of a man's character by his life, meaning by his life, that is to say, his outward conduct. By his life considered as embracing every thing secret, every indirect manifestation, every nicely defined trait of manner, every delicate discrimination of action, we might indeed. But there are a thousand every-day actions, a thousand civilities, a thousand forms of speech, that may proceed from totally different and opposite motives, which the good and bad alike may use, which therefore discriminate neither. When actions are set forth in the Scripture as the tests of character, we shall find, I believe, that they are set forth, not as the absolute and only tests, but rather in contradistinction to professions. "By their fruits, says our Saviour, ye shall know them. Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven." And the doing of that will, we must add, embraces motives. And motives lie, oftentimes, deep in the heart. And especially has it been the effect of all the forms of civilization yet seen in the world, to produce concealment of motives. And yet more is this liable to be true, in a country like ours, where public opinion presses down upon every man, with a mighty and almost despotic force. The danger here is extreme, that whatever in virtuous conduct, whatever in religious action or enterprise, has the sanction of public opinion, will obtain the homage

of visible acquiescence, without obtaining the homage of the heart.

It is therefore emphatically true, that he who would preach religion must preach to the motives. And I cannot thereore account that the only, nor the most practical preaching, which is occupied with visible virtues, such as honesty, temperance and alms-giving, or with the outward actions of life. All this is, doubtless, very well in its place; but it is not exclusively nor eminently practical. That is most practical which touches, not actions, but the springs of action; and the springs of action, are the motives, sentiments, views, that govern it. He who can take hold of any great sentiment of human nature, or of human life, though he may seem to discourse very abstractly or very transcendentally, has the power to touch not only human life and experience, but the very power that moves them. He is not telling the people precisely what to do, and therefore many may not think that he is practical, but what is better, and more practical, he is telling them that which arouses and impels them to do something.

Let me now endeavor, in close, to bring the few remarks which I have offered to you on the preaching of our Saviour, and on the foundation there still is in human nature for the imitation of it, to some closer application to the objects of the present occasion—to some closer application, that is to say, to religious congregations and to the preaching of religion.

And first to religious Congregations. The grand theme of complaint against our Congregations, and all similar bodies every where, is, that they are cold and indifferent in the matters of religion. I shall not attempt to gainsay the charge; it is too true. And yet, Brethren, I suspect that there is something superficial in the views, upon which this charge is oftentimes brought. We are a people, cold in manner. How much social warmth and kindness are there,

that are never expressed! And a stranger, a mere traveller, may pronounce us, and very honestly pronounce us to be a cold-hearted people. May not the same thing, to a certain extent, be true, in regard to religion? May it not be, because we are strangers to the secret workings of the religious principle among us, that we so confidently and currently bring the charge of utter coldness against our religious societies. I confess, it seems to me the more lamentable case of multitudes around us, that the many feelings they have about religion are brought to so little practical account. They feel enough, oftentimes, but alas! they do not wisely cultivate those feelings, and nurse them into principles. They feel enough oftentimes, but they will not confess, they will not recognize to themselves, what they do feel. They are afraid to commit themselves, as it were, with their own consciences; they are afraid, that they shall seem to profess something. They feel as if religion were a thing so peculiar, so shut up in professions and rites, or in certain persons and certain manners, that they have no business to claim any interest in it.

But *are* there not feelings among us? How often is it found, that some person, commonly supposed to be devoid of all seriousness, to be altogether frivolous, altogether a heartless votary of this world's fashions and vanities, will discover, in an intimate and frank conversation, a degree of reflection and solicitude, that equally astonish and delight the inquirer! How seldom will he fail, who has the talent—how rare a talent!—to go not from house to house only, but from heart to heart—how seldom will he fail to discover in every mind that will unfold itself, traces of deep spiritual anxieties!

Are there not feelings among us? Do *you* not feel, my friend, whosoever you are to whom I speak? How, I was ready to say, can you help it! From whence, when ye

gather yourselves to the holy assembly, from whence have ye come? Ye have come from scenes of this world's business and toil. Are there not questionings there, about honesty, and rectitude, and generosity, and charity too? These, then, are questionings about religion. Does not the thought of death sometimes come across your minds in those scenes —the thought of that hour, when accumulation will end, and labor will sink to its last rest; when all your acquisitions will be left behind, and all the care and toil of life will be but a dream of the past? But from whence have ye come? Ye have come perhaps, from joyous society, from gay assemblies. Did the sight of fair and glad youth, did the thrilling tones of music, never touch your hearts with gratitude? And, did no darker thought ever enter your mind, when others were noticed, and you were neglected; when others shone, and you were in the shade? Did you never find that the scene of gaiety had become to you the scene of a moral struggle, serious, ay, and bitter, as ever passed in the hovel of neglected and pining indigence? How many have retired from such scenes, and shut themselves up in convents, because they found the moral struggle of social gaiety, too hard for them! But from whence, I ask again, have ye come? Ye have come from your homes. God bless them! and they need his blessing. Poor homes, or rich homes they may be; sad homes, or joyous homes; health may be there, or sickness may be there, pressing hardly, and you may almost feel as if it were cruelly, upon some beloved one—ah! do not the thoughts of religion come there then?—thoughts of patience and piety?—or swelling thoughts, which patience and piety can hardly tame down! Or ye have come, perhaps, from the circle of the bright faces of your children, and though to a stranger's eye, all may seem to be bright in that circle and nothing but bright, you know that lowering brows are sometimes there, and

sullen looks, and passionate words—you know that in the bosom of childhood, and in your own bosoms too, is carried on, every day, a keen moral strife; that questions of right and wrong, of injury and retaliation and forgiveness are every day to be settled in that little empire, home.

And knowing all this, and all that life is, living amidst the strife of business and beneath the pressure of toil, moving in the jostling throng of society, dwelling in the homes of affection and fear and anxiety and want, tell me not, that religion is nothing to you. I care not, for the purposes of this argument, whether you are a christian or an infidel. Sit down with me, and look quietly into the heart, into the secret and silent dwelling places of the affections; lay aside those superficial views of things in which skepticism and worldliness find all their strength; look beneath the surface, to the seats of real conviction and wrestling passion, and then tell me, if you honestly can, that the question of being right or of being wrong, of doing good or of doing evil, is a question of pure indifference to you. It is *not*. You know that it is not. You may wear down your faculties to utter exhaustion, in the attempt to prove this; and you cannot prove it—you cannot feel it. A curious machinery is this of human nature!—is it not?—when seventy years, employed only to derange and pervert it, to pull out its levers and to break its wheels, cannot prevent it from producing that great moral result, that great conviction. A *curious* machinery, is it? Why do you not feel that it is awful, as if it produced the lightning and formed the thunder? And why, oh! why is it, but for the mercy of God, that he who has laid his hand upon it millions of times, for many a year, only to pervert it, is not struck dead, with that presumptuous touch!

But I must turn from considering that pervading sense of religion, which is too slight and inconstant, indeed; but to which he who knew what was in man appealed, and to

which we as preachers must appeal,—I must turn a moment to that preaching of it which is designed to make the sense of it deeper and more permanent.

And what is this preaching? I answer, it is first of all, a preaching of truth, of moral, spiritual truth. It is not a preaching of fancies, puerilities, vagaries, subtleties, like those of the Scribes, or of mere scholastic theologues. It is not preaching about the matter, and about it, with however many an ingenious turn of thought, or graceful variety of phrase; but it is preaching the truth itself, the main truth, the truth on which piety and happiness depend.

I answer again, that it is not enough to preach that which is true, though it be the deepest and most spiritual truth; but it is preaching it, in a certain order and with certain applications, accordant with truth. The order is the order of reasoning; the application is to human experience. Our Saviour's discourses consisted of the closest reasonings as well as the most pointed applications.

The order then, is the order of reasoning. There are sermons, and long ones, and full of truths, which after all have no instruction in them. A man may begin at the creation, and come down through all the dispensations, and tell all that he ever thought about religion, and yet teach nothing; because there is, in his whole discourse, no connection nor dependency of thought. In all right preaching there must be right reasoning. Be the discourse extemporaneous or written, it must possess this trait, or it is good for nothing. The greatest defect in the pulpit now, is not, after all, its want of sensibility, but its vagueness, its indefiniteness, its want of reasonableness, and truth, and penetration.

There are in preaching, two ways of making an impression. The one is, by clear discrimination, and the other is, by the contagious influence of sensibility. They ought doubtless to be united; but I think they are often separated, and I

fear too, that the popular preference is given to the latter. I say that I *fear* it; because I cannot help asking, of what use is it to me to be moved, unless I understand distinctly the grounds on which I am moved? I might sit without the range of the preacher's voice, and be very much and very naturally excited by a mere pantomimic exhibition of feeling; I might be moved even to tears by the tears of another in such circumstances, and yet of what use would it be to me? It is from this cause, partly, that impressions made at church are so transient. They have not laid their foundations in the reason and conscience, but are spread upon the unstable waters of emotion. Emotion is good; it is very good; and yet, it is good for nothing, unless it is the offspring of thought. "Sanctify them, through thy truth," is a solemn prayer, which should pervade all our preparations for the pulpit.

I had intended to give myself larger space for this topic, but I must leave it to say in the next place, in accordance with the leading views of preaching presented in this discourse, that there must be an application of truth to human experience.

It is only from the want of a discernment of the truth in application to himself, that any man is able to contemplate it negligently, to feel it slightly, or, I may add, to preach it coldly. There are interests in human nature and human life, if we could but get at them, which could not be discussed though ever so coldly, without being deeply felt. It is as if you stood with your neighbor on the soil that covered a mine of gold. You might talk with him, and you might talk very ingeniously and learnedly about that surface of soil, and he would, perhaps, scarcely give heed to you. But strike down with your measuring rod, or take the wand of the spiritual enchanter, and convince him that there is a treasure beneath his feet, and then you may talk as coolly

as you please, you may discourse as coldly as ever did mathematical lecturer from his chair, you may announce your views in the veriest abstractions of arithmetic, and they shall be eloquent as the speech of Demosthenes. The eloquence of Demosthenes itself, consisted in nothing so characteristic, as a plain and penetrating disclosure of the interests, which the Athenians had at stake in the affairs of the Commonwealth. I do not believe, it ever called forth a tear, or cost the orator a tear; but it laid hold upon attention, it struck the heart, it did the work of eloquence. I do not object to any proper demonstration of feeling. And there are things which we may well tell, as the Apostle did, even weeping. And there are tears of religious joy and gratitude, too, as well as of sorrow. But in the very torrent and tempest of passion, let there ever be a temperance that shall give it smoothness, a sobriety that shall give it reasonableness, and a truth that shall give it power.

I have only one word more to say, and that also I beg leave to offer for the consideration of my clerical brethren, and especially of my young brother who is now to be inducted into the sacred office. *Self study is the secret of preaching.* The philosophy of our religion, like all true philosophy, is the philosophy of experimenting. Nothing which is not revolved in the bosom of our own experience, can ever be true. It is not merely, not interesting nor affecting; it is not true; it is not true to ourselves; it is not true to others. Truth is an element of mind. It must be a part of ourselves, or it is nothing. We must speak of the love of God, and of the faith in Christ, and of penitence and of humility, and of disinterested and self-denying philanthropy, as those who have felt them, or we shall speak in vain. We must feel our own soul's want, burthen, trial, and have felt how full and sweet are the supports and reliefs of God's mercy to ourselves, before we shall understand the boundless and

beautiful applications of religion to all human hearts. The religion that we preach must be in us. From the toiling brain and from the beating heart, from the springs of original meditation, and from the fountains of tears, must every sermon be drawn, or it will do no good; or none but a negative good. Our imaginations may ascend to heaven to bring Christ down; or descend into the earth, to bring Christ back; but in vain. Unless Christ be formed within us, we understand not Christianity, nor how to preach it. May God make us such preachers! May God give you, my brethren, such a minister! And may God bless you in him, and him in you! I am sure I need not say, that I rejoice in your prosperity and in your prospects. I feel, indeed, that with reference to my interest in your welfare, I need *say* nothing. If a ten year's mutual and harmonious acquaintance had left any place for formal declarations, it would be a place, I am sure, which no formal declarations could supply. On the other hand, it is the greatest happiness of my professional life, that I may believe that this sentiment is reciprocated on your part. I trust our friendship will continue, though the visible tie be broken. May it be one of those friendships—and such be that which this day ratifies—which shall last when these heavens have passed away! Amen! God grant it!

THE FUTURE LIFE.

A

SERMON

PREACHED ON

EASTER SUNDAY, 1834,

IN THE

FEDERAL STREET CHURCH, BOSTON,

BY WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

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The following discourse was delivered after the death of an excellent and very dear friend. The author has so often received applications for it from persons passing through the same trial, that he is induced to publish it.

SERMON.

EPHESIANS I. 20.

HE RAISED HIM FROM THE DEAD, AND SET HIM AT HIS OWN RIGHT HAND IN THE HEAVENLY PLACES.

This day is set apart by the Christian world to the commemoration of Christ's resurrection. Many uses may be made of this event, but it is particularly fitted to confirm the doctrine of another life and to turn our thoughts, desires, hopes towards another world. I shall employ it to give this direction to our minds.

There is one method in which Christ's resurrection gives aid to our faith in another life, which is not often dwelt on, and which seems to me worthy of attention. Our chief doubts and difficulties in regard to that state spring chiefly from the senses and the imagination, and not from the reason. The eye, fixed on the lifeless body, on the wan features and the motionless limbs,—and the imagination, following the frame into the dark tomb, and representing to itself the stages of decay and ruin, are apt to fill and oppress the mind with discouraging and appalling thoughts. The senses can detect in the pale corse not a trace of the activity of that spirit

which lately moved it. Death seems to have achieved an entire victory; and when reason and revelation speak of continued and a higher life, the senses and imagination, pointing to the disfigured and mouldering body, obscure by their sad forebodings the light which reason and revelation strive to kindle in the bereaved soul.

Now the resurrection of Christ meets, if I may so say, the senses and imagination on their own ground, contends with them with their own weapons. It shows us the very frame, on which death, in its most humiliating form, had set its seal, and which had been committed in utter hopelessness to the tomb, rising, breathing, moving with new life, and rising not to return again to the earth, but, after a short sojourn, to ascend from the earth to a purer region and thus to attest man's destination to a higher life. These facts, submitted to the very senses, and almost necessarily kindling the imagination to explore the unseen world, seem to me particularly suited to overcome the main difficulties in the way of Christian faith. Reason is not left to struggle alone with the horrors of the tomb. The assurance that Jesus Christ, who lived on the earth, who died on the cross, and was committed a mutilated, bleeding frame to the receptacle of the dead, rose uninjured, and then exchanged an earthly for a heavenly life, puts to flight the sad auguries, which rise like spectres from the grave, and helps us to conceive, as in our present weakness we could not otherwise conceive, of man's appointed triumph over death.

Such is one of the aids given by the resurrection to faith in immortality. Still this faith is lamentably weak in the multitude of men. To multitudes Heaven is

almost a world of fancy. It wants substance. The idea of a world, in which beings exist without these gross bodies, exist as pure spirits, or clothed with refined and spiritual frames, strikes them as a fiction. What cannot be seen or touched, appears unreal. This is mournful but not wonderful; for how can men, who immerse themselves in the body and its interests, and cultivate no acquaintance with their own souls and spiritual powers, comprehend a higher, spiritual life? There are multitudes who pronounce a man a visionary, who speaks distinctly and joyfully of his future being, and of the triumph of the mind over bodily decay.

This scepticism as to things spiritual and celestial, is as irrational and unphilosophical as it is degrading. We have more evidence that we have souls or spirits, than that we have bodies. We are surer, that we think and feel, and will, than that we have solid and extended limbs and organs. Philosophers have said much to disprove the existence of matter and motion, but they have not tried to disprove the existence of thought; for it is by thought that they attempt to set aside the reality of material nature.

Farther, how irrational is it, to imagine, that there are no worlds but this, and no higher modes of existence than our own. Who that sends his eye through this immense creation, can doubt that there are orders of beings superior to ourselves, or can see any thing unreasonable in the doctrine, that there are states in which mind exists less circumscribed and clogged by matter than on earth, in other words, that there is a spiritual world. It is childish to make this infant life of ours the model of existence in all other worlds. The

philosopher, especially, who sees a vast chain of beings and an infinite variety of life on this single globe, which is but a point in creation, should be ashamed of that narrowness of mind, which can anticipate nothing nobler in the universe of God than his present mode of being.

How, now, shall the doctrine of a future, higher life, the doctrine both of reason and revelation, be brought to bear more powerfully on the mind, to become more real, and effectual? Various methods might be given. —I shall confine myself to one. This method is, to seek some clearer, more definite conception of the future state. That world seems less real, for want of some distinctness in its features. We should all believe it more firmly if we conceived of it more vividly. It seems unsubstantial, from its vagueness and dimness. I think it right, then, to use the aids of Scripture and Reason in forming to ourselves something like a sketch of the life to come. The scriptures, indeed, give not many materials for such a delineation, but the few they furnish are invaluable, especially when we add to these the lights thrown over futurity by the knowledge of our own spiritual nature. Every new law of the mind, which we discover, helps us to comprehend its destiny; for its future life must correspond to its great laws and essential powers.

These aids we should employ to give distinctness to the spiritual state; and it is particularly useful so to do, when excellent beings, whom we have known and loved, pass from earth into that world. Nature prompts us to follow them to their new abode, to inquire into their new life, to represent to ourselves their new happiness;

and perhaps the spiritual world never becomes so near and real to us, as when we follow into it dear friends, and sympathise with them in the improvements and enjoyments of that blessed life. Do not say that there is danger here of substituting imagination for Truth. There is no danger if we confine ourselves to the spiritual views of Heaven, given us in the New Testament, and interpret these by the principles and powers of our own souls. To me the subject is too dear and sacred to allow me to indulge myself in dreams. I want reality; I want truth; and this I find in God's word and in the human soul.

When our virtuous friends leave the world, we know not the place where they go. We can turn our eyes to no spot in the universe, and say they are there. Nor is our ignorance here of any moment. It is unimportant what region of space contains them. Whilst we know not to what place they go, we know what is infinitely more interesting, to what Beings they go. We know not where Heaven is, but we know Whom it contains, and this knowledge opens us an infinite field for contemplation and delight.

1. Our virtuous friends, at death, go to Jesus Christ. This is taught in the text. "God raised him from the dead, and exalted him to Heaven." The New Testament always speaks of Jesus as existing now in the spiritual world, and Paul tells us that it is the happiness of the holy, when absent from the body, to be present with the Lord. Here is one great fact in regard to futurity. The good, on leaving us here, meet their Saviour; and this view alone assures us of their unutterable happiness. In this world, they had cherished acquaintance with Je-

sus through the records of the evangelists. They had followed him through his eventful life with veneration and love, had treasured in their memories his words, works, and life-giving promises, and, by receiving his spirit, had learnt something of the virtues and happiness of a higher world. Now they meet him, they see him. He is no longer a faint object to their mind, obscured by distance and by the mists of sense and the world. He is present to them, and more intimately present, than we are to each other. Of this we are sure; for whilst the precise mode of our future existence is unknown, we do know, that spiritual beings in that higher state must approach and commune with each other more and more intimately in proportion to their progress. Those who are newly born into Heaven meet Jesus, and meet from him the kindest welcome. The happiness of the Saviour, in receiving to a higher life a human being who has been redeemed, purified, inspired with immortal goodness by his influence, we can but imperfectly comprehend. You can conceive what would be your feelings, on welcoming to shore your best friend, who had been tossed on a perilous sea; but the raptures of earthly reunion are faint compared with the happiness of Jesus, in receiving the spirit for which he died, and which under his guidance has passed with an improving virtue through a world of sore temptation. We on earth meet after our long separations to suffer as well as enjoy, and soon to part again. Jesus meets those who ascend from earth to Heaven with the consciousness, that their trial is past, their race is run, that death is conquered. With his far-reaching prophetic eye he sees them entering a career of joy and glory never to end. And

his benevolent welcome is expressed with a power, which belongs only to the utterance of Heaven, and which communicates to them an immediate, confiding, overflowing joy. You know that on earth we sometimes meet human beings, whose countenances, at the first view, scatter all distrust, and win from us something like the reliance of a long tried friendship. One smile is enough to let us into their hearts, to reveal to us a goodness on which we may repose. That smile with which Jesus will meet the new born inhabitant of Heaven, that joyful greeting, that beaming of love from him who bled for us, that tone of welcome,—all these I can faintly conceive, but no language can utter them. The joys of centuries will be crowded into that meeting. This is not fiction. It is truth founded on the essential laws of the mind.

Our friends, when they enter Heaven, meet Jesus Christ, and their intercourse with him will be of the most affectionate and ennobling character. There will be nothing of distance in it. Jesus is indeed sometimes spoken of as reigning in the future world, and sometimes imagination places him on a real and elevated throne. Strange that such conceptions can enter the minds of Christians. Jesus will indeed reign in Heaven, and so he reigned on earth. He reigned in the fishing boat, from which he taught; in the humble dwelling, where he gathered round him listening and confiding disciples. His reign is not the vulgar dominion of this world. It is the empire of a great, godlike, disinterested being, over minds capable of comprehending and loving him. In Heaven, nothing like what we call government on earth can exist, for government here is founded in

human weakness and guilt. The voice of command is never heard among the spirits of the just. Even on earth, the most perfect government is that of a family, where parents employ no tone but that of affectionate counsel, where filial affection reads its duty in the mild look and finds its law and motive in its own pure impulse. Christ will not be raised on a throne above his followers. On earth he sat at the same table with the publican and sinner. Will he recede from the excellent whom he has fitted for celestial mansions? How minds will communicate with one another in that world, we know not; but we know that our closest embraces are but types of the spiritual nearness which will then be enjoyed; and to this intimacy with Jesus the newborn inhabitant of Heaven is admitted.

But we have not yet exhausted this source of future happiness. The excellent go from earth not only to receive a joyful welcome and assurances of eternal love from the Lord. There is a still higher view. They are brought by this new intercourse to a new comprehension of his mind, and to a new reception of his spirit. It is indeed a happiness to know that we are objects of interest and love to an illustrious being; but it is a greater happiness, to know deeply the sublime and beautiful character of this being, to sympathise with him, to enter into his vast thoughts and pure designs, and to become associated with him in the great ends for which he lives. Even here in our infant and dim state of being, we learn enough of Jesus, of his divine philanthropy triumphant over injuries and agonies, to thrill us with affectionate admiration. But those in Heaven look into that vast, godlike soul, as we have

never done. They approach it, as we cannot approach the soul of the most confiding friend; and this nearness to the mind of Jesus awakens in themselves a power of love and virtue, which they little suspected during their earthly being. I trust I speak to those, who, if they have ever been brought into connexion with a noble human being, have felt, as it were, a new spirit, and almost new capacities of thought and life, expanded within them. We all know, how a man of mighty genius and of heroic feeling, can impart himself to other minds, and raise them for a time to something like his own energy; and in this we have a faint delineation of the power to be exerted on the minds of those who approach Jesus after death. As nature at this season springs to a new life under the beams of the sun, so will the human soul be warmed and expanded under the influence of Jesus Christ. It will then become truly conscious of the immortal power treasured up in itself. His greatness will not overwhelm it, but will awaken a corresponding grandeur.

Nor is this topic yet exhausted. The good, on approaching Jesus, will not only sympathise with his spirit, but will become joint workers, active, efficient ministers, in accomplishing his great work of spreading virtue and happiness. We must never think of Heaven as a state of inactive contemplation, or of unproductive feeling. Even here on earth, the influence of Christ's character is seen in awakening an active, self-sacrificing goodness. It sends the true disciples to the abodes of the suffering. It binds them by new ties to their race. It gives them a new consciousness of being created for a ministry of beneficence; and can they, when they

approach more nearly this divine Philanthropist, and learn, by a new alliance with him, the fullness of his love, can they fail to consecrate themselves to his work and to kindred labors with an energy of will unknown on earth? In truth, our sympathy with Christ could not be perfect, did we not act with him. Nothing so unites beings as co-operation in the same glorious cause, and to this union with Christ the excellent above are received.

There is another very interesting view of the future state, which seems to me to be a necessary consequence of the connexion to be formed there with Jesus Christ. Those who go there from among us, must retain the deepest interest in this world. Their ties to those they have left are not dissolved, but only refined. On this point, indeed, I want not the evidence of revelation; I want no other evidence than the essential principles and laws of the soul. If the future state is to be an improvement on the present, if intellect is to be invigorated and love expanded there, then memory, the fundamental power of the intellect, must act with new energy on the past, and all the benevolent affections, which have been cherished here, must be quickened into a higher life. To suppose the present state blotted out hereafter from the mind, would be to destroy its use, would cut off all connexion between the two worlds, and would subvert responsibility; for how can retribution be awarded for a forgotten existence? No; we must carry the present with us, whether we enter the world of happiness or wo. The good will indeed form new, holier, stronger ties above; but under the expanding influence of that better world, the human heart will be capacious enough

to retain the old whilst it receives the new, to remember its birth-place with tenderness whilst enjoying a maturer and happier being. Did I think of those who are gone, as dying to those they left, I should honor and love them less. The man, who forgets his home when he quits it, seems to want the best sensibilities of our nature; and if the good were to forget their brethren on earth in their new abode, were to cease to intercede for them in their nearer approach to their common Father, could we think of them as improved by the change?

All this I am compelled to infer from the nature of the human mind. But when I add to this, that the newborn heirs of heaven go to Jesus Christ, the great lover of the human family, who dwelt here, suffered here, who moistened our earth with his tears and blood, who has gone not to break off but to continue and perfect his beneficent labors for mankind, whose mind never for a moment turns from our race, whose interest in the progress of his truth and the salvation of the tempted soul has been growing more and more intense ever since he left our world, and who has thus bound up our race with his very being,—when I think of all this, I am sure that they cannot forget our world. Could we hear them, I believe they would tell us that they never truly loved the race before; never before knew, what it is to sympathise with human sorrow, to rejoice in human virtue, to mourn for human guilt. A new fountain of love to man is opened within them. They now see what before dimly gleamed on them, the capacities, the mysteries of a human soul. The significance of that word Immortality is now appre-

hended, and every being destined to it rises into unutterable importance. They love human nature as never before, and human friends are prized as above all price.

Perhaps it may be asked whether those born into Heaven, not only remember with interest, but have a present, immediate knowledge of those whom they left on earth? On this point neither Scripture, nor the principles of human nature, give us light, and we are of course left to uncertainty. I will only say, that I know nothing to prevent such knowledge. We are indeed accustomed to think of Heaven as distant; but of this we have no proof. Heaven is the union, the society of spiritual, higher beings. May not these fill the universe, so as to make Heaven every where? are such beings probably circumscribed, as we are, by material limits? Milton has said:—

> "Millions of spiritual beings walk the earth
> Both when we wake and when we sleep."

It is possible that the distance of Heaven lies wholly in the veil of flesh, which we now want power to penetrate. A new sense, a new eye, might show the spiritual world compassing us on every side.

But suppose Heaven to be remote. Still we on earth may be visible to its inhabitants; still in an important sense they may be present; for what do we mean by presence? Am I not present to those of you who are beyond the reach of my arm, but whom I distinctly see? And is it at all inconsistent with our knowledge of nature, to suppose that those in Heaven, whatever be their abode, may have spiritual senses, organs, by which they may discern the remote, as clearly as we do the near? This little ball of sight can see the planets at the

distance of millions of miles, and by the aids of science, can distinguish the inequalities of their surfaces. And it is easy for us conceive of an organ of vision so sensitive and piercing, that from our earth the inhabitants of those far-rolling worlds might be discerned. Why then may not they who have entered a higher state, and are clothed with spiritual frames, survey our earth as distinctly as when it was their abode?

This may be the truth; but if we receive it as such, let us not abuse it. It is liable to abuse. Let us not think of the departed, as looking on us with earthly, partial affections. They love us more than ever, but with a refined and spiritual love. They have now but one wish for us, which is, that we may fit ourselves to join them in their mansions of benevolence and piety. Their spiritual vision penetrates to our souls. Could we hear their voice, it would not be an utterance of personal attachment, so much as a quickening call to greater effort, to more resolute self-denial, to a wider charity, to a meeker endurance, a more filial obedience of the will of God. Nor must we think of them as appropriated to ourselves. They are breathing now an atmosphere of divine benevolence. They are charged with a higher mission than when they trod the earth. And this thought of the enlargement of their love, should enlarge ours, and carry us beyond selfish regards to a benevolence akin to that with which they are inspired.

It is objected, I know, to the view I have given of the connexion of the inhabitants of Heaven with this world, that it is inconsistent with their happiness. It is said that if they retain their knowledge of this state, they must suffer from the recollection or sight of our sins and woes;

that to enjoy Heaven, they must wean themselves from the earth. This objection is worse than superficial. It is a reproach to Heaven and the good. It supposes, that the happiness of that world is founded in ignorance, that it is the happiness of the blind man, who, were he to open his eye on what exists around him, would be filled with horror. It makes Heaven an Elysium, whose inhabitants perpetuate their joy by shutting themselves up in narrow bounds, and hiding themselves from the pains of their fellow creatures. But the good, from their very nature, cannot thus be confined. Heaven would be a prison, did it cut them off from sympathy with the suffering. Their benevolence is too pure, too divine, to shrink from the sight of evil. Let me add, that the objection before us casts reproach on God. It supposes that there are regions of his universe, which must be kept out of sight, which, if seen, would blight the happiness of the virtuous. But this cannot be true. There are no such regions, no secret places of wo which these pure spirits must not penetrate. There is impiety in the thought. In such a universe there could be no Heaven.

Do you tell me that according to these views, suffering must exist in that blessed state? I reply, I do and must regard heaven as a world of sympathy. Nothing, I believe, has greater power to attract the regards of its benevolent inhabitants, than the misery into which any of their fellow creatures may have fallen. The suffering which belongs to a virtuous sympathy, I cannot then separate from Heaven. But that sympathy, though it has sorrow, is far from being misery. Even in this world, a disinterested compassion, when joined with

power to minister to suffering, and with wisdom to comprehend its gracious purposes, is a spirit of peace, and often issues in the purest delight. Unalloyed as it will be in another world by our present infirmities, and enlightened by comprehensive views of God's perfect government, it will give a charm and loveliness to the sublimer virtues of the blessed, and, like all other forms of excellence, will at length enhance their felicity.

II. You see how much of Heaven is taught us in the single truth, that they who enter it, meet and are united to Jesus Christ. There are other interesting views at which I can only glance. The departed go not to Jesus only. They go to the great and blessed society which is gathered round him, to the redeemed from all regions of earth, "to the city of the living God, to an innumerable company of angels, to the church of the first born, to the spirits of the just made perfect." Into what a glorious community do they enter! And how they are received you can easily understand. We are told, there is joy in heaven over the sinner who repenteth; and will not his ascension to the abode of perfect virtue communicate more fervent happiness? Our friends who leave us for that world, do not find themselves cast among strangers. No desolate feeling spings up of having exchanged their home for a foreign country. The tenderest accents of human friendship never approached in affectionateness the voice of congratulation, which bids them welcome to their new and everlasting abode. In that world, where minds have surer means of revealing themselves than here, the newly arrived immediately see and feel themselves

encompassed with virtue and goodness; and through this insight into the congenial spirits which surround them, intimacies stronger than years can cement on earth may be created in a moment.

It seems to me accordant with all the principles of human nature, to suppose that the departed meet peculiar congratulation from friends who had gone before them to that better world; and especially from all who had in any way given aids to their virtue; from parents who had instilled into them the first lessons of love to God and man; from associates, whose examples had won them to goodness, whose faithful counsels deterred them from sin. The ties created by such benefits must be eternal. The grateful soul must bind itself with peculiar affection to such as guided it to immortality.

In regard to the happiness of the intercourse of the future state, all of you, I trust, can form some apprehensions of it. If we have ever known the enjoyments of friendship, of entire confidence, of co-operation in honorable and successful labors with those we love, we can comprehend something of the felicity of a world, where souls, refined from selfishness, open as the day, thirsting for new truth and virtue, endued with new power of enjoying the beauty and grandeur of the universe, allied in the noblest works of benevolence, and continually discovering new mysteries of the Creator's power and goodness, communicate themselves to one another with the freedom of perfect love. The closest attachments of this life are cold, distant, stranger-like, compared with theirs. How they communicate themselves, by what language or organs, we know not. But this we know, that in the progress of

the mind, its power of imparting itself must improve. The eloquence, the thrilling, inspiring tones, in which the good and noble sometimes speak to us on earth, may help us to conceive the expressiveness, harmony, energy of the language in which superior beings reveal themselves above. Of what they converse we can better judge. They, who enter that world, meet beings, whose recollections extend through ages, who have met together perhaps from various worlds, who have been educated amidst infinite varieties of condition, each of whom has passed through his own discipline and reached his own peculiar form of perfection, and each of whom is a peculiar testimony to the providence of the Universal Father. What treasures of memory, observation, experience, imagery, illustration, must enrich the intercourse of Heaven! One angel's history may be a volume of more various truth, than all the records of our race.—After all, how little can our present experience help us to understand the intercourse of Heaven, a communion, marred by no passion, chilled by no reserve, depressed by no consciousness of sin, trustful as childhood, and overflowing with innocent joy, a communion, in which the noblest feelings spring fresh from the heart, in which pure beings give familiar utterance to their divinest inspirations, to the Wonder which perpetually springs up amidst this ever unfolding and ever mysterious universe, to the raptures of adoration and pious gratitude, and to the swellings of a sympathy which cannot be confined.

But it would be wrong to imagine that the inhabitants of Heaven only converse. They who reach that world, enter on a state of action, life, effort. We are apt to

think of the future world as so happy, that none need the aid of others, that effort ceases, that the good have nothing to do, but to enjoy. The truth is, that all action on earth, even the intensest, is but the sport of childhood, compared with the energy and activity of that higher life. It must be so. For what principles are so active as intellect, benevolence, the love of truth, the thirst for perfection, sympathy with the suffering, and devotion to God's purposes; and these are the ever expanding principles of the future life. It is true, the labors which are now laid on us for food, raiment, outward interests, cease at the grave. But far deeper wants than those of the body are developed in Heaven. There it is, that the spirit first becomes truly conscious of its capacities; that truth opens before us in its infinity; that the universe is seen to be a boundless sphere for discovery, for science, for the sense of beauty, for beneficence, and for adoration. There new objects to live for, which reduce to nothingness present interests, are constantly unfolded. We must not think of Heaven as a stationary community. I think of it as a world of stupendous plans and efforts for its own improvement. I think of it, as a society passing through successive stages of development, virtue, knowledge, power, by the energy of its own members. Celestial genius is always active to explore the great laws of the creation and the everlasting principles of the mind, to disclose the beautiful in the universe, and to discover the means by which every soul may be carried forward. In that world, as in this, there are diversities of intellect, and the highest minds find their happiness and progress in elevating the less improved. There

the work of education, which began here, goes on without end ; and a diviner philosophy than is taught on earth, reveals the spirit to itself, and awakens it to earnest, joyful effort for its own perfection.

And not only will they, who are born into Heaven enter a society full of life and action for its own development. Heaven has connexion with other worlds. Its inhabitants are God's messengers through the creation. They have great trusts. In the progress of their endless being, they may have the care of other worlds. But I pause, lest to those unused to such speculations, I seem to exceed the bounds of calm anticipation. What I have spoken seems to me to rest on God's word, and the laws of the mind, and these laws are everlasting.

On one more topic I meant to enlarge, but I must forbear. They who are born into Heaven go, not only to Jesus, and an innumerable company of pure beings. They go to God. They see Him with a new light in all his works. Still more, they see Him, as the Scriptures teach, face to face, that is, by Immediate Communion. These new relations of the ascended spirit, to the Universal Father, how near ! how tender ! how strong ! how exalting ! But this is too great a subject, for the time which remains. And yet it is the chief element of the felicity of Heaven.

The views now given of the future state should make it an object of deep interest, earnest hope, constant pursuit. Heaven is, in truth, a glorious reality. Its attraction should be felt perpetually. It should overcome the force with which this world draws us to itself.

Were there a country on earth, uniting all that is beautiful in nature, all that is great in virtue, genius, and the liberal arts, and numbering among its citizens, the most illustrious patriots, poets, philosophers, philanthropists of our age, how eagerly should we cross the ocean to visit it! And how immeasurably greater is the attraction of Heaven! There, live the elder brethren of the creation, the sons of the morning, who sang for joy at the creation of our race; there, the great and good of all ages and climes; the friends, benefactors, deliverers, ornaments of their race; the patriarch, prophet, apostle, and martyr; the true heroes of public and still more of private life; the father, mother, wife, husband, child, who, unrecorded by man, have walked before God in the beauty of love and self-sacrificing virtue. There, are all who have built up in our hearts the power of goodness and truth, the writers, from whose pages we have received the inspiration of pure and lofty sentiments, the friends, whose countenances have shed light through our dwellings, and peace and strength through our hearts. There they are gathered together, safe from every storm, triumphant over evil;—and they say to us, Come and join us in our everlasting blessedness; Come and bear part in our song of praise; Share our adoration, friendship, progress, and works of love. They say to us, Cherish now in your earthly life that spirit and virtue of Christ, which is the beginning and dawn of Heaven, and we shall soon welcome you, with more than human friendship, to our own immortality. Shall that voice speak to us in vain? Shall our worldliness and unforsaken sins, separate us, by a gulf which cannot be passed, from the society of Heaven?

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